TRAVELLING SKETCHES

IN

RUSSIA AND SWEDEN.

VOL. II.

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IN

RUSSIA AND SWEDEN

DURING THE YEARS

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By ROBERT KER PORTER.

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TRAVELLING SKETCHES

IN

RUSSIA AND SWEDEN.

LETTER XXVI.

St. Petersburgh, July, 1806.

ON my arrival in St. Petersburgh I found our Embassador, Lord G. L. Gower, preparing for his departure. He soon after bade Russia adieu, leaving his Secretary of Legation, Mr. Stuart, as acting minister until the coming out of his successor. During this interval, the expiration of the treaty of commerce approached; and the renewal of it will remain to be obtained by the expected representative of His Britannic Majesty. At present the Russian government are silent on the subject; but doubts are entertained of its being granted, or if granted, with very circumscribed privileges.

I found the city, on this my second entrance, rather to lose in comparison with the brilliant and festive Mosco. The summer had robbed it also of its principal inhabitants. However, what friends I met, yet lingering amidst its sultry streets, received me with their usual cordial welcome. Several, who were detained in their residence by different

interests, regretted the present dulness even more than I; but as a kind of fairy-favour, the *name-day* of the Empress Dowager came its annual round, and promised us some gay hours in those dedicated to its celebration. I think I mentioned before that the day of the Saint who bears the same name with individuals of the Greek church, is always greeted by the person so christened, with entertainments suited to their rank.

The palace of Peterhoff and its gardens were to be the scene of the Empress's *fête*. Vast crowds flocked towards the capital to witness the ceremony; and many thousands of all descriptions assembled in the gardens. The common people, by a gracious condescension of the imperial family, are admitted to a certain length, to share in all the grand festivities. And while the multitude thus roamed about, enjoying, in their minds, a paradise on earth, the court remained in the palace, amusing themselves from the windows with the passing groupes. Every thing around spoke the magnificence of the hand that designed the whole. Nothing could surpass the illuminations. Walks of not less than five or six miles, in various directions, bordered by fine trees, and carpetted with flowers of every hue and fragrance, were fantastically and brilliantly hung with millions of lamps. Temples blazing in light, as if constructed of myriads of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, topazes, and emeralds, darted their prismatic beams from a hundred openings in the shade.

Fountains, not to be equalled but at Versailles, played in every part of the gardens; throwing up their waters to an amazing height, and receiving them again, in basons of white marble decorated with gilded statues of

the gods and water-nymphs, whose bodies glittered through this shower of falling diamonds, like the lustrous forms of Amphitrite and her train, so beautifully described by our favourite Fenelon. In front of the palace a rapid torrent rolled down a flight of high granite steps. Having rows of lamps placed at the base of each, the rushing stream sparkled as it fled over the radiant platform; producing an admirable and marvellous effect, from the tremulous velocity of the water. In short, it appeared a work of enchantment: being more like a cataract of the brightest flame, than a fall of the colder element.

Light was here lavished, above, around, below, all was one continued blaze; for the numerous lakes in the grounds, reflecting the constellation of lamps, so bewildered the sight, that every step towards their margin seemed to announce a burning abyss, and threaten a rather Tartarean bath in the doubled fires. As water-nymphs were placed in the fountains, I think a Pluto carrying off the lovely Proserpine through these glowing waves, would have added no inconsiderable interest to the scene. There were many bearded Russians present, who might have stood very aptly for *gloomy Dis;* but for the *fair flower* he *gathered,* he must have looked for it across the threshold of the palace, as, I repeat, the merchant dames have no pretensions to any of that beauty which charmed the royal ravisher of Enna.

From the day having been previously rainy, and continuing cloudy, the night was extremely dark, which gloom, instead of being an inconvenience, gave more effect to the splendor of the scene; producing, to people who viewed it from a distance, the appearance of the conflagration of a great city. We had also a prospect from the palace, not less

magnificent: the ships of war on the gulph being illuminated from the mast-head to every part of the rigging, their shapes, thus brilliantly defined, were distinctly seen, when opposed to the black waters on which they rode.

The imperial mansion, as usual on these occasions, contained the court, and the party honoured with an invitation. The whole of the family was present. And jewels, splendid dresses, ribbons, stars, crosses, the orders of all nations, with the delicacy and graces of the ladies, formed a curious contrast to the shaggy traffickers and their waxen wives. The young Empress looked like a divinity; and being in a *state of maternal solicitude*, an additional tender charm was given to her appearance. The august lady of the day moved about with the mien and benignity of a Minerva; and, by her smiles, dispensed a cheerfulness which awaked pleasure, while it chastised all ruder mirth.

During this charming evening, while every pleasing circumstance recalled to me dearer hours passed in Mosco at the like festivities, my eye was suddenly arrested by one whom, to have seen once, it was impossible not to recognise amongst a thousand; and as I had seen him often, and not only admired him as a hero, but had experienced sufficient of his amiableness to revere him as a man, I sprung forward with joy to greet the Prince Bagration. Mosco had introduced me to him. Every heartfelt recollection which that place suggested, was, no doubt, pointed in my face, and distinctly spoke the delight of this rencontre; for he returned the grasp of my hand with the most gracious warmth: and for a while, during the short conversation which the admiring throng around him would allow me to enjoy, I believed myself once more in

the ancient capital, surrounded by all my wishes. So strong is the power of association! — At eleven o'clock the court supper was spread: and before two o'clock most of the visitors retired.

I took up my rest on the Peterhoff road, at the house of a British-merchant, who had kindly invited me, there to forget the garish splendors of the night in a down-bed, and a chamber of true English comfort. Indeed, were I to particularise by name, each individual of our countrymen settled here, who has shewn me attention, I should give a list of them all; so warmly hospitable, so universally friendly have they been. I am hardly less indebted to the German gentlemen established at St. Petersburgh, who have even vied with each other in evincing, by kindness to me, their esteem for an Englishman.

To us, who regard our merchants as the pillars of our country, it is surprising to see the prejudices of the Russian nobility against the mercantile profession. Indeed, all professions, excepting arms, are held in sovereign contempt by this lofty order of men. None but slaves, or persons derived from that race, ever in Russia become merchants, physicians, &c. &c. Hence it is very difficult for nobles, who have never been beyond the empire, to be made to understand that all those vocations are often filled, in England, by persons related to the best families. So far is the distinction carried, that a merchant, of whatever wealth, is not allowed to travel with more than three horses on the road, and two in the city. A noble never drives less than four, and frequently six. However, notwithstanding this general prejudice, I have sometimes met with a few (but very rarely) of both sexes of the Russian *noblesse* at the houses of our merchants: but they have always been

persons of an extraordinarily enlarged mind, rendered still more liberal by travelling, and probably a residence in England.

Having some business at the Admiralty, I returned to town early next morning. This public edifice is one of the most extensive in St. Petersburgh. It was planned and built by Peter the Great. At present, the architecture is not very striking; but it is undergoing alterations, which, we hope, will render it worthy of the navy of which it is the head. It stands on the banks of the Neva; and divides the English quay from that of the Winter Palace. The docks are large; and sufficiently numerous for the construction of four first-rate ships of war, besides frigates, and smaller vessels. One, in dock, of one hundred and thirty guns, is nearly completed; and is of the most excellent workmanship. It is built under the superintendance of Monsieur le Brun; who has transferred himself from the Ottoman to the Russian service. Ships of this magnitude, when they are launched, proceed with ballast to Cronstadt, where they take in their guns, are rigged, and fully appointed for sea.

The mouth of the Neva is rendered very shallow by the shoals; consequently, ships drawing so much water as these first-rates of necessity do, can only clear it by artificial means. The camel, an ingeniously constructed machine, is the invention to which the mariners resort. It was the fruit of a Dutchman's genius, Mr. Bakker, a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who, in the year 1690, constructed it for the purpose of raising vessels over the pampus, a passage between two sand-banks in the mouth of the Amsterdam river. The machine consists of two half ships, built in such a manner that they can be applied, below water, to

each side of the hull of a large vessel. On the deck of these half ships, which form the camel (called so from its being used to *bear*), there are a great many horizontal windlasses, from which ropes proceed through one moiety of the *camel*, and being carried under the keel of the vessel, enter similar apertures in the other, from which they are conveyed to the windlasses on its deck. When the machines are to be used, as much water as may be necessary is suffered to run into them; all the ropes are cast loose; the vessel is conducted between the two parts; and large beams are placed horizontally through the port-holes, with their ends resting on the camel, which is on each side. When the ropes are made fast, so that the ship is secured betwixt its supporters, the water is pumped from the machine, and it raises the ship along with it. Each half of the camel is generally one hundred and twenty-seven feet in length; the breadth at the one end twenty-two feet; and, at the other, thirteen. The hold is divided into several compartments, that it may be kept in equipoise while the water is flowing into it. A vessel that draws fifteen feet of water can, by the help of this machine, be made to draw only eleven: and the heaviest ships of war, of ninety or a hundred guns, can be so much lightened as to pass over the sand-banks without obstruction. However, it is found, that when the camel is applied to any vessels belonging to the navy, they unavoidably sustain some injury; as it is observed that the parts of a ship which has been raised in this way, are always so strained, as never afterwards to allow of being closely shut. The principle on which the machine acts is that of specific gravity.

The Tzar Peter founded this naval yard before Cronstadt was in a state to commence marine works: and to render it secure, he fortified

the whole with a wet ditch; flanked the curtain with earthen bastions; and threw up strong defences towards the river. However, all this ancient labour is now to be levelled, to make way for an edifice more consonant with the magnificence of the city, and more worthy the character of so great an empire. Admiral Tchichacoff shewed me the elevation of the *façade;* and certainly it is a fine specimen of the talents of the architect, who is a Russian.

The pictures of mine, which the Emperor did me the honour to approve of, being dedicated to the embellishment of the newly-planned Admiralty, are to be placed in the Great Council Chamber, as soon as that superb saloon is rebuilt. Its design is magnificent; and as the efforts of my pencil are to cover the walls, I shall give you an idea of what I at present intend it shall celebrate. As I proceed, you will see that the frames of my pictures, or rather their envelopements, are to be of the most princely materials. A large full length portrait of the immortal Peter is to be placed at the upper end of this state apartment, under a rich canopy of crimson velvet and gold, draperied in regal style, and surmounted with every insignia of the imperial dignity. I am now painting on this picture. It is ten feet by seven and a half. I represent my illustrious subject surrounded by naval and military trophies. He rests his right hand upon an anchor, also holding in the same charts of the Caspian and Black Seas: on the waves of which he was anxious to see the fleets he was then projecting, command. He lived to be a victor there, and to carry his ships, not only as conquerors but as benefactors, to the neighbouring shores. At his feet lie the colours of his great northern rival, whose fortune he made stoop on the dreadful day of Pultowa; and over his head waves the imperial flag of his marine. The back ground

is a view of Cronstadt, with fleets of men of war and merchant ships, to shew the progress of arms and commerce under his cherishing auspices.

On each side are to be placed two pictures of eight feet by seven: one, the Emperor saving the lives of a boat's crew who were perishing in the Lake Ladoga: the other, His Imperial Majesty's naval victory over Admiral Ehrenshield. The remaining subjects I have not considered; but the ceiling of the Council Chamber, which has a circle of twenty-five feet in diameter, is left entirely to my own suggestions. I propose filling it with a design emblematic of Peter calling the empire into existence. The arts, commerce, war, peace, religion, all in their most perfect states, shall be introduced as bursting forth before the genius of this immortal Prince. My other subjects will principally relate to the most eminent acts of his all-glorious life; and so, when finished, if deemed worthy of their hero, they will not unaptly be called the Glories of Peter the Great. Painting, like Poetry, recalls the past; and if the epic poem teaches true greatness by describing it, why may not the historic picture inculcate the same, by shewing, even to the eye, examples of the virtue? Such use of the arts ennobles them, and very properly places the Muses amongst the Gods.

Independent of the impression which this sublime Monarch's character has made on my mind, of what must have been the outward lineaments of such a glorious being? To make my premeditated portrait as faithful as is possible (the bright original having passed into other worlds), I have occupied myself in collecting every information extant relative to his face and person. And for this purpose, I not only contemplated his

breathing image in Isaac's-place, but visited the Cabinet of Natural History in the Vassilyostroff, to see some relics of him there. In one room I was shewn a curious library, and all the mechanical instruments which had belonged to the Tzar; also part of his wardrobe, from which I studied the costume for my picture. Here his height also was ascertained to me, by a nail driven in near the door, said to have been at his own request; and according to English measurement, it makes him six feet seven inches high. In this chamber is a waxen figure of the same gigantic stature: it is dressed in the suit he wore when he declared his wife Catherine Empress. The wig on the effigy is recorded to be of his own hair, which he had caused to be cut off during his Persian campaigns; and, it is added, that he wore this very wig to the day of his death. The face was modelled from his own, by a lady, during his life; and from it Monsieur Falconet drew some of the sublimest features of his statue. I acknowledge myself to be not less obliged to the fair artist.

In the course of my researches after records of this interesting Monarch, I found a very curious tract (written in French), by an embassador resident at the court of Peter, to his own sovereign; who, it seems, had requested his minister to send him a minute account of so extraordinary a man. I copied it carefully, and having made a translation of the part in question, as it lies by me the readiest, and as it must gratify you to see a description by an eye-witness, of one of the most distinguished amongst heroes, I shall tack on beneath: —

"Peter the First is of a shape excellently proportioned; his complexion is vivid and highly animated, and his eyes announce the greatest character and genius. His teeth are white and regular; his hair is dark

brown and curling; and his whole physiognomy is pleasing, and bears the testimony in its features of the integrity and sincerity of his heart. He converses amiably with every one; and the serene smile which is naturally seated on his lips, gains the confidence and love of all."

"The greatest simplicity reigns in the court of the Tzar, as well as in his own habits. His dress is plain, decorated neither with gold nor silver: his coat is of the German fashion, with sleeves after the Swedish form, lined with skins of sable and other animals. On the outside of his dress he wears a sword-belt embroidered with gold; and prefers the hat to the cap. He detests splendid distinctions on his own person, but is pleased to see his princes, counsellors, and generals wear them."

Having so properly introduced you, not even neglecting the ceremonial of making an Embassador the medium, to the Imperial Peter; I shall leave you in so enviable a *tête-à-tête*, and once more say adieu!

LETTER XXVII.

St. Petersburgh, August, 1806.

BEING informed that after all my researches there still existed in the Palace of Jutchinna, one portrait of the Tzar Peter I had not seen, I determined to gain sight of it also; although the attempt was rather hopeless, the palace being the property of the Empress Dowager, once the favourite residence of the late Emperor when Archduke, and now constantly closed by his illustrious widow from the eye of curiosity. However, I lost no time in making my application; which being graciously received, a special permission was granted me to visit the apartment, so long consecrated to imperial sorrow.

The palace is about forty-three versts from St. Petersburgh, and is built in a modern castellated taste, of a wide extent; and so admirably situated, that from some points of view it reminds me of Windsor. Yet the resemblance is very faint; merely sufficient to suggest an idea of that august abode of our British Kings. To compare the two would be trifling. Indeed I know of nothing of the sort that would bear the comparison; for I never yet beheld, in any country, a place so fitted by nature and art, for the residence of a powerful monarch, as Windsor Castle. It stands as the very throne of majesty, whence a great potentate might be supposed to rule the world. There is something very imposing in magnificence, when undebased by the fripperies of ostentation. What

Versailles or St. Cloud will ever impress the beholder with those awful respects for royalty with which he is struck when entering the courts of Windsor? How do the shades of our renowned Edwards and Henries rise before him! Their mighty souls were framed to fill such a place; and as we stand under a roof worthy to contain the monarch of the British Empire, all the inspiration of the scene animates our hearts; with redoubled ardour we would repeat our vows of loyalty to our king, and rush into the field to defend his life and crown. Vaster palaces I have seen, and more gorgeous than Windsor, but never one so truly regal and sublime. It unites the beauty of romantic scenery with the grandeur of royalty, and the strength of military power. Some places honoured by the residence of kings, are too gay for their dignity; others are too mean; excepting the object of my eulogium, and perhaps Hampton Court, the palaces abroad are so far superior to the houses which bear the proud appellation in England, that, to a stranger, the very calling them by the name seems ridiculous. There is a harmony in rank, the disturbance of which injures even the greatest.

But to return to Jutchinna. The centre of the building is occupied by the Empress Dowager, during the summer. The wings are appropriated to the officers of the household and Her Majety's diurnal visitors. The suit of rooms formerly belonging to the Emperor Paul, like Voltaire's in the Sans Souci, are nearly in the state he left them. Not an article has been moved; papers and books, all lie just as they were when he quitted this place for St. Petersburgh. The contents of the chamber, in the Michaelofsky Palace, in which he slept and died, have been brought hither. The bed stands in a corner of the room, hidden from immediate sight by a low screen. It is iron, of the Tula manufac-

tory, without ornaments or curtains. This was the bed on which the unhappy monarch expired. Near it is his coat and boots, the last he wore. No wonder that it was difficult to obtain the Empress's permission to see these apartments. It is but lately she could bear to enter them herself; and when she does, the hour is devoted to the regrets which must ever fill the bosom of a virtuous wife and tender woman.

Every step I passed over the palace, I listened to the praises of this admirable Princess. I listened with attention; for I know of few pleasures equal to that of hearing well-authenticated instances of goodness; it delights one with human nature, and consoles us for its miseries when we see power have the will to relieve them. The Dowager Empress claims from all who know her, a peculiar admiration, not only for general benevolence, but for the particular attention with which she treats all unfortunates recommended to her protection. Look around; and we see every where public proofs of her charity. How numerous are the institutions she has founded and endowed for all descriptions of the wretched! And, countless, as they seem to be, so sincere is her goodness, that she is not merely their benefactress; but the kind superintendant, to see that every thing is conducted according to her generous design. In short, she expends almost the whole of her revenue in deeds of charity: and as her time is also dedicated to the same heavenly purpose, thousands owe their health, comfort, and existence to her. Her life is, in all respects, worthy the imitation of the greatest Princesses; for it is consistent throughout: no lip opens to name her, but unfeigned blessings follow. She is not more revered as an Empress, than adored for her virtues: her's is the empire of the heart: and

the amiable qualities of her imperial son, places his on the same foundation.

Again I have travelled from my errand hither. But female excellence, who can resist? It would carry both thee and me from all the pictures in the universe; aye, from Indus to the Pole, or from the Pole to Indus! So, without further apology, I shall once more recur to the resemblance of the Great Peter

The portrait in question is said to have been painted from its illustrious original when he was at Paris. The artist is a Frenchman. He has placed the Tzar on horseback; and dressed him in a silk coat, decorated with the order of St. André. The character of the hero is lost, and the Parisian dancing-master is here *à cheval.* I came, I saw, and turned my back! for as nothing appeared amid this trumpery affectation, worthy either the monarch, or one who was to commemorate his greatness, I left the room. Though, as I retreated, my eye fell on two exquisite marble busts of Henri Quatre and Sully; personages more deserving the society in which they were placed, than the picture was of its original.

Amongst various specimens of art in this palace I was shewn two admirable Vernets, of the largest size, and finest style of his pencil; and finished with greater richness, than any other of his works that ever fell under my observation. Such being the result of my journey, I returned to St. Petersburgh, pleased with every part of my visit to the palace, but the very object which led me thither.

My drive homewards was as little pleasant as master Phaeton's, when

he whipped through the burning spheres. Cold we can elude, by warm involvements. But heat, marrow-piercing heat! who can escape its fiery darts? Cloaths, carriages, walls; nothing can exclude its scorching rays; they mingle with the very air we breathe: and to shut our mouths against them, is to die by one sort of suffocation, because we will not endure the less mortal effects of the other. Besides the weather being so insufferably hot, the days are long even to painfulness. At midnight we may see to write by the light of the sky; and not from moon or stars, but by the beams of day still lingering in the heavens. Indeed, during what are called the longest days here, there is not more than two hours in the twenty-four without seeing the sun: and that privation does not produce darkness; as a something brighter than our twilight remains.

Were it not for the tremendous heat (not to be exceeded, I believe, in the West-Indies), and the myriads of musquitoes that swarm from the marshy grounds, this unvarying sunshine might have its charms; but as it is, we cannot but sigh for

"The grotto's cool retreat, the forest's fresh'ning shade!"

And as I rival the poor panting Cephalus every hour with exclamations of *veni aura;* I hasten, as often as may be possible to meet the courted breeze amidst the groves of Strelna or Peterhoff. Most of the British merchants possess beautiful villas on this road; as well as do the nobility who, having places in the government, constantly abide near the residence; as their duty never permits them to quit the vicinity of the court, unless by the especial leave of the Emperor, to visit for a short time in each year their estates at a distance. The romantic islands of

the Neva, being within the neighbourhood of St. Petersburgh, afford some of them very charming retreats: and as you row along the river, you see its banks embellished by numbers of these beautiful houses.

The Emperor has his favourite summer residence on the isle Kamenoiostroff. It is a pretty simple palace, fitted up with elegance and comfort; and opposite to it two yachts are always at anchor, ready to obey His Majesty's or the Empress's commands, whenever they wish to pass upon the river. This side of St. Petersburgh certainly possesses the most beautiful environs. The variety of wooded scenery, the numerous palaces and splendid mansions embosomed in trees; and myriads of boats of every description on the Neva, some filled with boors, and others decorated with the gaiety of Venetian gondolas; under an azure sky, produce a *tout ensemble*, not to be expected in regions of the iron North.

The gardens of the venerable Count Strogonoff are in this quarter: they are charmingly laid out; possessing every beauty which Nature assisted, not overpowered, by Art, can bestow. Here numbers of the fashionable world assemble most evenings at about five o'clock, and wandering from grove to grove, which hang with every fragrant and delicious production of the East; they amuse themselves with conversation and the scene, till musick recalls them to the lawns, where refreshments are prepared; and when night closes in, the finest fireworks terminate the pleasures of the evening.

In a picturesque and well chosen spot is placed a monument of antiquity, said to have been the tomb of Homer. It was brought from

one of the islands of the Archipelago; and is accurately described by *Monsieur le Chevalier sur le Troad.* The basso relievos on its sides, and on each end, certainly refer to the events celebrated in the Iliad; and particularly to the exploits of Achilles. The sarcophagus is of white marble; but the sculpture, though possessing taste and beauty, is not so fine as other specimens we have in England. I forget from whom the Count purchased it; but I believe the ingenious French author informs his readers. It is so long since I turned over the book, that most of the contents have escaped me. All I recollect is, that at the time of reading it I was much pleased; and I recommend you, for the sake of better information respecting Homer's tomb, to seek for *le Chevalier* to supply my deficiency.

I must confess, as I stood over this reputed tomb of the first of poets, that I felt none of those enthusiasms which I believe would have affected me on the spot where his remains were laid. I cannot reconcile to myself, devotion to genius with the sacrilege of disturbing the repository of its ashes. Removing Homer's tomb from its original situation, seems to have arisen from no more respect to him, than the thieves intended to shew reverence to Petrarch, when they stole away his bones to sell separately as classic relics. It having been brought to sale, I am not surprised at the fine taste of the Count wishing to purchase so extraordinary a piece of antiquity; but certainly the place to *feel* Homer's tomb, should have been over Homer's grave. It was so Homer's example taught. He did not send mariners to steal away the monument of Achilles from the promontory of Sigeum: but he travelled thither himself. He stood by his hero's grave; and while invoking the spirit within, his own mighty genius burst the confines of the tomb, and the

hero appeared! The vision passed before the poet, clad in arms and in glory, and he beheld the light no more. Insufferable brightness drank his visual ray; but lit up all within, with Heaven's immortal fires. And Alexander too, that powerful monarch, might not he who uprooted empires, have easily raised from the ground a block of marble; and ordered the monument of his often-boasted model, the great Achilles, to have been brought to Macedon? But no; he also went to Sigeum to pay his vows to the illustrious shade, and placing a crown upon the tomb, exclaimed: "Achilles, thou wert thrice happy! Happy in thy valiant life, happy in such a friend as Patroclus, and happy in such a poet as Homer to immortalize thy memory!"

After this beautiful apostrophe, it will not be very *mal-apropos* to repeat my claim to one of these happinesses, by subscribing myself your faithful friend.

LETTER XXVIII.

St. Petersburgh, September, 1806.

I AM going to describe a scene that harrowed my heart. I have been to witness the execution of the KNOUT, to a height of torture which very seldom is now inflicted. The lenity of the Emperor Alexander's disposition will not allow death, or the severer degrees of punishment to be adjudged to any of his subjects, but on the most decided proofs of terrible crimes. In the present instance, the guilt of the culprit was unquestionable, and he was regularly tried and sentenced.

The instruments and manner of performing this horrible execution, I have already described in my account of visiting the prison at Mosco. The unhappy wretch whom his crimes destined to be an example to mankind, was an Istvostchick (or coachman) to Count Ablenoffsky, a Polish nobleman, whom he inhumanly murdered one night, in bringing him from a party in the country. He effected his death by means of the key used for screwing the bolts of the carriage. The vehicle being a droshky, there was no other servant but the coachman.

At a conveniently dark and sequestered spot, the villain turned suddenly on his master, and striking him a stunning blow with the iron instrument, seized him, and finished the murder by strangling him with the reins. Having rifled the dead Count of every valuable about his

person, he left the body and the carriage, and made his escape. Morning discovered the horrid scene. Suspicion did not hesitate to point to the real perpetrator, and a pursuit was immediately ordered. Officers of justice went in every direction; and by their unwearied activity found him, after a search of several days, some versts from the Ladoga Lake.

The place generally alloted for public executions, is near the Neva; being an open and muddy plain. When I arrived, a few companies of grenadiers were drawn up in line; and the natives were pouring upon the ground in multitudes. The gravity of their rough visages, mingling with the fierce visage of the Cossacs, and the severe gloom of the police, gave an expression of horror to the crowding groupes more consonant with the expected scene, than the noisy mobs beneath the gallows at the Old Bailey.

Ten o'clock in the morning was the appointed hour; but more than another hour elapsed before the criminal was brought to the place of punishment. He was a robust and fine-looking man, with light hair and beard; possessing not one trait in his face to announce him capable of murder, or of even less terrible crimes. Had I been called upon to declare my opinion of that man's disposition from his face, I should have pronounced him every thing that was meek and harmless. I am no physiognomist; and must leave this apparent contradiction of their science to be settled by those who are.

The poor wretch, attended by part of the police, had been walked through the streets; in order to shew him to the populace, and to strike them with horror at his guilt. As soon as the procession arrived in front

of the troops, a circle was formed, and preparations made for the instant commencement of the execution. A paper being read aloud in the Russ language, which, most probably, was an account of his crime and sentence; he was speedily stripped of his cloaths, leaving on his person only a pair of loose trowsers. In the midst of this silent groupe (and awful indeed was their silence) stood, firm and well secured, a block of wood, about three feet high, having three cavities in the top, to receive the neck and arms. Being fully prepared for his dreadful punishment, the unhappy man crossed himself, repeating his *Gosperdian Pomelea* with the greatest devotion. The executioner then placed him with his breast to the board, strongly binding him to it by the neck and the upper part of his arms, passing the rope close under the bend of both knees. Thus bowed forward, the awful moment approached. The first stroke was struck, and each repeated lash tore the flesh from the bone. A few seconds elapsed between each; and for the first ten or twelve, the poor sufferer roared most terribly; but soon becoming faint and sick, the cry died away into groans; and in a few minutes after, nothing was heard except the bloody splash of the knout on the senseless body of the wretched man. Oh! if God punished so, who could stand before his judgment seat? Had the compassionate Alexander beheld it, I believe that this would have been the last infliction of this tremendous punishment.

After full an hour had been occupied in striking these dreadful blows (and more than two hundred were given him), a signal was made from the head officer of the police, and the criminal was raised a little from the block. Not the smallest sign of life seemed to remain: indeed, so long did it appear to have fled, that during the half of the lashing, he

had sunk down as low as the ligatures which bound him would allow. The executioner took the pale and apparently lifeless body by the beard, while his assistant held an instrument like a brush with iron teeth, and placing it a little below his temple, struck it with the utmost force, and drove its pointed fangs into the flesh. The opposite temple and forehead received the same application. The parts thus pierced, were then rubbed with gunpowder, to remain, should the mangled sufferer survive, a perpetual mark of his having undergone the punishment.

You would suppose that rigour had exhausted all her torments, that justice was now appeased! But no; another punishment yet remained to deprive the nose of its nostrils. The inflicting pincers, something like monstrous curling-irons, were inserted up the nose of him whom I supposed dead; (and indeed I only endured the latter part of the sight, from having imagined that these afflictions were directed to one already passed the sense of pain); the performer of this dreadful sentence, aided by his companion, actually tore each from his head in a way more shocking than can be described. The acuteness of this last torture, brought back sense to the torpid body: — What was my horror, to see the writhings of the poor mangled creature; and my astonishment, as soon as he was unbound, to see him rise by the assistance of the men, and walk to a cart ready to return him to his prison! From whence, if he did not die, he was immediately to be conveyed to Siberia, there to labour for life. His lost strength seemed to revive every moment; and he sat in the vehicle perfectly upright, being covered with his caftan, which he himself held upon his shoulders, talking very composedly with those who accompanied him.

His sentence, I understand, was *to be knouted without mercy*. Of course,

in such cases few ever survive; or if they do, for want of care, or even common assistance, a mortification generally takes place, and death relieves them from further suffering. This was the fate of the miserable creature in question, who expired the following day, after passing the first post towards his banishment.

How far this sort of punishments may have an effect on the people at large, I cannot pretend to say: at present they are very rare: and whatever may be the horror with which they are viewed, I do not find them to be decisive preventives; as murders are continually happening in unfrequented parts of the city, without the perpetrators being discovered.

I have lately been told that what actuated the Istvostchick to the murder of the Count, was the cruelty and penuriousness of that nobleman, not only to the man himself, but to the rest of his slaves. Indeed he was well known to be of a violent and austere temper, and one of the most avaricious amongst mortals. Hence my judgment on the poor fellow's face might not be far wrong; as ignorance renders the best natures liable to be wrought upon by injuries and want. Vengeance is a passion that requires better reasoning than a clown's to subdue.

The *knout* is, I believe, the only severe punishment remaining from the many barbarous kinds continually practised in the early ages of the empire. The manner of inflicting it at the commencement of the reign of Peter the First, was different from the present mode, and much more savage. The sufferer was fixed to the back of the executioner's man, by means of ropes: and his lower extremities held so fast by another, that resistance was impossible. In the time of the early Tzars, the per-

formers of this horrid task were regarded with so much respect, that they were admitted into the best society. Nay, it is even said, that in those days, merchants, thinking it honourable thus to pass into ranks above them, paid large sums of money to be allowed to fulfil the murderous duty. When their ambitions were satisfied, they then resold the vocation at an enormous profit.

Perhaps Fashion dictated, even amongst these unpolished people; and the value of the executionership arose from the illustrious example so often set by the great Dukes of Moscovy, who, to fill up a few leisure moments, or as a recreation from the more anxious acts of government, frequently shewed themselves to their subjects executing the sentence of the law, merely as *amateurs*. However, in the course of time, the bright beams of civilization began to enlighten this benighted quarter of the globe. Letters and humanity came in together: and the honour anciently attached to the torturer's profession, fell to the ground. The post was no longer deemed enviable; the royal hands were humanely and wisely occupied; and it became so difficult to get a permanent performer, that a law was passed, not permitting it to be sold, but to remain as an *agreeable* inheritance in the family of the last purchaser for ever. Whether the entailment was made as a memorial of the virtues or of the vices of the then proprietor, we cannot pretend to judge at this distance of time. But surely the *knout*, as an estate, is by no means improvable; nor is it a profession that will now-a-days occasion the next heir to be very anxious for the rapid exit of the present incumbent. In case the male progeny of this tremendous member of society fails, the corporation of butchers are to be called upon instantly to replace the defunct, by an able-bodied beginner of a new line from amongst themselves.

We need no greater proof of the superiority of modern Russia over the ancient empire, in the quality which best becomes man, that of mercy, than by comparing the respect with which the executioner was then regarded, with the abhorrence in which even his instrument is now held. It is an abomination to touch the knout.

That I have seen it, is a sufficient abomination to me; and when I shall wash my eyes from the impression I know not. If your dreams be but half as much disturbed by the recital, as mine were by the sight, I have broken your rest for a night or two at least, and so little thanks will arrive by the next packet to your friend.

LETTER XXIX.

Torzok, October, 1806.

THAT season drawing near, when I promised to renew the happiest moments of my life, in the dear city of Mosco, I set off towards it on the twenty-fifth of this month.

The snow had not yet fallen, which was to have been the appointed signal of my return; but as it was daily expected, as they told me autumn lingered longer than usual, I ventured to abridge the hours of my exile from all that is loveliest to thy friend, and without further delay prepare my flight to the interior. Accordingly, using all expedition, I set out on wheels; hoping to have occasion to change them for the swifter sledge before I reached my place of destination.

Not having left St. Petersburgh in the *heroic* company I entered it; though I afterwards found that my aforesaid *noble Familiar's* spirit had entered most potently into the breast of my *valet de chambre;* no circumstance of any note-worthy complexion occurred to me during the first hundred versts of my journey. The usual inconveniencies attending travellers were my only crosses: such as delays, and impositions on the part of post-masters and their myrmidons; who were more than ordinarily exorbitant, when they discovered I was an Englishman, and therefore, they believed, with exhaustless coffers. Hence, my poor purse

which, unluckily, was made of a different material from Fortunatus's wishing-cap, contracted so woefully from their various extortions, that I confess, for once I found the gold-dispensing character of my country, rather impoverishing. In order to expedite the slow movements of the men who brought the cavalry, I was obliged to sweeten their toil with a no inconsiderable douceur. A much larger one is necessary to sharpen the directions of the *maître de poste:* and another must be put into the hand of the stariost, a sort of overseer of the whole; who is generally the oldest man in the village, the judge of its quarrels, and the umpire in all travelling disputes.

Unfortunately for me, the abilities of this sage adviser of one of the derrevnas, were called into action by the very fellow in my *suite* who had been inoculated with a fever for battles during our last disastrous campaign on this very road. Having two vehicles with me, one belonging to a friend, and the other my own, I had proceeded in his, and left my kibitka at the village with my servant to get the wheels greased, and then to follow me. Followed I was; but not by my carriage. A man and horse came up *ventre à terre*, telling me that my man was taken prisoner, and my kibitka seized, for an outrage he had committed at the post-house. I returned instantly, and met a scene more vexatious than I had even anticipated. During the absence of the courier, on the men laying hands on the carriage, he had drawn his sword on them all; and cut and slashed about with such might and main, that when I drove into the yard I found half a dozen fellows with gory cheeks, and one unfortunate boor (who, its seems, had been most active with my moveables), with no inconsiderable indents in his *cranium*. The village was up in arms; and with much ado I learnt that the origin of the fray was

a little overcharge respecting the greasing of the wheels, which my provident steward was determined not to pay. An altercation ensued: and flying to the Count's argument of a knock down blow with his stick, a score of boors returned it instead of one; my carriage was seized to indemnify the man for his grease and ill usage, till I could be brought back to pay interest for the whole; my honest Scapin no sooner saw a hand laid on his master's property, than out flew his rapier; and I just arrived in time to save perhaps his own life, and one or two others against whom he had pointed his weapon.

I entered the field of action, greeted by the abuse of half the village: for these clowns are very summary in their resentments, clubbing all of a family together; if a father offends, so does the son; if a servant, so does his master; and so on; no individual bears the weight of his own follies, but all who happen to be in his company share the burthen. Another effect of complete ignorance, is this indiscrimination and injustice. However, with much waving of my hand to and fro, and *courteous action*, though I believe the most powerful one was holding up my purse; I at last commanded silence; and by means of the stariost appeased the mob, and compromised with the poor mustick (the name by which these peasants are designated), for his broken head, with a present of ten rubles. Glad was I at any price to get out of a scrape, which might have proved very troublesome to me as a stranger; and to my servant, as a native, most serious, if not dangerous. And thus my trusty domestic, in his zeal to save me ten pence, run me into an expence of as many half-crowns.

This circumstance, with the eagerness with which gold was received

as an equivalent for a whole skin, will shew you the passion of the lower order of Russians for money. Indeed, when we consider the hardness of their fare, the ruggedness of their apparel, and the baseness of their abodes; and that these are the utmost of their ideas of actual enjoyment, is not their insatiable avidity inexplicable? Here and there we see a monster in nature who loves gold for its own sake: but in general the most avaricious have a further end in view, some particular pleasure to which they intend to devote their wealth. Contrary to this, with the Russian boor, it is a passion for which I cannot account; and rather seems a sort of wish imbibed originally, by imitation, in the cities; thence brought to the country; and so spreads like an infection amongst the people, filling them with an aimless desire. For surely, to wish for gold for no other end but to possess it, is the most aimless, useless, joyless longing that ever occupied the breast of man. A Russian peasant will do any thing, suffer any thing for money. And I believe the wounded mustick would gladly have submitted to a second cut to receive other ten rubles. But why they resent the bastinado more in the villages than in the towns, I cannot guess; though so it is, as the quiet flagellation the afterwards rebellious Istvoschicks took in Mosco, can testify.

All being peaceably settled my servant mounted the kibitka: and I having rather ungratefully threatened his valour, if he ever again exerted it so rashly in my service, we quietly departed from the village, and pursued our way to Mosco.

Mosco, November.

Having slept two nights on the road; one at a small place called

Zinagat; and the other at the town of Torzok, celebrated for embroidered leathern boots, ridicules, gloves, &c. I occupied my days in gazing about me; but saw little to interest, excepting the Valdaia hills, whose ravines and meandering waters reminded me of the vallies in the north of Devonshire. During this long drive of nearly a week, I had much time for thought of every description; retrospection led me back to England and all its dear domestic scenes; my family, my friend, my home, where each loved companion *mingles into bliss!* then, so quickly do the ideas of them the heart values sympathise, and meet in a point, anticipation fled to Mosco: happiness, exhaustless happiness was there! and hoping at some future day to unite the sources of my past and present joys; to see those of England in Russia, and those of Russia in England: thus musing, on the thirtieth of October I entered Mosco; and for once in my life found a sweet reverie broken by a sweeter reality.

I have been overtaken by the frost, about five posts distant; and on driving into the city, was surprised to see every thing winter and covered with snow, and all the regular sledge equipages out. My arrival being known, I met on this my second visit, if possible, a still more cordial reception than on my first. This at least convinced me, how uncandid was the charge, that the Moscovite nobility were only hospitable to strangers from a fondness of novelty. So far from this being the case, every door, and every kindness, was opened to me wider than before. I rather seemed returned to a city of the most affectionate relations, than the guest of a people of a different race from my own. Neither pride, ostentation, nor caprice, have I been able to discover amongst these generous nobles. Their magnificence is habitual; the pleasures they enjoy

are given with liberality to others; and the friendship they profess, is as free from inconstancy as the object ought to be from ingratitude.

Amongst those whose attentions have been the most flattering to me, is the Grand Chamberlain, Prince Gallitzen. He is a venerable old man of eighty-five years of age, full of wisdom and benevolence. Formerly he passed much time at the court of London: and many are the hours of his valuable society, with which he honours me, to talk over the merits of a country he so highly respects. A pleasant theme for an Englishman, and one which my tongue delights to dwell on.

Perhaps you may be surprised to read of so many persons bearing the title of Prince, inhabiting this capital; but when you recollect that Russia is an empire that comprises about the seventh part of the firm land of the whole earth, is as large as half of all Asia, and more than twice as big as Europe; and that numerous territories of this vast tract of country were, hardly three centuries ago, governed by their native hereditary princes; wonder will subside that there are yet many of their descendants lords of large possessions, still respected according to their birth, and living in all the splendor of rank and munificence.

Knæs is the Russian term for Prince. And whichever of the ancient Princes had the greatest success in throwing a temporary yoke over the neighbouring Sovereigns, he arrogated to himself the title of Velikie Knæs, or Grand-Prince, sometimes the Princes of Novgorod were paramount, sometimes those of Kief, sometimes those of Vladimir, and so of others. Owing to their wars, the Khans of Tartary for a long time dictated to them all. In short, a continual struggle for power deluged

the country with blood until the valour of Ivan Vassillievitch II. laid a chain on their necks, and uniting the numerous principalities into one vast empire, assumed to himself the title of Tzar, or Emperor.

Hence we meet with so many Princes in Russia, who are in general of the blood of these regal families; and, though, perhaps, the inheritance of some may lie on the borders of the northern Pacific Ocean, on the confines of China, or in Tartary itself, yet they all crowd to the centre of the empire; and usually in Mosco pass the winter, in scenes of magnificence not inferior to a royal court.

As to the title of Duke, it does not properly belong to Russia. What we in England call Archduke, is Grand-Prince, meaning (as the son of the Tzar) the head of all the Princes of the empire. The appellation Boyar, is inferior to that of Prince. Vaivodes are Governors of provinces. And the titles of Count and Baron were, I believe, first introduced by Peter the Great. I think I cannot end the history of these sounding names better than by giving you a copy of the manner in which the Great Catherine used to write all her titles. First premising, that the Sovereigns of Russia never put their names before that of the supreme Monarch of the universe.

"By the grace of God, Catherine II. Empress and Autocratrix of all the Russias, of Mosco, Kief, Vladimir, Novgorod, &c. Tzaritza of Kazan, Tzaritza of Astrakhan, Tzaritza of Siberia, Tzaritza of the Tauridan Chersonese, Grand Princess of Smolensk, Princess of Pskove, Esthonia, Livonia, Karelia, Twer, Yugoria, Permia, Viatka, Bulgaria, and other countries. Grand-Princess of Nishney-Novgorod, of Tscher-

nigof, Riazane, Polotsk, Rostof, Yaroslavl, Bielosero, Udoria, Obdoria, Kondia, Vitepsk, Mestislavl; Sovereign of the whole northern region, and of the country of Iveria; of the Kartalinian and Grusinian Tzars, and of the Kabardinian country, of the Circassians, and of the mountain Princes, and of others, hereditary Princess and Sovereign."

And now, having led you such a race after the signs of honour, it is but right that I should bring you to repose a little where the substance lies: and so, once more to the Prince Gallitzen. His mansion is splendid, and in every point worthy of his taste and fortune. I dined with him soon after my arrival; and again observed some very fine pictures which I had neglected to notice to you during my last sojourn in this city.

The first on which I could steadily fix my eye (for remember the Prince and I were not alone, several of my fair acquaintance were present, whose charms might well attract my observation from art to nature), was a Saint Sebastian, *said* to be painted by Salvator Rosa, exquisitely fine: but so peculiar were its beauties, that I strongly doubt whether even that great master could ever produce such a picture as this. In the first place, the colouring is so vivid, clear and fleshy: and in the second, the drawing is so accurate; and thirdly, the distribution of light and shade is more harmoniously disposed, than I ever saw in any of his most esteemed and largest productions. In short, to bring you an instance in his Prodigal Son, which is deservedly regarded as one of his best: the styles are so different between the Saint Sebastian and it, that it would require the penetration of Apelles and Protagoras united, to discover traces in either of having both been produced by the same

hand. As several persons whom I met with, pronounced it to be a work of Salvator Rosa; and as their connoisseur experience in the galleries of the Continent ought to give them authority, I did not pretend to dispute their judgment, though I could not assent; but must still deny our favourite banditti painter the merit of producing this Saint. If I dare presume to affix a name to it, I would say that I rather think it bears the marks of Michael Angelo de Caravaggio.

The Prince can boast a *chef-d'œuvre* of Murilio. The subject is two boys eating a water-melon. They are represented the size of life, and possess all that fascination, so true to nature, which distinguishes the productions of this Spaniard. There is a fine duplicate of this picture in the Elector's gallery at Munich. Many smaller pictures of the Dutch and Italian schools ornament the saloon in which I sat; but time, and ignorance and neglect in those who have the care of them, have so woefully abused their beauties, that they are now scarcely worth notice.

Indeed, as I looked around on the assemblage, some good, others bad, and most indifferent, I could not but recollect the impression I have so often felt, both at home and abroad, when taken by a travelled lover of arts to see his collection. His walls, in general, are plentifully hung; and at as great an expence as if every pannel had been painted by the fathers of the art: but how easy is it to see, that not depending on his own judgment, the *amateur* has been led by those *cicerone* gentlemen, who are ever ready to save him the trouble of seeing, selecting, and buying: and, who thus directing his taste both in sculpture and painting, fill his house, and their own pockets, by the labours of merely secondary artists.

But I should be ungrateful to my illustrious host, and most ungracious to myself, were I to dwell longer on the faults of a minor part of his furniture, when all else, his bronzes and his statues, were admirable; and himself, moved like a Nestor through the scene. Though I passed so long a day with him, from noon till night, the interest never flagged. His conversation teemed with information and urbanity. The characters of men lay open before him: he decided on all with a precision that declared his judgment; while the candour with which he examined their actions, convinced you of the goodness of his heart.

The evening brought in new company, who turned the scene to a gaiety in which he partook with smiles; and an elegant supper terminated the night. A very well timed period! It is twelve o'clock! That witching hour, when all the grim heroes and heroines of the *Tales of Wonder* are afloat! So, for fear of being visited by some of the said sheeted fraternity, I shall even be beforehand with them, and assume a double share of their wardrobe by getting between the *sheets of my bed.* Therefore, good night to thee, my friend!

LETTER XXX.

Mosco, December, 1806.

I DINED yesterday with Count Razumofsky; and partook of a repast, which, at this sterile season of the year, teemed with all the luxuries of spring and autumn: fruits of every climate, ripened in hot-houses; and vegetables of all descriptions, raised in cellars. A strange place, you will think, for the exercise of horticulture! But so it is; and by the exclusion of the cold air, and the admission of heat from the stoves, these subterraneous gardens produce summer vegetables all the year round. Green peas and asparagus are here as common at Christmas, as potatoes and winter-cabbages may be with you.

Indeed the Russians are very much indebted to the fostering care of our mother Earth; for in her bosom do they also treasure the ice which, during the hot months, is used to cool their feverish bloods. In no country, not even Italy, can this attemperating substance be consumed in greater quantities. It is put down into the vaults appointed for its reception every year in such vast shoals, that, I am told, from the continual replenishing, (and using that first which lies a-top, and consequently the latest deposited, there is ice in some of the cellars in Mosco, which has lain at their bottoms for nearly a century. The ice is so strong, that when the owner has portions taken out for consumption, the servants are obliged to cut it up with pick-axes.

Hence you see, between vegetables and ice, the two seasons (thus imprisoned during their own proper reigns, to break forth and invade each other's rights), occupy almost as great an extent of building underground as the city possesses above.

Count Razumofsky's house is in every way answerable to the splendor of his entertainments: it is lately rebuilt; and in a style that does honour to his taste and liberality. I am told that the structure alone, cost him a million of rubles. He possesses many expensive pictures; but as they are not yet arranged, I had not an opportunity of judging of their merits. Only one saloon is completely hung: and that is with very fine works from the Dutch school.

In one of the rooms I observed a portrait of Peter the Great, which more resembled the statue of Falconet than any I had yet seen. Its features convey an elevation of soul and energy perfectly consistent with a representation of that hero. A circumstance which the Count related, gave an additional interest to the picture. He requested I would notice that the head had been sewed into the present canvass on which the figured is painted. That small piece, he told me, was the only part that was original; the rest having been added by an ancestor of his own.

While Peter the First was travelling in Holland in his usual incognito style, he stopped at an inn on the road for refreshments. He was shewn into a room where a large picture hung at the upper end: it was a portrait. And as he sat at his meal he observed the landlord look several times from him to the portrait, and from the portrait to him,

with a kind of comparing scrutiny. "Whose picture is that?" enquired the Emperor.

"The Tzar of Moscovy:" replied the man; "it was brought to me from Paris, and every body says it is his very self. And I was thinking it is very like you, Sir."

Peter made no answer to this latter observation; but affecting to eat his dinner with too keen an appetite to hear distinctly, finished it in a few minutes; and paying his reckoning as an ordinary passenger, sent the landlord out of the room on some excuse; then taking a knife from his pocket, cut the head from the shoulders of the portrait and put it in his breast. He left a large sum of money on the table, more than sufficient he thought, to pay the damage he had done; and immediately before the mischief was discovered, took his departure in his humble equipage. This act was to prevent his being recognised as he proceeded, by any who might have afterwards stopped at the same inn, and like the landlord have perceived the resemblance: and certainly, but for the equivalent on the table, the deed itself would never be supposed to have been that of an Emperor.

On his return to Russia, he gave this relic to an ancestor of Count Razumofsky: to whom the Monarch told the story attached to it, with much merriment at the idea of what must have been the amazement of the observing landlord, when he saw both the head and its likeness flown.

This was not the only interesting object which excited my attention

during my visit to the munificent Count. I met with a man under the protection of this nobleman, whose history might afford grounds for a very pretty romance. He is a Frenchman, a native of Bourdeaux; and was put, when a boy, on board a merchant ship, in order to learn the duty of a sailor. Soon after this, the war broke out between Great Britain and the Republic, and the ship in which he sailed was taken, and he carried prisoner to England. However, he did not remain in confinement long, but entered on board a small British ship of war bound to our settlements in New Holland. As fate would have it, a violent storm arose; and the vessel was wrecked on one of the islands not many leagues from Otaheite. Himself and one seaman were the only persons who escaped; for not a trace of the men, nor the ship, remained, after the tempestuous horrors of the scene dispersed.

The inhabitants, instead of seizing them as a prey, received the sufferers with the most humane hospitality. Hope for a while flattered them that some ship might also be driven thitherward: which not enduring so much as their's had, would return them safe to Europe. But days and weeks wearing away without any signs of release, they at last began to regard the island as their future home. And a short time so accustomed them to the society and manners of the country, that in a few months more, they were perfectly resigned to their situation. By degrees they laid aside European modes, and assumed the habits of the natives; forsaking their clothes; hunting and fishing, and doing just as if they had been born amid the Friendly Isles. They learnt the language, allowed themselves to be tattooed; and at length sealed their insular fates by marriage.

The subject of my narrative was little more than fifteen when he thus domesticated himself. Being of a handsome person, he was honoured with the hand of the daughter of the King, or Chief; and having become thus royally allied, he received the investiture of nobility; namely a process of tattooing confined to chiefs alone. The body thus *imprinted*, if I may use the expression, is marked all over with a beautiful damask pattern, in forms not inferior to the finest Etruscan borders. The most eminent insignia of his royal distinction was, that the whole of the left side of his forehead, and below his eye, was one dark mass of tattoo. This latter appendage might please a savage taste, but it certainly was very hideous. But independently of that, I must acknowledge, to me there is something very admirable in the idea of a fine male figure without any other covering than these beautiful enamellings: his feathered crown, and bow and quiver, seem to apparel him like a savage god. So true is nature to herself, that she never feels such an awful admiration of the human form divine, as when she beholds it in its native freedom. What figure clothed in all the pomp of robes, and crowns, and sceptres, ever so impressed the mind with a stamp of greatness, as the Apollo Belvedere? And surely, when we consider the athletic pursuits and liberty of limbs with the noble stature of many of the natives across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, my respected friend, the President of the British Royal Academy, well expressed himself, when on leaving America, a youth, and first beholding the Apollo at Rome, he exclaimed: "What a fine Mohawk warrior!" It was the language of nature, and a true compliment to the artist. Owing to the present habits of civilization being totally different from those of ancient Greece, the human structure seldom attains any perfection: so no wonder the exclamation that the Apollo recalled the remembrance of any existing

men, should surprise the generality of hearers. I have been more lucky; thanks to the mold in which nature cast some forms of my acquaintance, and the exercises which completed them! You know, to the vast expence of your time and patience, the use my pencil makes of the living models which a happy fate has thrown in my way; for painters may boast as they will about *ideal beauty*, but the outline of no fancied figure ever carried with it such perfect grace and harmony, as one drawn from a really existing being, of fine proportions and manly character. It was the study of nature alone that formed the Grecian artists. From the lovely females of Greece was the celebrated Venus modelled: and from the beautiful and naked youths, drawing their bows on the sands of the Egean Sea, did the sculptor of the Python Apollo collect the graces of that transcendent figure.

But to return to my adventurer of the isles. His tattooing has carried me into an almost Shandean digression: but having just united him to a fond bride, I hope there is no need of apology for leaving him so long. However, I shall resume.

The young Frenchman and his companion, a few days after the wreck, had found means to save some articles which were afterwards very serviceable to them. But the most precious things they preserved, were fire-arms, with some gunpowder: and for once, the importing of that death-dispersing article was productive of blessings to the people amongst whom it came. Our new young chief, and his British companion, exerted themselves to a good effect in putting a stop to the practice of devouring the prisoners taken in war. The marriage of the former invested him with authority. And having learnt the language,

his persuasions were so conclusive, that in the course of a very little time, it was rare to hear that the unnatural meal had even been taken by stealth. However, so wedded were some few to this horrid gluttony, that he found it necessary to add threats to his commands; and having expressed in the strongest terms his abhorrence of this practice, he told them that the first man he saw attempt to devour a prisoner, he would put the offender to immediate death.

Shortly afterwards a skirmish took place between his people and their enemies. A number of prisoners were taken: and almost all of the Islanders held his commands in such respect, that none presumed to disobey excepting two, whose cannibal appetites were yet unsatiated. They slew an elderly female captive, and commenced their repast upon her body. Our resolute Frenchman descried them at a distance; and going towards them levelled a musquet at the bloody banquet; killed one of the wretches with the horrid morsel in his mouth, and, with another shot, brought down his voracious accomplice in the act of flight. This bold example so awed the rest, that from that hour until the day he left the island, (a space of fourteen years) not a prisoner ever met with this inhuman fate. From so great a change, and particularly in a custom superstitiously revered by the natives, and grateful to their savage appetites; I have no doubt that could we have visited the island during the sway of our young hero, we should have found a rude civilization amongst the people, rendering them far superior to the neighbouring natives.

So reconciled were the shipwrecked pair (for the Englishman also married), to the spot they had now made their homes, that although

many ships of different nations touched there, yet no inducements could prevail on them to quit their new country. My narrator told me, he always shewed every friendship in his power to the captains of the vessels; seeing that the best produce of the island, particularly pork, should be given to them for the articles they brought to barter. He was also of essential service in pointing out to them the difficult navigation round the several islands.

The animation with which he recited these circumstances, strongly marked the fearless independence of his former life. He spoke with the decision of one whose commands had been unappealable, and all the chieftain commanded in his eyes. But when he talked of his domestic happiness; still true to the expression of unrestrained nature, his sighs penetrated the heart. He described his home in the most lively colours, the fondness of his wife, his own tenderness for her and for her children; the blissful days he past with her, where, possessed of every wish, he enjoyed her love, and the society of his old sea companion. "I was then master of all!" said he, "I am now nothing: an outcast, without a home, without a friend!" His tears for a long time prevented his proceeding. And my friend will not wonder that my eyes for a moment bore him company.

About three years since, one of the Russian ships which had left this country on a voyage of discoveries, touched at the island, and was received with every mark of kindness by the King and his family. The young chief became the interpreter between the Europeans and the natives; and besides procuring the crew all they wanted, loaded the officers with useful presents. To this vessel, and his own humanity, may be dated the misery of himself and his family.

One night it blew a violent gale of wind: and the commander of the Russian frigate finding it would be impossible to keep his anchorage in a bay so full of unseen dangers, made several signals to the island, in hopes that some experienced native would come off, and direct him how to steer. Every moment increased their jeopardy; the storm augmented in fury, and at every blast they expected to be torn from their cables and dashed to atoms on the rocks. Again the signals were repeated; and ere long they were answered from the shore by our friend, who had been prevailed on by his wife to attempt reaching the vessel. "The foreign chief," said she, "will give you something for me, either a looking-glass or a handkerchief."

But the whirlwind raged so tremendously that he refused, telling her, that he thought the tempest was more than he could combat; and that should he venture, perhaps the wish for so trifling a gift would cost her, her husband; he might be drowned, and then they would be lost to each other for ever. She had been too long used to the rashness with which her people braved the sea in all weathers, to be persuaded by this argument; and (O woman! woman! or rather, slanderer of her sex!) she still persisted to long for the handkerchief, and that he would go!

The ancient gallantry *Française*, and another signal of distress from the ship, got the better of his judgment: he dashed into the waves, and boldly stemming their fury reached the vessel. The overjoyed crew, as they heard his voice calling to them, as he approached through the storm, cast out a rope to him, by which they hoisted him up the ship's side. The most grateful acknowledgments greeted him as soon as he jumped on the deck: they hailed him as a kind of god, their deliverer. And

putting his hand to the helm, and giving the requisite directions, he soon steered them from the dangers of the bay, till they rode in safety on the main ocean.

He asked now to have a boat to carry him on shore: but the wind still blowing hurricanes, and if possible increasing, they would not venture any, but offered him *a plank!* He seized it to leap overboard: it was *split* — Barbarians! and death must inevitably have been his fate, had he plunged with it into the sea. He remonstrated, but before much altercation could ensue, the ship was driven too far to sea to allow of any hope of reaching the island in any smaller vessel than itself. Despair overwhelmed the generous young man. None understood his feelings: all gratitude seemed to have departed with their danger. The blackness of the night, and the rapidity with which the ship bore away, soon deprived him of all traces of land: and when morning dawned, not even on the line of the horizon could he perceive the smallest vestige of the spot which contained all his happiness.

His misery can better be conceived than described. To be thus recompensed for all his personal risks! It was a cruelty beyond his imagination. Surely the captain might have kept the sea till the storm had subsided, and then in justice he ought to have returned with his deliverer, and given him back to his country and family. He had endangered his life to save theirs. They had no claims on him, but the common ones of compassion; and yet for them he had plunged into the waves, had braved every peril, and hazarded every thing dear. He had every demand upon their gratitude, and they betrayed him! Such conduct was as unmanly as inhuman: it was base to the lowest pitch of detes-

tation. Surely the loss of a few days to have effected their benefactor's return, could have made no great difference in a year's voyage. Besides, should the captain of these navigators, like ours, give an account of his discoveries to the world; so honourable a behaviour to the man who had saved his ship and crew, would have told more for the character of his heart, and perhaps have gained him more fame, than the discovery of half a dozen islands. Honour is a man's own act, a discovery is fortune's; and each, in the estimation of reflection, is valued according to its intrinsic worth.

The unhappy chief begged to be put on shore somewhere in European settlements, hoping there to hear of a ship going to the quarter of the globe that now contained his country. With this poor request, his ungrateful companions acquiesced, and landed him on the coast of Kamtschatka: whence he travelled, enduring the severest hardships, to Mosco.

He has been a few weeks only arrived, merely resting here, in his way to St. Petersburgh; meaning to lay his case before the Emperor, whose benevolence, he trusts, will enable him to regain his family. He was forwarded from Kamtschatka hither, by a passport from governor to governor. Tedious has been his voyage, and tedious his journies, you will readily believe, when I add that he has already been three years an exile from his wife and children. During this long period, what may not have befallen them? Probably, his wife has sunk a victim to sorrow for her own folly, and her husband's loss: or war may have desolated the country, and the family of the European chief have been the first sacrificed to the sanguinary appetites of the victors!

These thoughts rack him day and night, and give him an air of such deep melancholy, that it is impossible to look on his countenance without being sensible that a more than ordinary grief absorbs his soul. He must be about two-and-thirty, although he does not look five-and-twenty. His figure is fine, with a most commanding deportment: but when he talks of his wife, all is subdued: he throws himself along the ground, and either remains for a considerable time afterwards profoundly silent, or weeps with all the bitterness of hopeless sorrow. But when he names those who brought him away, indignation, reproaches, accusations, seem to inflame him to madness; and he walks from side to side with an energy of step, and vehemence of action perfectly savage, but wonderfully striking and grand.

As he found me so ready to enter into his feelings, he spoke with the greater unreserve, and consulted me on his plans. I advised him, should he find, on application to the Emperor, that it would be long ere a vessel could be sent out to the South Seas, to go directly from St. Petersburgh to England; where, I told him, I was sure he would meet not only with the most generous sympathy, but very probably an immediate opportunity of reaching the Friendly Isles.

He heard me as gratefully as if I had had the power myself to transport him to his country; and declared, that were he doomed never again to see it, his life would be misery and his death wretched. "Even to have been cast back again, bleeding on the rocks," said he, "on the fatal night I left it; to have been carried to my home, to have died amidst the embraces of my wife and children, that would have been happiness! But now, my life is cheerless, I must close my eyes alone!"

His tears rolled over his cheek; and he turned his back, while I heard him sob almost to suffocation.

I hope for the honour of affection, that this feeling, this resolution may last. But man is so mutable! Besides, this unfortunate is in the meridian of his days, evidently of the liveliest passions: he is also a European who, having left his country when a boy, knew nothing of the fascinating luxuries of civilization. When he becomes more intimately acquainted with our habits and our comforts; and when, perhaps, some tender European female, like Desdemona, may listen to his story, and *love him for the dangers he has past!* may not he then too probably forget the Otaheitan Islands? If he do not; should I hear that he has indeed sailed for their distant shores; I shall for ever after admire, as much as I now pity, him; and regard him as a most extraordinary example of constancy and firmness. But should he become reconciled to Europe, and cease to sigh for the simple pleasures of his early years; he will only add another proof to the many already existing of human faithlessness and frailty.

I know you will hoot me for this doubt; and tell me that three years of constancy is quite probation enough to ensure him for the remainder. But those years were past, part on sea, and part in miserable journies. Ease, I dread as the foe to his resolution. Some, that fight like lions when you attempt them by storm, by the sap fall as quietly into your hands as an infant child. So I fear that repose, and the pleasures of society, may undermine the fidelity of our young chief: and then, what is to blame? He was a man, and he fell! "True," you will say, "but as he is a man he ought to stand: boys may plead the vice of human nature; it is the business of men to conquer it."

A noble principle: and he who aims at it, is more likely to maintain his ground, than he who strikes lower. I acknowledge, that in judging of ourselves, it should be our standard; but when of others, mercy bids us measure by erring mortality, and pity while we condemn. However, I know you would rather have occasion to admire than to pity, when pity is to be alloyed with disesteem; therefore I am happy in the story of my young mariner, as he is yet a hero under all his misfortunes, to give you an object for both sentiments in their purest degree. Should he go to England, I will send him to you; and then I need not doubt all that has been represented to him of my country, being honoured to the word of your faithful friend.

LETTER XXXI.

Mosco, January, 1807.

THE month of December has elapsed. What momentous tidings has it not brought to Russia! Even the inveteracy of a severe winter is no check to the persevering arms of the French nation. Prussia, with her ill-advised policy, and as ill-placed confidence, has paid dear for her affected neutrality and double-conduct. The country, the army, and what few patriots stood forward in defence of their freedom, are all sacrificed.

The determined ambition of Bonaparte, and the gradual coming to maturity of his deep and widely-grasping plans, have lit the torch of war on the frontiers of a deluded Prince: and the blood of the people, with the extinction of their greatness, can alone extinguish the flame. Well might the fable of the Lion and the Beasts be applied to this conqueror. Many are invited to his court as friends, but when they re-emerge it is with mangled members. Friendship with the ambitious, is ever more destructive than their enmity. With an open foe we are prepared for injury; but who can guard against a false friend! And what Sovereign ever yet found an ambitious Monarch not ready to rise upon the necks of all his neighbours, whether enemies or allies? Bonaparte has evinced this spirit: and woe to the next King who, with such an

example as Prussia before him, submits to the yoke of his pretended friendship.* The Sovereign that would be at peace, and maintain his dignity, must be able to controul him. If a confederate nation be not beyond France in power it will soon be within its chains.

In the course of ten days, the military power of Prussia was annihilated: the Duke of Brunswick killed; and a hundred thousand men lost and taken prisoners. French bayonets glittered in the heart of the kingdom. Berlin, Stettin, Custrine, and Magdeburgh, were garrisoned with the troops of France; and cowardice, bribery and treachery, spread themselves over the country. So many betrayed, that all feared to trust; and thus every individual fell an easy prey into the iron grasp of the conqueror.

The only resource left for the unfortunate Frederick, was to throw himself upon the generosity of the Emperor of Russia; and, with the shattered remnant of his once great army, implore his protection. Indeed, so hot was the pursuit directed against him, that at the head of not more than twenty thousand men, he found he had retreated so near to the confines of Russia, that the enemy now stood in check. Alexander's troops had already moved towards the Vistula to cover the remains of unhappy fugitive Prussia. The monarch who had been duped by the flattery of Bonaparte, and the corruption of his own

* The unhappy fate of the Royal family of Spain is a striking example of this simple prediction. It was not read in the stars, but gathered from a common calculation on the tendency of human actions.—R. K. P. 1808.

ministers, now saw his error too late; and hailed the approach of his deliverers with the liveliest expressions of gratitude.

The energy with which re-inforcements are collecting in the interior, is as surprising as admirable. All seem actuated by one spirit: and every district is busied in forming regiments for the new levies. So wide is the zeal, so general the detestation against the great usurper, that from the regions of Caucasus to the frontiers of China, little armies are pouring into Mosco, to be led against the universal enemy. Report says, that an army of four hundred thousand men from Russia, is already opposed to the French legions. This may be exaggerated: but I know that a ukase has been issued, obliging the nobility to furnish peasants, to the additional amount of two hundred thousand, between St. Petersburgh and Kazan. Each proprietor is to furnish five soldiers out of every hundred slaves, with cloathing, arms, and provisions for three months; and also provide pay during that time for each, at the rate of a ruble a month.

Measures of this strength are necessary, as they declare the determination of the Emperor; they are not meant as a spur; for the energies of the nation are exerted with a promptitude which announces all hearts to be zealous in the same cause. Russia and England seem the only powers adequate to the contest; and indeed I may say, almost the only monarchs awake to the general danger. The others appear paralyzed, struck by an enchanter's wand; and to have already prostrated themselves at the feet of the despot. But on the reverse, all is alive in Russia; and to an Englishman, it is delightful to observe the abhorrence with which the nobility of this country speak of terms with

the enemy; and with what enthusiasm they fly to execute their imperial master's orders. Meetings are daily held in the great *Salle de Noblesse;* and the proceedings there appear more like the privileged reasonings of a British parliament, than the discussions of a feudal assembly. And, thank Heaven, success opens to them new inducements for unrelaxed vigour. A victory has been gained, and eleven thousand of the enemy have fallen. General Kamenskoy was first appointed to the command of the victorious division; but owing to his illness, he was obliged to resign in favour of General Benningsen; a native of Hanover, and lately Governor of that district of Russian Poland which lies near Warsaw.

Every thing gives place to spirit-stirring war. Instead of parties, concerts, and assemblies, I am invited to parades and reviews. The drawing-rooms of my friends are filled with officers in uniform; and the streets swarm with soldiers. A few days ago I was gratified by seeing a most interesting body of troops march through the city, and which are never summoned by the Emperor but upon extraordinary occasions. The whole of these auxiliaries might amount to the number of fifteen thousand men. The first were called Baschkirs.

They are a people who derive themselves from a race of Tartars called Tschalmates, who, in former times, used to reside on the Kama. The name of Baschkir is rather a term of opprobrium, given to them by their neighbours, signifying wolf, from their propensity to plunder. Their acknowledged country now is, amongst the Oural mountains, extending down to the Tartar deserts, on the borders of the rivers Ouy and Tobal. They formerly roamed about the southern Siberia, under

the conduct of their chiefs. But to avoid the molestation of the Siberian Khans, they settled in their present possessions; spreading themselves along the banks of the rivers Volga and Oural, and subjecting themselves to the Kazanian Khanate. On the overthrow of that state by the Tzar Ivan Vassillievitch II. they made a merit of necessity, and accepted the protection of the Russian sceptre.

In the year 1770, they consisted of twenty-seven thousand families. Every tribe chooses its own ruler, who is called the Starchinis: it is long since they relinquished the privilege of being governed by a Khan. The houses, or huts which they inhabit during winter, are built in the fashion of the Russian villages. The principal part, which the family possesses, is furnished with large benches, used either as seats or beds. The chimney is of a conical form, about five feet high; and is in the middle of the apartment. The house is usually filled with smoke: and by all descriptions, the economy of the whole place must much resemble an Irish cabin.

In summer, the Baschkirs inhabit tents covered with felt, which, like the huts, have divisions, and a chimney in the centre. A winter village contains from ten to fifty houses; but a summer encampment never exceeds twenty tents. The most opulent are those who dwell to the East of Oural and the province of Isset. Some individuals of this nation are owners of not less than four thousand horses, who fatten on the richest pastures in the valley till the month of June; when the wasps and other insects drive them into the mountains, there to keep *spare fast* and *diet with the gods*, till July recalls them to the plains. Like the patriarchs of old, the principal wealth of this people consists

in their flocks and herds; but, what may appear very extraordinary, it is chiefly from their horses that they derive the necessaries of life; meat, milk, vessels, and garments.

Primitive as these manners may seem, they are not without education; as there are few Baschkirs who cannot write and read. With some knowledge of tillage, they yet prefer the pastoral life, which, though it may be a contemplative employment, is certainly very likely to prove a lazy one. Sowing but little grain, their harvest must be very insufficient for their wants. However, they supply them in various other ways, and particularly by the traffic of honey. They apply with great success to the propagation of bees, making their hives in hollow trees for the safer protection from wild animals and accidents. Frequently one man is the possessor of five or six hundred of these little industrious commonwealths. I am ignorant of the Baschkir mode of taking the honey; but from the value they affix to the bees, I hope it is by a more humane method than that of smothering.

The women employ themselves in weaving, fulling, and dyeing narrow coarse cloths; they likewise make the cloaths for the whole family. The men, of the laborious classes, follow the harder toil of fabricating felts and tanning leather. Both sexes wear linen spun from the down of nettles; and they cover their limbs with wide drawers which descend to the ancle. On their feet they wear the usual eastern slipper. All this is enveloped in a long gown, generally red, bordered with fur, and fastened round the waist with a girdle, in which is placed the dagger or scymitar. The lower orders, in winter, have a pelisse of sheep-skins; the higher ranks wear a horse-skin, in such a manner, that the mane

flows down their backs, and waves in the wind. Their cap is cloth and of a conical shape, sometimes ornamented with fur, and sometimes plain, according to the wealth of the owner. This is their ordinary cloathing. The garments of the women in the superior classes, are of silk, buttoned before as high as the neck; and fastened by a broad steel girdle. Their bosoms and throats are wrapped in a shawl, hung with strings of beads, shells and even coins. Their diversions are circumscribed to religious ceremonies, births, marriages and burials; and a few other festivals peculiar to themselves. Their modes of rejoicing are, drinking plentifully of sour milk; (a beverage I have no ambition to partake in!) singing, dancing and horse-racing. In their songs they enumerate the achievements of their ancestors, or their own; and sometimes interrupt their epic, by amatory ditties. Their songs are always accompanied by gestures; which add much to their expression and effect. Their dancing is like that still practised by the common people of Russia to their Belloryicha (or lute), every one making strange faces, (perhaps the sour milk occasions these!) with as strange gesticulations of the hands, shoulders and hips. The motion of the feet is very gentle; and the women, while thus contorting themselves, hold a long silk handkerchief in their hands, which they cast about most wantonly. The use of the handkerchief is still preserved in Russia: and amongst the more refined movements of the nobility is transformed into the graceful exercise called the shawl-dance.

The Baschkir soldiers are skilful in managing the bow, and are dexterous horsemen. The military service they are obliged to perform, as a tribute to Russia for her protection, consists in sending three thousand troops at least to the field, on the first summons from the

Emperor. They do not seem to consider this as a yoke; but march forward with the cheerfulness of a people undertaking a voluntary campaign. They possess the Spartan virtue of being particularly respectful to old age. In all entertainments, the aged occupy the seats of honour; and as a compliment to strangers, they are placed next to the venerable fathers. The language of the Baschkirs is a Tartar dialect, but very different from that spoken at Kazan. They are Mahometans, and much addicted to all the superstitions of the East.

As this strange people marched forward, I was so struck by their appearance, so peculiar, grand and picturesque; so totally different from any thing in our quarter of Europe, that I thought myself transported back many centuries. I was viewing the armies of Tschinghis-Khan, or Tamerlane! In short, I could not believe the scene to belong to the present times: and every object conspired to preserve the illusion. The men were cased in shirts of mail, with shining helmets; and armed with long pikes, adorned at the top with various coloured pennons. Their other weapons were swords, bows and arrows; each sheaf of the latter containing twenty-four. The bows were short, and of the Asiatic form and materials, not well made; neither were their arrows carefully feathered, or strait. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, their dexterity in shooting at a distance, or at objects in rapid motion, is amazing.

At the head of each squadron was carried a large standard of a forked shape. Some were green, charged with gold figures of curious forms, embroidered on the stuff. Others were of red or white cloth with a

A Bashkir Trooper.

Pub. Jan. 2. 1809, by R. PHILLIPS, Bridge Street, London

The Chief of the Bashkirs

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single A in the centre. These people were generally robust, and of various strange physiognomies: and besides Baschkirs, many succeeding squadrons were composed of large detachments from the Bucharian, Kalmuc, and other Tartar hordes.

Their horses are small, and though hardy and active, not a hair more sightly than those used by the Cossacs. This little army was led on by two chiefs in very superb habits. A bright coat of mail highly polished, covered their body to the middle of the thigh. A well-constructed helmet guarded the head, accompanied by an equally ingenious protection for the neck. A scarlet kaftan hung from their shoulders down on the backs of two of the finest Persian horses I ever beheld: these, and the leopard-skin shubrach (or saddle covering), gave a magnificence to their appearance, and a union of effect which my little sketch will perhaps convey.

After the corps were passed, I called in at the Governor-general's; where I had the good fortune to meet with the Commander of the Baschkirs, and to be introduced to him. His conversation was highly interesting; and as he satisfied my perhaps troublesome curiosity, on the subject of his people, he delivered his replies with the most complacent good-nature. His military band was ordered into the apartment, the odd instruments of which were not a little entertaining. They played on a sort of rude pipe, made of a hollow stick, about two feet long, and pierced with four holes. Independent of the *music it discoursed*, they accompanied the notes with a noise made in their throats; uttering sounds in unison, but resembling the tones of a bird-organ played under water. The means of producing this inward piping

must be very painful, as the practitioner holds his breath for so long a time that the blood rushes rapidly into his face, and every muscle seems distended to torture. There was harmony certainly in the music, but no beauty; wildness, but no pathos. In short, take it all in all, it was unlike any thing you ever heard, excepting (if you ever did meet so odd a union)! the tones of a bad Eolian harp, accompanied by the drones of an old bag-pipe. It was too dull to laugh at: and instead of inspiriting the soldiers thus led to the field, I should think it very likely to drawl them to sleep. I was very glad to turn from so tiresome a lullaby, to the voice of my intelligent Baschkir; and to hear him speak of the merits of his troops, with a brave confidence honourable both to commanders and men.

And to be sure, these troops may do very well when opposed to their neighbours of a similar discipline; but when competitors with the veteran French, I fear they will make a very sorry stand.

Yesterday a new body of a different race, marched through. They are the Kirghises, the ancient enemies of the Baschkirs: but now, forgetting former feuds, under the broad banner of Russia, they assemble together against the common foe. During the reign of the Empress Anne, this powerful people (being a nation on the borders of China) committed themselves to the protection of Russia; and by their numbers and bravery much facilitated the commerce and strengthened the frontiers of the Empire. They are a warlike people; supposed to be descended from the Sarmates, a race who came originally from the East; and who, both under their ancient ap-

Kirghisies

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pellation, and the more modern one of Kirghises, held the Chinese in awe, and more than once shook that wonderful power to the foundations.

Their territories, in which they have numerous towns, extend from the river Oural and the Caspian Sea eastward as far as the Irtish, and the Altay Mountains, the natural wall of China. The sea of Oral, and Buckkaria bound them to the south. This once formidable people, now become the auxiliaries of Russia, did not appear better appointed for efficiency against European troops, than the Baschkirs. They were armed with bows and arrows, and badly mounted. Their cloaths were of the Eastern fashion, with blue kaftans and caps of various forms, some furred and others plain, of the Chinese shape. The Kirghises resemble their neighbours of China in the character of their faces, as well as in complexion and features.

The troops were divided into bands of a hundred men. At the head of each, an officer carried its respective standard; not much unlike, both in colour and pattern, a common checqued silk handkerchief; but forked with points of a distinct dye. To every pike was also suspended a small pennon, serving to mark the division to which each individual was attached. The effect of all these standards recalled to my recollection the procession in *Blue Beard*, where there are almost as many ensigns of command, as men to command.

Then followed a very fine corps indeed: the Kalmucs, who are some of the best disciplined troops in the Russian service. They sprung from the Huns; a people, who, many years after the descent of the

Sarmates, overwhelmed the neighbouring nations of Russia. But why should I tell you who and what they were? when every schoolboy knows their origin; since, like the burner of the temple at Ephesus, they gave themselves to everlasting remembrance by the subversion of the Roman empire, under their conquering Attila.

The Mongoles, or Kalmuc Tartars, were descended of this victorious race: and marching from their patriarchal seat on the borders of China, towards the Oral and Caspian Seas; they subdued the inhabitants of that vast tract of country; and mingling with the natives, in the course of time were so altered from their ancient manners, as to lose all apparent traces of their origin. Among the hives which they subjugated and incorporated with themselves under the general name of Kalmuc Tartars, were the Turkomanes and the Kumenæs pitched near the Caspian Sea; and several Sarmatian and Scythian swarms which dwelt more to the northward. These all made one people under the great Tschinghis-Khan; and following his conquering banner, overran Buckkaria, Persia and all China. Their next spoils were to be found in Russia: and owing to the continued feuds between the separate princes, it became an easy prey to the victorious Khan. In short, from the year 1223, when the Prince of Kief sacrificed the empire to his jealousy, to that of 1554, did the Russians groan under the Tartar yoke. But at that memorable period, the valiant arm of Ivan the Terrible, not only gave freedom to his country, but destroyed the Golden Horde of the Kalmucs, the seat of the Khans, pursued the remnants of their power to Kazan and Astrakhan; and laying both cities in ruins, for ever after annihilated the sovereignty of Tartary. From that hour, instead of being the Lords of Russia, the Kalmucs are

A Kalmuc Horseman

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its tributaries; and one of the marks of their subjection, is the duty of attending the Tzar in his wars.

If we be sensible to reflective awe, when standing over the ruins of some ancient magnificent structure; we cannot, on the same principle, behold the wreck of a once powerful empire passing by, without feeling a respectful veneration for its former greatness. These were my sentiments during the Tartar procession; and their consequent suggestions cost me some sighs, when I thought on what a *baseless fabric* rest all the glories of this world. The ambition of human nature, that never-dying aspiration of the soul for fame (which is only another shape in which the principle of a *ceaseless longing after immortality* clothes itself) starts, when suddenly struck with the transitory existence of sublunary advantages. But half an hour's reflection makes one smile at these regrets; and so, instead of occasional thought decking me with the dismal visage of the weeping philosopher, it always sends me out of school under Democritus's colours. If this be not the effect of all thinking, it is but grave trifling: and if philosophy, *divine philosophy!* find not *good in every thing*, it loses its epithet, and is not worth a rush.

But a truce to moralizing, and again to my Kalmucs. I inclose you a sketch of their figures and physiognomy; and I assure you I have not caricatured the latter in the least. The strong line of their eye-bone is far more perpendicular than that of the Chinese. Hence we must suppose, if Tschingis-Khan and the renowned Tamerlane resemble their descendants, that Venus here shewed her old enmity against the warlike Minerva, in the persons of her favourites; and

while the one blessed with the courage of Mars, the other cursed with the aspect of Vulcan. So much for the Tartarian heroes. Being perhaps well tired of their company, they shall make you their bow, with the temporary adieu of your very faithful friend.

LETTER XXXII.

St. Petersburgh, April, 1807.

HAVING to fulfil my engagements with the Admiralty, after many an anxious day, I left Mosco for St. Petersburgh late in February, and arrived here early in March. In that hospitable capital I had passed hours which endeared every stone to my remembrance: and the inhabitants! How shall I cease to speak of them, who were to me as the kindest friends; and of some still more beloved, who blessed me with every heartfelt delight that renders England dear!

I have left Mosco for a short season I hope: but when I return, it will not be to meet all whom I valued there. One, the most venerable of my friends; one, whose doors were ever open to me; whose tenderness cherished me as a parent, is gone! Removed to her heavenly country; there to receive the reward of her virtues; the happiness allotted to the benefactress of the wretched, and the refuge of them who have no home.

A few weeks before I quitted Mosco, died this revered woman. The instant I was apprised of the event, I hastened to her palace. During her severe illness, those whom she honoured with her affection were seldom absent from her couch or anti-chamber. But let death strike

when it will, the blow always surprises the heart of a friend. Hope lingers for those we love, even till the moment life is extinguished. The real sorrow that met my eyes on being led into the saloon where she lay, is more than I can utter; but I felt it all. The room was filled with bishops and priests, and tender relations, chanting the requiem, and praying for the departed soul. The last time I had entered this state apartment it was then decorated for a ball; the walls blazed with myriads of gay lights; the roof resounded with music and the dance; and beauty, smiles, and splendor, beamed around. The venerable and illustrious mistress of the *fête*, she too was there, and sat amidst the general festivity, enjoying with an amiable complacency the pleasures she diffused. All now was changed! I returned to the same chamber, but, O, my God! under what different feelings, and for what a different purpose! My soul was ten thousand times more wrought upon than if I could have shed torrents of tears. The colour of mourning covered the walls, funeral tapers gleamed from the hands of the priests, and the draperies of a vast pall met my feet: where then was she whose maternal smiles had always greeted my entrance? Bitter, bitter was that moment! It is the survivor's heart that pays the tax of death, not his who dies.

Many around me were weeping heavily: but the friend of my soul, the living representative of the departed Saint, stood like a fixed statue of grief. The coffin was blessed by the bishops; the holy water bedewed it, and the shrouded body of the best and most revered of women was deposited in it for ever, at least for that *ever* which belongs to time, until the day which closes time's existence, and awakens man to the eternity of heaven! The sight of that lifeless form called forth all

that was woman in me. My gratitude, my sorrow, almost turned me Greek; and hardly could I forbear falling on my knees, and joining in their prayers to the divine mercy for her peace and everlasting happiness.

I afterwards saw her laid in the tomb: and as the earth closed over her, the remembrance of all that she had been to me, of all that she had blessed me with of the precious part of her being, that was to be mine for ever; made me feel indeed a son, and more than filial tears bedewed her grave. Think then, my friend, with what sentiments I left Mosco. Think how impatient I am to return to it, with that imperial sanction to my wishes, which will turn the house of mourning into that of joy!

To perform my promise, and to obtain a greater, I came to St. Petersburgh. But, on the very day in which I entered it, the sublunary lord of my fate, the Emperor, left it. This was a new blow to me. I had no resource but patience, and to await his return from the frontiers. Meanwhile, I am employing every hour in the fulfilment of my Admiralty engagements, that I may throw myself upon his goodness with a better grace. He was gone to join the army: proving, by every act, how true he is to the cause; when he not only directs the helm of war, but exposes his person to its hottest balls.

On my arrival, I found our new Ambassador the Marquis of Douglas; and a political scene, somewhat different from that of Mosco. All there was arms and glory: but here commercial interest a little diluted the ardour of the people. The treaty of commerce with England

had expired; and no hopes were entertained of its being renewed. The absence of the Emperor, besides many obstacles in the imperial cabinet, traversed the unremitted exertions of our Ambassador: nothing satisfactory on this head could be obtained. And indeed it is hardly to be expected that the leaders of the Russian commercial department, having learnt the value of their own commerce, and the manner of carrying it on; will again put such advantages out of their own hands. The native merchants have been our apprentices for near three hundred years; so we must not be surprised they should now wish to set up for themselves, and reap the fruit of their own vineyard. To encourage them, is the interest of the nobles, whose vassals they in general are; and to see them prosperous is the delight of the Monarch; for, considering himself the father of all his people, the happiness of the lower ranks is not less his object than that of the higher. And to shew the trading part of his subjects the respect in which they should in future be held, a little while ago he gave them a magnificent dinner, at which he presided in person; and on leaving the apartment, presented each with a medal of himself, reversed with emblems of commerce. At present, the two great civic aims of this august Monarch, are, to give gradual freedom to the vassals of the empire; and to establish its commerce on a wide and firm foundation. None can contemplate these projects without admiring the patriotic Alexander; and congratulating the people who are so happy as to be under his sway.

Indeed, the difference between him and his immediate predecessor must, to persons who have lived under both reigns, appear a translation from hell to heaven. The one seemed guided by a caprice alone; the other always under the direction of right reason. Not an hour ago, I

met in the street, one of the existing mementos of the Emperor Paul's extravagances. During one of that Monarch's visits to the dock-yards, he observed a boor calking the bottom of a ship with great diligence. "That seems a very clever fellow!" observed the Emperor. And drawing towards him, he examined his work with the most delighted scrutiny.

"Admirably calked!" cried he, "you must be rewarded for this."

The man, expecting a few rubles, prostrated himself in gratitude before his sovereign. "Rise, rise;" cried the Monarch; "I confer on you the rank of Lieutenant-general!" certainly a Lord High-admiral would have been more in character with his marine employment. But the poor fellow sprung on his feet in a rapture; and, I am not sure whether he did not embrace the Emperor. However, this did not satisfy Paul; but having him instantly clothed in the uniform belonging to his new dignity, he threw over his neck the badges of several military orders! The calker was now made a Lieutenant-general, but unmade as a rational creature. So great was his ecstacy at this flood of honours, that his reason was overset; and ever after he lived a sad monument of human folly and human weakness. Yet I know not whether he is to be considered as a pitiable object either; for he seems perfectly happy. He has a handsome pension settled on him for life; and passes his time in walking about the streets of St. Petersburgh in full military dress, decorated with his stars and ribbons; and accosting every man of rank he meets with the intimate salutation of a brother. It is pleasing to see how blest he considers himself with the possession of his knighthoods, although he purchased them at the expence of his wits.

And indeed, when we consider the low situation from which the late Emperor elevated him, it is ten to one but his insanity has saved him a thousand mortifications from the disdain of his now equals. It is evident from the effect of his new dignity, that he was a proud man; and therefore, had he preserved his senses, and met with contempt, it is most probable that he would have soon ended his *generalized* career with a broken heart.

I had the honour of being presented to this curious personage, when I was last at the residence: and this morning, passing along the street, he descried me at a little distance; and hastily crossing the way, embraced me with open arms. The greeting "I am happy to see your *Excellency* looking so well!" covered his rough features with smiles; and waving his head to and fro, as if all the dignities of the world were plumed there; he talked with me, to my own door, as familiarly of Counts and Princes, as if he had been born their equal, and had passed his life in their councils. This little anecdote is a sufficient specimen of the mad caprice of the late Monarch, and of its ridiculous and mischievous consequences.

I am at present so thoroughly engaged in finishing my pictures for the Admiralty, that you must not be surprised at the curtailed size of my letters; for, every time I dip my pen in ink to you, I rob the commemoration of the *glories of Peter the Great*, of a few of its rays. In short, if I do not sit close to them (so many other objects press upon my attention), I fear they will be most shamefully *shorn of their beams*: but remember, I mean to say, that Peters's actions give their own light; my hand, by restoring them to the eye, merely puts aside the clouds with which time had obscured their brightness.

My portrait of the Tzar is finished, and already deposited in the great saloon of the Hermitage, until that of the Admiralty be prepared for its reception. At present I have the defeat of Admiral Emshield, &c. &c. to complete; and being engaged in so many formidable achievements, will be a sufficient apology for the hasty adieu of your ever faithful friend.

LETTER XXXIII.

St. Petersburgh, October, 1807.

AFFAIRS of the greatest moment to your friend have kept his journalising pen in its case during these many months: but you are too well informed of them, to need any apology for not transmitting a history of the public disasters which have so heavily struck at my private peace.

The whole cry here is the non-arrival of our troops off Dantzic; and he who till then greeted every Englishman as a brother, now turns from even a friend of that nation with a cold bow of suspicion. The battle of Friedland has been lost, the treaty of Tilsit signed, and the whole face of affairs entirely changed. I could hardly believe that I am awake, did I not feel in every nerve the alteration which stabs my happiness. I see two countries that I love, on the point of variance:—I see more in prospect than my heart at present can bear to dwell on.

The French General is in St. Petersburgh as Ambassador. He carries himself with all the gorgeous parade of the court he represents; and drives about in an equipage more becoming an Eastern Satrap than a hardy soldier. Splendid as his externals may be, I cannot find a similar refinement in his manners. I was told that the other day he dined in

company where some of our countrymen were present. The conversation fell on military affairs. Egypt was mentioned; and an English gentleman, meaning to do a courtesy to the French General, paid some compliments on the conduct of Menou at Alexandria.

"Aye," cried the Frenchman, "but had one of Napoleon's boats been there, Alexandria had never fallen to the British."

What Englishman's blood did not rise at this reply? and what ought to have been the silencing answer?

"Where then were these mighty boats that Napoleon did not bring them to the siege of Acre?"

No response could be made to this: and the blushes of every Frenchman present were not requisite to declare the mortifying consciousness that their Emperor had been *beaten*, and by an *Englishman*. The man still lived who had made him fly; who had driven him from the Holy Land he had polluted with apostacy; and who, by that heaven-directed action, locked the gates of the East against his menaced usurpations! As the proud Duke of Austria trembled before the name of the *first Cœur de Lion*, the no less haughty Emperor of the French must ever start at that of the *second*.

You will be surprised that I should be unable to say much of the French General, from my own personal knowledge: he possessed no magnetic powers over me, and therefore I kept as due a distance as I liked.

My Lord Gower (having suceeded the Marquis of Douglas, now gone into the interior to visit Mosco), received a note from the government, intimating, that as a British Embassador he was no longer necessary at the Court of St. Petersburgh. Every thing is now preparing for his departure: and consequently, as the French interest is gaining ground, the British declines. All of our nation are eager to leave the country. Changed indeed is the face of things! But as it is the general idea that the new amity cannot last, and as abiding in the empire, under my peculiar circumstances, would militate against my feelings as an Englishman, who considers the duties he owes his King, and his own character as a loyal Briton, as paramount to all other interests; I shall make the earliest application for my passports.

November.

Since I wrote the above, the new Embassador has arrived from Paris to replace the old, who returns to his master. This man is even less polished than his predecessor, or else a bolder professor of the law which makes all means admissible to serve a desired end. Indeed, so little decency has he in vaunting his bloody deeds, that when a lady of rank, the other day, asked him how he could get any persons hard-hearted enough to shoot the Duke d'Enghein, he replied with the greatest coolness, "O madam, I took care of that."—With neither of these diplomatic gentlemen have I any acquaintance; so, my dear friend, you must excuse me sending you no better specimens of their merits.

In the midst of these political revolutions, which are on the point of dividing me for a time from the object most precious to me on earth, I

have received the painful intelligence of the death of my illustrious friend, the venerable Prince Gallitzen. Of such stuff is this life composed! Separations! Deaths! They are hard tugs upon the heart. But Hope, my friend, that smiling angel, looks in; and Despair, just lowering over the soul, is put to flight. I thank God for having given her to me as a sweet comforter through all my ills: and even under this heavy disappointment, when the rupture between two mighty nations opens a gulph betwixt me and my happiness; even now she promises brighter days to come, and I find the pangs of separation less intolerable.

This seems the very season of affliction. The poor Queen of Georgia has also breathed her last sigh. The Prince Bagration was of her family; and during her seclusion in Russia, she felt herself still a Sovereign, while listening to accounts of the commanding virtues of her kinsman. She was to be buried with a pomp suitable to her rank; and I went to the great perspective to be a spectator of the ceremony.

The Emperor and the Grand Duke, with the Court, attended; and also a procession of four thousand men, with twelve pieces of cannon, and their military bands. The solemn tones of the dirges, and the awful response of the minute guns as the line proceeded, had a very striking effect. The rich habits of the bishops and priests, with those of the Imperial family and the Court, and the long black-robed mutes bearing torches, by the extraordinary variety and mingling of the gay colours of life, with the mourning hues of death, increased the reflections of the observer, and deepened the melancholy of the scene.

The coffin, covered with a magnificent pall, was borne on a bier, and supported by ten men in military habits. Over their heads a canopy was carried, feathered and crowned according to her royal dignity. Several noblemen preceded and followed the body, bearing on embroidered cushions the various insignia of a sovereign. Thus passed the Queen of Georgia! The scene was fraught with such food for meditation; and meditations which, in these portentous times, are so Cassandra-like in their prognostics, that I hurried from the church, quite in the dismals, to talk over the past, present, and to come, with my dear Mosco friend, now arrived in St. Petersburgh.

My pictures I had finished. They were deposited in the Hermitage with that of Peter the Great; and I now only waited for my passport to carry me across the frontiers into Sweden. It was the depth of winter, and I ordered the necessary equipages for that sort of travelling. The passport was sent to me. All was now closed with me in Russia, except to take my leave of the Imperial head of the Court in which I had experienced so much kindness. I was received with a condescension that redoubled my every hope; and as I received the most gratifying marks of the amiable Alexander's approbation, and interest in my fate; I withdrew from his presence with sentiments of never-dying respect and gratitude, and with the dear conviction that "it would not be long before peace would reunite the two countries, and bring me back to Russia and to happiness!"

That night I slept not. I passed it in the saloons of some of my best friends; and freighted with many a gentle sigh to distant England, I parted from some. But from others, than *friendship dearer!* their tears

are yet upon my cheek: and the blessings of those whom Heaven, by age seems particularly to have consecrated to itself, still dwell on my head; and I trust were not breathed in vain.

The tenth of December, five in the morning! Remember that this day is the most fearful of his life to thy fortune-persecuted friend.

LETTER XXXIV.

Abo, December, 1807.

ON the tenth of December I left St. Petersburgh for Stockholm; having had a couple of kibitkas made on a lighter and larger construction than those used in Russia, and better adapted to the Swedish roads. One of these vehicles was for myself, and the other for my honest servant Gerard Schmidt. The hospitality and attention of my friends, provided me with every portable necessary for the journey; which at this season of the year is both tedious and dangerous.

I found the roads good; and got on very rapidly through Russian Finland. This part of the empire is flat and marshy; covered with huge masses of granite, standing so thick in some places, as at a distance to bear the appearance of considerable villages. These deceptions, no doubt, often occasion bitter disappointment to the foot traveller who, worn with fatigue and hunger, hopes a few steps farther to find rest and refreshment: but drawing near, meets an assemblage of solitary stones! Vast tracks of this country are thinly scattered with low and meagre fir trees; the aspect, consequently, is very desolate; but whether it be really as bad as it seems, I will not pretend to say; for while the bosom of nature is so overspread with snow, it is impossible to form a right judgment of its cultivation.

A Peasant of Finland in his Winter Dress

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The Finlanders are of a small stature, sharp featured, and usually without any apparent beard. They have light complexions; with fair hair, worn long and *uncombed* on each side of their head. Brown woollen kaftans short to the knee; with loose black pantaloons and boots, make up their apparel. Now and then, as a wonderful finery, a sort of worked decoration adorns their upper garments. Their caps are unvaryingly of the same shape. In short, seeing one Finlander is seeing them all; and my sketch is as like their rude exterior as if it had been cut out by one of their own taylors. A most barbarous animal you will think I have made of the poor Fin: but I must say, in excuse for so *inveterate a likeness*, that take them altogether, their appearance is ten times more savage than the grimmest Russian I ever met, wrapped like a wild beast in his hairy shoub. Certainly the description is not so bearish, but the reality would convince you at once of their hideous *tout ensemble;* to account for it, I refer you to better physiognomists in faces and garbs; for, that the Fins are so frightful,

> "The reason why, I cannot tell;
> But so it is, dear Doctor Fell!"

Viborg was the first town of any magnitude I passed through; and in that place I presented the Governor with my passport, who countersigned it, and treated me very civilly. The town is a sea-port, and the capital of a government which bears its name; it is also a bishop's see; and carries on a considerable trade with England. Peter the First took it from the Swedes in 1710, improved its fortifications, and Russia has ever since retained it as one of her strongest bulwarks against that brave people.

I found the inns large and dirty: a very usual property, you will think, of all receptacles for travellers on these northern roads. Aye, and on every road that I have travelled, southward, eastward, and westward, excepting England. Our little island possesses not a more striking characteristic than the cleanliness and comfort of its habitations, from the palace to the cot, inns, and even ale-houses included.

The hotel of Viborg was rendered still more prolific in all manner of filthy abominations, by a party of soldiers quartered there; the whole city being filled with Russian troops. The villages around were likewise overflowing with this military flood, on its passage to the frontiers of Sweden. As I followed the track, I passed numerous regiments on their march: their cannon, war carriages, troops of Cossacs, and other accompaniments; sometimes proceeding in scattered parties, and at others, halting in groupes of various positions, could not fail of producing picturesque and interesting scenes. Thirty thousand men, I am told, is the present Russian force in Finland. And to me it will be surprising, if they do not fall upon Sweden much sooner than that kingdom expects the attack.

On my approach to the borders, I found the country become hilly, and assume a more savage outline. The mountainous and rugged scenery of Salvator Rosa, will give you a very just idea of the face of this wild country. It is the very theatre in which a romance writer would place his supernatural visitants, or a painter his banditti. When the snow is off, I have no doubt that the return of warmer suns will crown many of these now barren rocks with a verdure, which, in some places, must soften into beauty their prevailing grandeur. The eye and the imagi-

nation, fatigued with a too-prolonged gaze on gigantic nature, turn with delight to the little green valley, where some cottage lurks, embosomed in trees, promising rest and cheerfulness with its humility.

Aberforce is the last of the Russian possessions in this extensive province, which anciently was called Carelia; and now marks the boundary of the Russian empire on the side of Sweden. Here my baggage was examined, and all the imperial coin and paper money taken from me, for which I received Swedish in exchange. Having shewed my passport to the commanding officer, and passed the lines, in a few minutes I was no longer in the territories of Alexander; I no longer breathed the air of the same empire with one, who was as part of my own being. Call me not romantic! but at that moment I found the pangs of separation renewed afresh; and had I not had the remembrance of the parting graciousness of its august Monarch to quiet my anxieties, with what a redoubled gloom should I have prepared myself to encounter the gulph that was yet to divide me further! But Hope, my faithful ally, rose again before me; and I willingly followed her visionary flight, as I lay wrapped up in my kibitka, till she seemed to alight on the temple of Concord, and reuniting the hands of Russia and England. Ah, my friend! had the shrewdest seer that ever pretended to read the stars, have told me three years ago, that the political conduct of two great empires, in the year 1807, would immediately influence my future fate, I should have laughed at so pompous a prediction for so insignificant a personage, and have told the prophet, that the storms on the mountains would never reach my humble dell. But so it is: and peace or war opens to me all my joys, or shuts them from me, with bars more impenetrable than walls of iron.

Having left Aberforce, which is nothing more than a long line of hills, well defended with huge bulwarks of granite, I passed over a low piece of neutral territory, that in a few moments brought me to the Swedish frontiers. Here I found a very slender guard; and after the usual formalities, passed through them with great ease. I was rather surprised to find so slight a defence opposed to the coming enemy; but as I proceeded my astonishment increased, as I rarely saw any thing bearing the least affinity with arms: and when I recalled the large army I had just quitted, on the full march to overwhelm this country, I was totally at a loss how to account for so unguarded a security. Either the information they receive must be very bad, or some policy is carrying on beyond my comprehension; for I cannot seriously suppose that Baron de Steddinge, the worthy representative of the royal Gustavus on the frontiers, would allow so hostile an appearance to escape his vigilance. Whatever may be the occult reason for the present tranquillity, all is at perfect rest in Swedish Finland. Liberty and comfort smile every where; peace sits on every countenance, and decorates the landscape, as if this had been her chosen reign for many a year. The view was delightful; and had I not been sure that Bellona was at my heels, ready to burn up their present and promised happiness, I might have enjoyed the scene; but the prospect of its impending destruction, like the *mystical lore* of the Scottish wizard, disturbed my fancy; and I was glad to press forward.

The means of travelling rapidly do not fall off in Swedish Finland. The horses are smaller than those on the Russian side; but their motion in descending the hills is so swift, as to be really terrific. Every thing seemed to partake of the activity of these animals; for although

they were obliged to be sent for, at different stages, from the neighbouring boors, yet all was dispatched with such promptitude that I was detained a very short time at the post-houses, and speeded on my journey almost as quickly as in England.

There is nothing particularly striking or singular in the dress of the people. Their countenances resemble the lower class of Germans; and their manners are good-natured, with a little alloy of inquisitiveness, which, though teasing to strangers, is a sign of their being on the alert; a sure promise of future improvement. Curiosity is the soil for a rich mental harvest: and where it is not, you may sow and sow; but it rots where it lies, having no vigour in the bed to change its state and excite it to fructify. It is a duty of a legislator to put to good use this propitious disposition in a people.

I cannot pass any encomiums on the towns and villages I travelled through in my way to Abo. The road leading to this city grows very hilly, and in the line of country strongly resembles the north of Ireland. Cultivation seems not to be neglected, for through the snowy veil which covered the face of the ground, I could perceive the signs of numerous enclosures, intersecting the vallies, and climbing up the sides of the hills. These divisions were marked with long thin bodies of felled trees, laid in an oblique direction, and supported at due distances by uprights of stronger wood, like the fences used in the northern parts of America.

Abo is a place of great repute, is considered the capital of Swedish Finland, and is situated in a hollow between two high and naked granite hills, on the point where the gulphs of Bothnia and Finland unite.

The town has a good harbour, with every other maritime convenience. In 1620, that mirror of princes, the great Gustavus Adolphus, founded a gymnasium here, which his daughter the Queen Christina, a few years afterwards changed into an academy, and endowed with the same privileges as Upsala. The only royal court of judicature in Finland is held at this place; and here the Governor of the province usually resides. It is also a bishop's see. The church is large and of brick; built, they tell me, by a Metropolitan named Henry, who was an Englishman. I did not look at it with the less regard, you may believe, from these circumstances. The organ may be ranked amongst the best in Europe; its tones indeed equalled any I had ever heard: and as the notes of the singers accompanied them, I know not whether there were really a resemblance, or that the idea of the founder put fancy in the place of fact into my head, but certainly I thought the voice of one of the choristers resembled the tones of one with whom you are very well acquainted: but he rose from his seat, and there ended the likeness. Surely nothing more quickly recalls the images of the absent, than hearing tunes that they have admired, or sounds resembling their own voice. I started when I heard those in the church of Abo; and almost thought I was in the parlour in G——, listening to the air with which you sung the words of our favourite hero, *The plume of war, with early laurels crowned!* Nature, you see, is very consistent. What reminds travellers of their friends, recalls exiles to their country: who can forget the power of the *Ranz des Vaches*, over the Swiss soldiers? And which of us Britons, were we even enjoying all the luxuries of life in a foreign clime, could suddenly hear the well known notes of *Rule Britannia*, and not feel his heart and soul fly back to England?

Having left the choir, I examined the monuments of the church;

but met with little gratification, as they possessed no interest, except to the families whose relatives they cover. They are generally flat stones on the pavement, or against the walls, without graces, either of architecture or inscription. One I observed rather more eminent than the rest; and found it to be the last bed of General Wedderburn, a Briton who died in the service of Sweden about two centuries ago. I visited the university. The institution is admirable; and the new edifice for the use of the students is in great forwardness, and seems to promise both convenience and beauty. The streets of the town are narrow, and the houses generally built of wood, precisely in the common Russian style; differing only in the dear essentials of being always aired and clean. The river Aurojochi winds through the city to the gulph; and when the navigation is open, this is a place of considerable trade and consequence. During the period of traffic (when spring unlocks the seas), regular boats are kept for the purpose of conveying passengers and their equipages direct across to Stockholm; which short voyage generally lasts no longer than from fourteen to twenty-four hours. Thus gliding gently over the waves, the happy he who travels under summer suns, avoids the inconveniences of stoppages, the expensive wretchedness of the islands, and lands himself fresh and gay on the opposite shore.

The winter vehicles of this country differ materially from those of Russia, being extremely light, narrow and long, seldom shorter than ten feet. The person or persons sit in the centre; and he who drives stands behind: a seat is sometimes affixed, whereon the whip may sit if he pleases.

Having seen all worthy observation at Abo, although the Russ

Consul Mr. Brumm, and also the Governor, to whom I brought letters, have behaved with the greatest attention to me, yet I shall remain as short a time as possible; being eager, by immediately facing the dangers of a passage through the gulph, to prevent the accumulation of more, and to get over the present collection, as fast as possible. I am told that Ulysses never met with more horrible perils amongst the isles of the Syrens, than I am to encounter amidst the isles of Bothnia. I fear they will be in less agreeable shapes than beautiful women; and expecting rather to meet with sea-storms than sea-nymphs, I commit myself to your orisons; hoping soon, from Stockholm, again to sign myself your faithful friend.

LETTER XXXV.

Warsala, Isles of Bothnia, December, 1807.

I AM now engulphed, my good friend! When I shall set foot on *terra firma* again I cannot prognosticate. Nought is around me but shoals of ice and barren rocks: if I had an enemy wicked enough to enjoy my polar banishment, how happy would he be now! I am arrived to the very *acmé* of northern discomfort; and could scarcely be worse off were I encountering, with the unfortunate Ajust, the Cimmerian depths of the Greenland Seas. But I will not anticipate my narrative; in due order you shall have my exit from Abo.

Well then, on Monday morning, I and my faithful Squire, sallied forth in our kibitkas towards Elsing, a village about six Swedish miles from Abo, and the last collection of houses that is resorted to by passengers taking the direct road across the gulph to Stockholm. Here I rested a little while to reconnoitre my movements; and so dreary was the prospect, and dismal the accounts which the natives gave of the voyage at this season of the year, that my impatience to reach the Swedish capital, seemed hardly an excuse for the boldness of the enterprise. However, I had reasons enough to determine me; Schmidt was willing to follow his master; and notwithstanding the fearful portents, we prepared to attempt the first island. What increased the

hazard was the unsettled state of the weather; which, freezing one hour, and thawing the next, rendered the greater part of the ice on the gulph too weak to bear our kibitkas, and yet too strong to allow of its being broken to admit the action of a boat. This representation did not quite convince me; and on enquiring further I was told, that on examining the passages, it was found that an intermingled fluid and frozen mode of conveyance might be possible.

I therefore sought for a part of the gulph hard enough to start from; and at last lit upon a pretty open space still in a liquid state, at some distance from which the ice seemed thick enough to bear our weight. On the proclamation of this discovery, a number of villagers of both sexes turned out to escort and assist us over. Each was provided with an iron-pointed staff; and some carried the addition of a hammer-headed-axe, in order to sound the way, or to break the ice when necessary. My kibitkas were each placed in a separate boat, and our little troop embarked with them. A short time brought us to the frozen part on which I had fixed my eye; the natives got out first to try its strength, but to my no small disappointment, found it so weak that it hardly bore themselves. Their only resource for me, was to break a passage, by means of their axes and the prow of the first vessel: and this they did with most indefatigable labour, till we penetrated through the midst of the congealed plain to the distance of three quarters of an English mile.

During this toil, we had a tremendous gale of wind, attended by so piercing a sleet, that the breaking up of the surrounding ice was threatened, which must have inevitably ingulphed us all, most seriously

engulphed! for my companions expected no less, for some dreadful hours, than that the bursting and rushing ice would overwhelm us for ever. However, we found the frozen fluid grow stronger as we drew nearer the island; and it soon, most happily, allowed us to haul the sledges from the boats, and proceed, if not on firm land, on firm ice, towards the shore.

With the men and women dragging the sledges (on which you must remember our kibitkas are fastened), and at every yard, striking our footing, to sound its thickness; after a cold, wet and benumbing perambulation, we at length reached Warsala. But what did we meet? not the warm comforts which would have cheered us from even the wave-beaten cottage of a poor Scot, had we landed in a rough night on one of our stormy Hebrides; but such chilling wretchedness, such dirt and penury were exhibited here, that I had much ado to persuade myself not to prefer returning to the dangers of the gulph, before passing a night in so miserable a spot. But had I decided so, my conveyors would not; and forced to be resigned to what was inevitable, I entered a hovel, fitter to be the den of sea-monsters than a habitation for the human race.

The hire claimed by my Finlanders for their aquatic services, was three rix-dollars, — a tolerable sum, though hardly earned; for, certainly, their labour, and the risques they ran, would have been ill-paid by thrice as much. But danger is their harvest. During the perilous state of the waters at this season of the year, the demands of the islanders for any exertion of this kind, are seldom so moderate. The price they claim being totally of their own fixing, impositions, and every act of

knavery towards the poor traveller, are commonly the practice. Their artifices, and the ignorance of foreigners in the language of the country, and the uncertain value of the current money, all conspire to fill the purses of the natives, and to empty those of the unlucky way-faring strangers.

Having got over the dreary night in this noisome place, I found, to my no small discomfiture, that to stir the next day was impossible. The ice, all around, was in a worse state than on the preceding evening. That day passed, and another, and another; and still no hope. Every morning I ordered the ice to be tried; and every morning I returned from the experiment, musing on the blessing of patience.

What little strength the element possessed lay on the Elsing side, for two or three other travellers arrived, to increase the wants of our houseless and famishing garrison. This island, like most others in its neighbourhood, is nothing more than a huge rock, thinly covered with a meagre soil, hardly sufficient to yield the inhabitants a little grass as a gala treat for a cow, or as much pulse for themselves as will sustain nature. There are not more than twenty-five habitations in the whole island. These are divided into two groupes of hovels on separate parts of the rock, and comprise all the population and accommodation of the place. Each house that pretends to any eminence over the rest (which are only a couple of post-houses), possesses a windmill close to its side; and within, consists of one large kitchen, which is refectory, dormitory, and as many etceteras as you choose to add to its capabilities. Here the family, day and night (and other live stock besides), all pig together; leaving a better room, with one solitary bed in it, as a reserve for travellers. Think then, with two such miserable hotels in the whole island,

what is the distress when perhaps half a dozen parties are weather-bound here for weeks!

The where-withal to satisfy hunger, is simple and circumscribed; viz. black bread, with a most nauseous beer; and by way of luxury, a little bad salt-fish: the less the better! you will say; and I am so perfectly of your mind, that had I been doomed to such provender, I must have contented myself with their Spartan bread alone; for I most assuredly would have left the beer and the fish, either to their more Hottentot appetites, or as a peace-offering to my jailors, the waves. Hence you see the necessity, on one of these voyages, to be provided with every thing in the provision way; even to loading your kibitka with as weighty burthens as accompanied Sir Francis Wronghead's journey to London. My stock, both of aliments and patience, was wearing out so fast, that I thought it expedient to dare another trial on the gulph. I knew if I waited till we might embark without any danger, I should remain in Warsala till the spring; and therefore, determining to make the essay next morning, I called my servant to prepare for a second launching.

My host, an old rascally post-master, who preferred our dollars before his own honesty, after having imposed upon us by his extortions, now sought to intimidate me from proceeding, by a thousand lies. However, I was resolved; and engaging to give the peasants a very handsome price for their assistance, attended by Schmidt, and my train dragging the boats and kibitkas after us, I set off early in the morning, wrapped in my Russian shoub, and walking many miles up to my knees in water on the ice. At a certain spot we entered the boats, and got

on a little way; or rather I should say, got into a labyrinth of ice-shoals and impediments of every kind. Here we beat about for several hours, and at last, as ill luck would have it, or as if some malignant fate destined me to perish in this loathsome island; after all the labour, danger and pain we had undergone, I was obliged to return to Warsala in the middle of the night following, wet, benumbed and sulky.

Here then I am again, with the happy prospect of passing, Heaven knows how many, more days in cold, filth and famine. I wish the sea would, some time or other, do this island the favour of a thorough washing; and then, I am sure, more living creatures of the *creeping* and *jumping* species would be drowned in the flood, than ever filled the waters at the general deluge. I can safely say that the sort of *evils* which annoy me here,

Come not in single spies, but in battalions!

Happy are those beings who bring into the world such hardihood of the senses, that they can as pleasantly encounter a common sewer as a bed of flowers; or sleep in a pig-stye as comfortably as on a clean mattrass! Cleanliness, you will readily believe, is the chief of the *dii penates* I worship in my travels. Give me clean straw, clean water, and a clean crust, and I could voyage it from the Zenith to the Nadir without a murmur: but nastiness is as bad to me, as the spear in the faces of the young Romans: when it appears, I could gladly turn my back.

On my return to the island, I found a very worthy countryman of our own, who had been there fourteen days before I first arrived; who remained the following eight in which I was imprisoned; and who,

like myself, is now threatened with perhaps other eight or fourteen more, to be enjoyed in this delectable spot! While my patience was oozing out at every pore, he sat contentedly, smiling at my disappointment, and trying to argue me into the belief that dirt was no evil. He then good-humouredly laughed at his own rhetoric; and bringing me to acknowledge, that in certain cases, delicacy, or even regard for common decency, was no good, I became a little better reconciled to endure.

From the masculine vocations of the females here, their persons, of course, cannot be of the loveliest mold. Active as men, they are as robust; and soon lose the tender complexion of their own sex, in the rough exterior of ours. They work like horses, both winter and summer, in assisting travellers to pass, by this route, to Stockholm; and you will see them for hours up to their middle in the snow-water, and tugging at the boats or sledges, without present fatigue or after injury.

Their dress consists of a woollen bed-gown of gay colours in stripes; their stockings are commonly either blue or red, with slippered shoes. But the part of their toilet which soonest strikes a stranger's eye, is the head-dress. I am told it is peculiar to this island; and indeed it is by no means devoid of taste. The hair must be drawn up to the top of the head, and there rolled into a sort of knot; being smoothed at the sides, and well plaistered with beer, it not only receives a polish from the fluid, but is kept steady in its shape. Round this mass of hair, on the crown, is fixed a kind of diadem composed of beads, bugles, &c. of various colours; which ornament completes the coiffure:

the whole having the air of a Greek head-dress, more like a nymph of Paphos than of Warsala; and which, were it on a truly feminine and beautiful woman, would look remarkably graceful and becoming.

At last, thank God! a frost promises in earnest. We are going to try our fortune; and have every prospect now, of bidding this blessed island a long adieu! My dear friend, wish us good speed; and I will hail you from the next.

January, 1808.

The attempt was made. The old adage led us on, "success rewards the brave!" and under its cheering banner, the whole village turned out as usual; and being provided with boats, &c. we once more said farewel to Warsala, and committed ourselves to the gulph. We passed over six English miles of ice with safety and comparative comfort; and soon came to an open water, where we launched our boats and kibitkas, and prepared for a voyage. All went on so far well; and my hopes seemed quite happy in the certainty of reaching the neigbouring isle. An hour carried us to a frozen channel; but the prows of our barques soon made it separate; and thus we proceeded, pioneering our passage for several miles, until we were again so surrounded and retarded by blocks of ice, that to make an inch more way was impossible. And to add to this present dilemma, it continued freezing with such rigor that the people said it would be madness to contend any longer with such terrific obstacles; we must return immediately to Warsala (what a knell was that)! or resign ourselves to be frozen up in our present situation, to the certain loss of all our lives.

Debate was no longer possible: but the peasants were so aware of the danger, that without awaiting any orders from me, they prepared to return. And, after tenfold more difficulties and fatigue than we had before experienced, about four o'clock in the following morning, I again found myself in this wretched hovel: almost despairing, that for some unrepented sin I am doomed to *abide* a prisoner "*in these thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice!*"

During my comfortable tour on the gulph, I more than once thought of what a voyage this would be for one of the tender sex. It has been dared by some ladies on extraordinary occasions: but when I looked around, I only wondered how they survived the horror of the scene; how they outlived the risque of colds, and the thousand miseries to which their gentle forms, amid such inclemencies, must be subjected.

This period of the year is, of all others, the most unpropitious for crossing the gulph, the waters being neither open nor closed; but ever changing their state, to the great annoyance and danger of the traveller.

During the summer months, the journey must be highly romantic and interesting. The mode of travelling is then easy. Every side of the gulph presents objects teeming with natural beauties. The varied hue of the islands; some of a russet brown, whitened over with sea-fowls; others, green and overhanging with cottages, perched like eagles' nests among the rocks; must fill the eye with pictures, deserving the pencil of a Loutherbourgh or Claude Lorraine.

Arvo, January, 1808.

You would perceive that New-Year's day found me in that detestable island. How bitter was the comparison with the last! I was then at Mosco, in a paradise; I was now at Warsala, in a hyperborean hades, and likely to remain for six months to come!

Four or five days more passed; and I assure you I began to think of turning Robinson Crusoe at once, and, with my faithful Friday, scooping myself out a decent dwelling in one of the rocks; when a favourable hour put our project to flight, by wafting a party of people from the very island to which I wanted to go. "The water that brings will take," said my sagacious attendant; so seizing the happy moment, I engaged the boat and boatmen: and the following morning, thank Heaven, bade a final adieu to Warsala!

But all was not smooth way. From the first step to the last in our short voyage, we met accumulations of mishaps, dangers, and long cold wadings over the breaking and bending ice. Conceive, it was not the serpentine, nor any tolerably circumscribed piece of water that we were walking over, but a vast arm of the sea, a mighty gulph, ready to open at every step, and swallow us everlastingly! I am certain that we traversed a distance of eight English miles, sounding at every yard with our spikes, through water two or three feet deep, to find whether the ice would bear, or we were perhaps approaching a fissure to engulph us all. I was wet through, and so frozen, that had it not been for the warm

tobacco-pipe I constantly kept in my mouth (this disagreeable custom is absolutely necessary here), I believe I should have expired with the piercing cold. No imagination can paint it; so full is it on this gulph of horrors. Some of the poor fellows were quite worn out, when we reached the boats, which were moored against a sort of islet of the extremity of the ice. A draught of brandy revived them, and the vessels were launched.

We embarked; and having a strong gale, and open water for three leagues, drew towards the wished-for shore. The violence of the wind, and the beating of the waters, had forced together quantities of floating ice, which, bending and sinking under every attempt we made to land, and other masses driving upon us by the fury of the waves, rendered all our movements dangerous. After much labour, and many complete duckings, we at last landed our persons and *effects*; yet not before our kibitkas were several times plunged over-head in the gulph, in trying to unboat them. In one of these divings I lost a part of my baggage, which contained drawings and articles of some value, now gone to adorn the mermaids.

Dark as it was, I jumped on shore with a gay presage of better fare than we had left; and very alertly followed our conductors some miles; while they with as much ease as I walked, dragged our heavy kibitkas over rocks, snow and ice, up hills, and I may say, down precipices.

In the evening, about five o'clock, we arrived at a village: and doubly happy was I to find that none of the noisome infections of Warsala had reached this spot. The village consisted of a few cottages;

but our reception was primitively kind, and might have graced a city. The wives and daughters of the boatmen ran out towards us, and approaching myself and Schmidt with the same cordiality, invited us in, and spread their tables with a collection of eatables. To be sure their abodes were mere hovels; yet the hospitality and benevolence that reigned within, and the content which sat smiling on their honest countenances, gave a charm to every thing around. We forgot our mishaps; and partaking, not only of their simple fare, but of the amusements they presented to divert us, the whole place in a few minutes became a scene of the most innocent gaiety.

Our landlord, who was a fisherman (just such another good soul as the one that brought off our noble Sir Sidney from Havre!) had a very pretty wife; and producing a violin, a little dance soon commenced. The sound ran like the echoes of the bugle through the village; and our rustic hall was presently filled with all the inhabitants, young and old. Our host, fiddle in hand, by way of shewing his best steps, led forth his better-half, and very respectably got through a sort of minuet. A general ball then ensued: and really I never saw a set of people more delighted. I treated them with all the delicacies of the island, consisting chiefly of their own native brandy; a beverage distilled by themselves from grain; and a few Petersburgh cakes.

I cannot compliment my pretty islanders so far as to say their dances equalled the graces of the Russian. The whole composed a kind of awkward reel, or a continued round about of eight or ten together, whose arms were twisted with each other, while they jumped along in a sort of waltzing step; joining the notes of the fiddle with

most discordant shouts. Were a stranger, on seeing the two nations of Sweden and Russia for the first time, called upon to judge from their dancing and vocal accompaniments, which was the most civilized, he would not hesitate to decide in favour of the Moscovites. The sweet wildness and pathetic melodies of the Russian songs, and the simple elegance with which the village girls go through their pastoral dances, bespeak a people far advanced in the refinements of taste. Their early acquaintance with the Greeks must account for these bodily graces: it required rather more study to cultivate the mental ones: and besides, they were not the fashion of the day. The Swedes yet retain all the barbarity in their leaping gesticulations which belonged to their Scandinavian ancestors; keeping time to the beating of their feet, with the most vociferous bawling: and the louder they shout, the more complete they deem the pleasures of the dance.

The men here are well looking, and the women extremely handsome. Indeed, independent of their fair and ruddy complexions, the ingenuousness of their countenances gives the finishing touch of beauty. A face may be critically fine; and yet, unless it possess the broad seal of candour, its beauties are blanks to me. A cold, reserved set of features, even when formed with the nicest symmetry, I never could endure. Give me the open forehead, gracious beaming eye, and mouth parting with the bright smile of frankness; and mere feature fanciers may *take all the rest the heavens go round!*

When I add to the personal charms of my fair entertainers, the unabated attentions both of them and their husbands, it forms so wide a contrast to the aspects and sordidness of the people at Warsala, that

I can hardly believe so small a distance can produce such extremes. But in fact, this covey of islands is only an epitome of the European nations: neighbours, yet differing more or less in person, dress and character.

About eleven o'clock (a late hour for a rustic *fête*), I took my leave of the joyous groupe, and retired to my kibitka, where I meant to repose for the night. There I found my honest and faithful servant as usual, with his sabre in his hand, like a sentinel guarding my goods and chattels. His attachment, ever since he has been with me, merits my sincerest gratitude: for neither piercing frosts, nor impending dangers, could ever check him, when serving me. Like many in the world, he has seen better days, has met with its evils; and now seems only to exist for his master. His peculiarities, affection for me, and zeal for all in whom I am interested, often reminds me of Partridge in Tom Jones; and I am certain, did any novelist want to study from nature, the fidelity and amiable oddities both of Tom's domestic, and uncle Toby's faithful Trim, he would find their rival in my honest Schmidt.

Kumlinga, January, 1808.

At the dawn of morning our caravan of kibitkas prepared to set forth. I speak thus pompously, because several travellers with their domestics had arrived during the night; and now assembling on the shore, with the hospitable villagers in attendance, we looked more like an eastern caravan, than a few obscure individuals making the best of their way home.

We proceeded towards an island lying greatly to the left of the usual road; for to take the direct one, we found impossible; and advancing by slow degrees, experienced a repetition of all the disagreeables of the day before, with the addition of a fog so thick, that scarce an object could be discerned at ten yards distance. This premature night retarded us much, and greatly increased our danger.

I am thus particular in describing my journey from island to island, that should peace and fate smile on my fortunes, and you ever be tempted by friendship to cross this gulph, you may either choose a better season, or be in some degree prepared against the evils of the bad.

At eight o'clock in the morning we left Arvo, and at two in the day arrived at the isle of Torshena; and even so early, being obliged to take up our quarters for the night. Here *Chaos* seems to have *disinherited Creation;* and *old Night* to have so out-shouldered the *youthful Day*, that we hardly ever, at this season of the year, catch a glimpse of his garments. The light of noon here, is no brighter than a dull evening on your side the water; and the darkness of night is of so pitchy a blackness, that death itself seems to have shrouded this frozen world.

Having escaped the yawning chasms in the ice, we landed; and the object that struck my sight was a church. It was the first I had seen since I left Finland, and appeared of such large dimensions as to imply a numerous population in the island. Inquiry explained the matter otherwise. Like the Jewish tabernacle, the inhabitants of other isles came hither to worship, having neither church nor pastor in their own. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, wholly of wood, and painted red,

with fanes on each end. The structure is simple and picturesque. Not many yards from it, on a rising ground, stands a high tower of a similar colour, wherein are the bells. This religious edifice is very romantically situated, being on the edge of a small lake, and boldly surrounded by vast masses of finely diversified rock. Not a tree or shrub is perceptible on even the most sheltered spots: therefore the beauty of these views consists wholly in the outline and broad sweeps of colouring; no advantages of vernal clothing, beyond moss or grass, ever met the eye.

We left Torshena next morning at half past seven. Having received civilities from the natives, similar to those of Arvo; and both sheep being of one pasture, that is to say, the clerical crook of the pastor of the little church on the lake, extending to our hospitable fisherman's fraternity, I have no doubt that he must, in real merit, be worthy of a bishopric: the virtues of his flock are undeniable witnesses of his own.

When we bade these good folk adieu, we had a route of many miles to go over the ice before we embarked; but having taken to our boats, in about eighteen hours we arrived at the island of Kumlinga; passing, as we sailed along, innumerable small islets, as well as huge barren rocks, which surrounded us on all sides like a stony labyrinth. The sameness of the view, the blackness of the ice, and the unvaried gloominess of the atmosphere, equally oppressed the eye and the spirits.

Kumlinga appears larger than any of its neighbours: and if a judgment may be formed of the number of inhabitants by the multitude of

wind-mills, it must boast a considerable colony. Here the gallant master of Sanca Panca would be quite at home; his air-formed enemies presenting themselves on the shore in whole battalions. These erections are objects of ambition with the natives, and serve as excellent telegraphs, to apprise the poor polar wanderer, where he may find a few of the human race amongst so many desert rocks.

On my arrival at the post-house, which I found tolerably comfortable, I purchased a couple of fine black game, extremely large and fat. The host told me that they abound in the island, consequently those who are lovers of this kind of sport, when detained here, will not find themselves quite barren of amusement.

Having eaten a measureless dinner; for after so many hours starvation, I was as hungry as the dragon of Wantley that swallowed *a cow and a calf, an ox and a half, a church and a steeple, and all the good people, and yet he complained and bellowed for more!* I made enquiries relative to the prospect of leaving this, our new haven, and learnt that on the western side of the island the waters were completely open; and if the wind allowed, we might proceed next day. Having already had too much of the perambulating style of travelling, this information was an excellent dessert to my black game; and delighted with the hope of reaching Echero to-morrow, the last of the isles we are to touch at before we aim at Grislehamn, I took my diary to scribble thus far to you.

We have agreed to pay the price ordered by goverment for each boat; namely, nine shillings and sixpence; for which sum I shall be conveyed

a distance of nineteen English miles, which makes about three Swedish. In my arrangement, I found an old obstacle very much in my way, that proves the cogency of this piece of advice: always, when possible, use the carriages of the country in which you travel! Had I been provided with a Swedish *traineaux*, and unhampered of half my baggage (some of which, you see, was kind enough to dispossess me of itself,) I should have been forwarded with ten times the expedition, and at one quarter the expence.

The sledges used here are so slight, that they pass with facility over very otherwise insecure ice; and slide over the cliffs almost as smoothly as on the level ground, while the heavy Russian machines, not having been constructed for such strange voyaging, are dragged about with difficulty and destructive damage. Besides these real inconveniences, the natives make others, by inventing a thousand objections to the possibility of proceeding with such lumbering affairs; and stir they will not, till the traveller's pocket is picked, to pay for additional horses and people to assist in the extraordinary labour.

We got on board our vessels early in the day, and put out to sea, (if so short a distance may be so called?) and after hard buffetting for two hours with every symptom of a tremendous storm, our boatmen superseded my earnest wish to go forwards; and turning about, relanded us on the rock we had so lately quitted.

A most tempestuous day and night followed. The morning dawned with the wind in dreadful gales and completely adverse. In short, we had every prospect of becoming better acquainted with the island than

we desired. I therefore prepared for the worst, and took possession of the best quarter of the inn; occupying the same room in which the Marquis of Douglas, in his way to St. Petersburgh, had for many days endured this insular penance.

Having nothing better to do, a fellow traveller and myself, being provided with iron-pointed staves to secure our footing on the frozen ground, sallied forth to explore the country, and make what acquaintance we could. Being apprised there was a church at a little distance, we made for the parsonage. Discovering it, we entered *sans ceremonie;* and found a very hospitable, lively man, intelligent in his conversation, and apparently far beyond the confined sphere in which he was fixed. He introduced us to his wife, who seemed to be a very Goody Notable in her household, and, O Juno! six children, and another forth-coming! We were conducted by the lady into a kitchen well-stored with culinary wares; (you see the love of fame mingles with the small as well as great!) and also to out-houses filled with hogs, goats, sheep and cows. In short she made it evident that our clerical friend had no reason to join in the complaint of his sacerdotal brethren in Wales; many of whom boast no other live stock than that of their own producing; and perhaps, the scanty additions of a lank cat and ravenous dog, complete the quadruped dignity of their establishment!

If I may judge of all the Swedish pastors from the present specimen, they live in clover. All was smiling around our host, who set before us cold hams and fowls sufficient to satisfy two famishing wolves, had they stopped at his door. He spoke a little German; by which good fortune we obtained more information in ten minutes, than we could

gather in as many hours from the pantomimic converse to which we had lately been reduced.

He accompanied us to his church: during our walk we learnt that three hundred and twenty souls were the population of the island, forming his congregation, with the addition of the people belonging to several small adjoining isles, who come to divine service at Kumlinga, whenever the weather will permit. About forty families altogether, he said, composed his flock: from the head of each he annually received six rix dollars. His parochial fees were as follow:

For a christening two schillings; (twopence English.)

For a marriage twelve schillings.

For a funeral twenty-four schillings.

This latter donation is the largest, I suppose, as being a farewell sum; the object of it being freed from rendering any future pecuniary tributes to the pastor, having once for ever paid the debt he owed to life and to nature. This subject led us to know the annual exits and entrances of these islanders in and out of the world. Last year, the number of births was nineteen, and of deaths fifteen. I observed several very old persons speak to the minister in our walk; and I understand that many live to still more advanced periods.

The church is built of granite, and roofed with wood, having a belfry tower attached to it not unlike the minarets of Mosco. It is painted

a dingy red; apparently the favourite colour of the country. The interior of the building is curiously adorned in a most Gothic taste, but by no means badly executed. It is painted in compartments, with pictures representing the life of Christ; with this small difference from what it ought to be, that the designs would better fit a legend of heathen gods, than a representation of the gospel. The roof has not escaped the labour of this indefatigable artist: angels, saints, and odd animals like nothing on the earth or in the seas, are swarming about the ceiling; and seem like a flight of locusts looking down on whom they may devour. A gigantic crucifix, and several other wooden images, are placed against the walls; relics of the Roman faith and superstitious fanaticism.

The structure is of rude Gothic; and has certainly stood four centuries at least. The burial ground is very confined, (which I have ever thought an impious churlishness in most countries); and accordingly is disgracefully crowded. Either give our departed brethren room enough to sleep in, above or below; if not surface sufficient, then let pits be dug so deep that they may lie like the strata of their mother earth; and not, when a new grave is required, empty an old one of its contents, and leave the ashes of the once sacred dead to be blown about at the pleasure of every wind.

The church-yard of Kumlinga was a case in point; it was one continued platform of graves, without room almost for a blade of grass to grow between. Each *narrow house*, as our dear Ossian nominates the last bed of mortality, was surmounted with a wooden remembrancer of the departed, in the shape of a cross, headed point-

edly like a spear. On this was carved a short inscription and the usual dates.

Leaving the church, in our walk amongst the rocks, we saw quantities of juniper and cranberries: with the juice of the first the people of these islands flavour the spirits they distil. Indeed, too much cannot be said of the industry of the Kumlingians. What little soil their rocks afford is rich, and they improve it to the utmost advantage. Our minister shewed us spots between the cliffs which, he told us, by good cultivation, would yield twelve-fold. His account of this little hive of human bees was truly gratifying: yet, with all their labour, and the fruitfulness of particular places under their hands, the produce of the island is not a maintenance for the inhabitants, who, at certain hard seasons, are obliged to apply to Finland to supply the deficiency.

The following day, being Sunday, we paid our friendly pastor * a second visit, and attended him to church. The men sit on the right side, and the women on the left. A distinction between the married and single of the fair sex, is distinctly marked. The married or widowed wear black silk caps, fashioned in the old Dutch taste pictured by their artists of a hundred and fifty years ago: the maiden females are more becomingly coiffured, having head-dresses of brocade in various colours, neatly trimmed with white lace. Their garments are shaped like those

* This worthy clergyman was the man who afterwards defended the Swedish isles so gallantly against the Russians. The brave stand he made in Aland must be in every one's recollection. — R. K. P. 1808.

of the women in Warsala. I describe the fair, though I was not inattentive to the sermon; and my companion and myself returned to our inn, much pleased with our rustic preacher's eloquence, of look and action! For, it must be remembered, we could not understand a word he now said. He was preaching Swedish to his congregation, not talking German with us.

Aland (or, as your newspapers have it, Oland,) January, 1808.

A few monotonous melancholy days passed (during which I twice attempted to leave Kumlinga, and was driven back by stress of weather;) but at last, though a terrible fall of snow was our *avant courier*, a favourable wind promised to carry us to Wargata. We embarked; and after an excellent passage, arrived at the island in about three hours.

Having paid the boatmen four rix dollars, I procured horses to convey me across the land to the opposite part. As we proceeded, the beauty of the country, the rich woods, and luxuriant copses, made so striking a contrast to the naked spot I had just quitted, that I could hardly believe myself awake. A few hours ago, I was in a stony desert; now, I found myself travelling through groves of pines, firs, and every other tree which fills the forests of the north! Cheering as the drive was, even when the leafless branches were covered with snow, I could not help clothing them in idea with the verdure of spring, and fancying the exquisite charms of the scene, when momentary views of the gulph breaking through the vallies, would impart variety and romantic interest to every turn.

Arriving at the destined port or ferry, we prepared to cross to the next island, called Skorpas. The distance being short, one boat only was in waiting. I therefore went over first with my kibitka, leaving Schmidt to follow with the other. In due time I was landed on a point covered with thickets and grotesque masses of rock. The late storms had made little ceremony in laying the branching honours of the wood in the dust, or rather in the snow; for numbers of trees were stretched on the ground, hurled one upon another, and side by side, so interwoven by icicles adhering to and uniting their mingling arms, that to proceed seemed almost impracticable, to separate them would be impossible. However, extremity engenders enterprize, and enterprize success! Over we went: but how, I cannot tell you: and soon after our achievement, I observed my honest squire, with the other kibitka in his train, surmounting the supine forest with as much determination as his master.

Two hours elapsed before we could procure horses: but that being effected, we proceeded as usual, drawn alternately by them, men, women, and boys, over plains of ice and hills of hardened snow. By these means sufficient progress was made, thank Heaven! to bring us to the island of Aland; but not until the brittle causeway had three times given way with my kibitkas, plunged overhead in the petrifying brine, drenched to my skin, and pierced through with cold, wet, and a forked sleet beating in my face, I really felt myself completely miserable; and would have given worlds to have been in my sledge on the distant roads of Torneo; happy, amidst those frozen regions even beyond the arctic circle, to escape the life-consuming damps and ever varying wretchedness of these horrible isles.

Aland is the largest and the finest in the gulph. Like Skorpas, it is enriched with wood, and exceeds all others in marks of thorough cultivation. A few posts and a little more ice-tramping brought us to the little port in Echero, where we were to await a fair wind for Grislehamn.

The inn, house, hotel, with whatever title you choose to honour it, had as much pretensions to the one name as to the other, all were equally unbefitting; and when I drew towards it, I fancied that my servant had made a mistake, and was ushering me into a cow-shed. All the other execrable habitations I had visited; even the den of Warsala itself, were palaces to this. Filth greeted my eyes and nose at the first step: the salute was too potent to be borne, and turning about, I told my followers that if I herded with the wolves, I would not enter so murderous a hole. However *necessitas non habet leges;* I could not get a boat to convey me onward till the next morning; and so I was obliged to cover my plumes, and pass the *thirtieth day* of my watery pilgrimage under this anathematised roof.

It is exactly one month since I left St. Petersburgh! So long have I been threading in and out of passages which, in summer, would have taken me across in the course of twenty-four hours. You have often praised my patience! Now, I hope (notwithstanding a few hard-wrung complaints have been wrested out of me), you will call me a sort of male Grisel; for I have endured without flinching, ten thousand times as many buffets from the elements, as she suffered at the hands of her boisterous lord. And yet, with all this boasting, I know of no temptation that could persuade me to take another winter trip across this

abominable water, but news of a peace between the two countries I love, and a speedy recall to St. Petersburgh. Leander swam the Hellespont: I would do more; I would recross the gulph! But in serious sadness, my dear friend, this is no trifling encounter; for many have perished in the attempt, some have died in the passage from cold and fatigue; and others expired immediately on gaining the main land, from an exhaustion that never could be redeemed.

On the morning of the thirteenth, I hired a very large boat to convey myself and vehicles direct to Grislehamn. The charge was nine dollars, with additions, should the changing wind, or any other obstacle prevent our reaching the opposite coast that day, and oblige us to land on an island (which Heaven forbid!) that lay in the track. In such a case I am to pay the boatmen sixteen schillings a day for their subsistence while with me. Such expensive consequences of delay, as well as other attendant disagreeables, you may be sure I am anxious to avoid. And now being summoned to my boat, I am off.

Grislehamn, January.

We sailed with a side wind. But the demon of frustration again put his hand between me and the wished-for haven; and at three o'clock we brought up at the infernal island I had hoped to pass. Here destiny fixed us for at least the night. Singleshare it is called. A naked rock: not a blade of grass could it ever boast; and all the habitations it contains are two miserable hovels for the reception of unfortunates like myself, obliged to seek shelter amidst desolation and

horrors. A telegraph is here to communicate with the main land and the island we had left. This spot being as bare of fertility as its few inhabitants are of honesty; bleak as may be their situation, their hospitality is bleaker, the only eatables we could procure, and at an exorbitant price, were potatoes and milk. Their means of existence are drawn from Aland; and their ingenuity is of course exerted to make them last as long as possible. Young seals are the very treasury of these people; for at certain seasons they catch them, prepare them into food, eating part fresh, and curing the rest into hams, &c. The entrails they dry for their cows' winter nourishment.

Our old extortioning host told us that the cattle he possesses (three in number, resembling those on the Scottish isles), swim during the summer from island to island, to seek their scanty meal of grass amongst the fissures of the rocks. Even in the most blowing weather these creatures defy the violence of the waves, and cross more than four English miles of sea, alternately swimming, and resting themselves on their sides when fatigued. Having gleaned the neighbouring cliffs, they take the flood again and return to their home. I forgot to ask my informer, whether the damsels of his household did not sometimes, in the European fashion, take a trip to the other isles on the backs of these adventurous animals. It would be no very uninteresting sight, to see one or two of the pretty Swedish girls, with their fair hair floating in the wind, speeding their way through the summer waves to their expecting lovers on a distant shore. Could I have found cow or calf inclined to brave the element in winter, I believe I would have tried my luck, and galloped, *à la Neptune*, through the waters, to the fair haven of Grislehamn.

My purgatory in this solitary *Share* (for you must remark that *share* is Swedish for rock), continued two days. However, on the fifteenth of this month, a fine morning appeared, with a favourable wind; and embarking with as much eagerness as poor Achilles would have done, if, by jumping into Charon's ferry, he might have been translated to the upper world again, I pushed away from Singleshare, most devoutly hoping that *single* should ever be my *share* of visiting that execrable rock.

At eight o'clock in the morning we were under sail; and in three hours drew close to the shore of the continent. But here my evil genius, like a shrewish wife, determining to have the last word, would not let me escape even now without another proof of her spleen. We were driven on a lee shore full of drifting ice, and there stuck, or struggled for extrication, till eight in the evening; when, though wet and fatigued, yet at last, thank God, we disembarked on the firm land at Grislehamn.

The inn that bade us welcome smelt so much of Warsala, that, having ordered my poor fellow to take a little rest while I completed my aquatic annals to you, I have determined to proceed immediately. Horses are ready; and at midnight I shall be on my way to Stockholm. May letters await me there, that will inform me of all in England, dear to your faithful friend!

LETTER XXXVI.

Stockholm, January, 1808.

OWING to the late heavy falls of snow I was detained a little until the roads could be sufficiently cleared to allow me to pass. This useful operation is performed by the peasantry in a manner so ingenious as to deserve noting. A large and open triangle formed of very strong and heavy planks, is placed upon the snow on the high road. To this machine horses are attached, which drag it forward; the acute angle plowing up the snow as they advance, and throwing the wintry impediment to the right and left, the road is cleared, and travellers can proceed with ease and rapidity.

The management of this convenience is excellently regulated; it being impossible for the peasantry ever to neglect their duty any part of the year; for, throughout the whole term, the good state of the roads is particularly guarded. Every parish or district, by a strict ordnance, and under a severe penalty, is obliged to send a certain number of people every day into the roads, to keep them open in winter, and repair them in summer. Whatever may be the forfeiture annexed to disobedience of these orders, I do not hear that it has ever been levied; all seem so interested in preserving this branch of the police, both the heads of the districts who command, and the peasants

who obey, that I am told, complaints are never heard, and that the roads themselves are not be equalled even in England.

Towards the evening of the following day I arrived at Osby, being four Swedish miles (about twenty-four English), from the capital. I would have proceeded that night, but the intense cold, and the civility of the people at the inn, were inducements for halting I could not resist; and ordering a comfortable bed to be got ready, I prepared to await the morning there, when I would start for Stockholm at an early hour.

I found the rooms of my honest host and hostess not so warm as their wishes. I was put into a miserably bleak apartment, where, though a fire did greet my eyes, I was sure none had entered the stove for many days before; and after shivering by it for full three hours I was not a bit the better, but sat quaking and teeth-chattering like a man in an ague fit. I looked at Reaumur's thermometer, and found that twenty-five degrees of cold were without, and that five were within; (I mean in the room I inhabited). You will not be surprised that I should now acknowledge, from personal conviction, the truth of the Governor Inkutskoi's declaration, "that in the winter season, even in his own house, and surrounded by his stoves, he was obliged to sit with all his furs on; being never able to get less than ten degrees of frost in his chamber."

When the hour of rest came, I found my situation not so bad; and not daring to take my usual repose in my kibitka, got into a snug bed most comfortably wrapped up. Thus was I disposed of; but in spite

of the severe weather, and unknown to me, (for they who would take all affection is ready to sacrifice, are more selfish than worthy), my trusty domestic took possession of his sledge, still to be on the watch. The consequence was, that thirty degrees took place at midnight; and when the morning broke my poor fellow was found in such a state, that a very few minutes more would have rendered his recovery impossible. After he did revive, I was not a little fearful of what might yet be the effects of so thorough a freezing, and therefore stirred not till the middle of the day, when all indisposition seemed to vanish, and he resumed his duties with his usual cheerfulness and activity.

We bade farewel to our civil landlord; and beginning our march, in about five hours reached the metropolis of Sweden. The ground, on the approach to Stockholm, is pretty enough, being rather hilly and well wooded. I also observed several handsomely built country residences peeping from amidst the trees, in the manner of our own little villas in the vicinity of London.

The town is not discoverable as you approach it on the Osby side; and when I came so near as to enter the gate, I was stopped by the custom-house officers, who examined my baggage in the most insolent manner; and after receiving double the *douceur* I usually gave on these occasions, behaved with increased impertinence and imposition. They are not absolutely officers of the Crown; and that their shameless extortion sufficiently declared. This part of the royal revenue is farmed out; having been invested in the hands of several of the merchants in Stockholm, as a security for a loan His Majesty wanted a few years ago. The term, I believe, expires in three years; at which period it will return

to the King, and most probably be put on a footing more honourable and beneficial to the state. At present, this controlling situation of the custom-farmers is severely complained against by the rest of the merchants, who find themselves traversed in a thousand ways by these tyrants in office, to the injury of some, the ruin of others, and the grievance of all.

The contrast betwixt this city and St. Petersburgh struck me forcibly; and certainly, much to the advantage of the latter. The streets of Stockholm are inconveniently as well as inelegantly narrow. The exterior of the houses is dirty, the architecture shabby, and all strikes as very low and confined. Yet, I must except the palace; and that is commanding, in a grand and simple taste. It is square, on an elevated ground, has a spacious court in the centre, and is in every way worthy a royal residence. Near the entrance are two large bronze lions; who was the artist I cannot learn, but they are admirably executed. As we view the palace from the water, it reminds us of Somerset-House, though it far exceeds the British structure in size, magnificence, and sound architecture.

Stockholm cannot boast any considerable place or square, nor indeed any street wider than an English lane. However, as every thing in this world suffers or gains by comparison, perhaps, when I have passed a few weeks here, and the vividness of Russian topography is a little faded, I may fancy the streets wider, and the open places more capacious. Coming from the finest city in Europe, perhaps, may affect the senses like one suddenly brought from excessive light into the shade: my eye is not yet capable of embracing at a moment, what use will afterwards make me see and estimate.

R.K.Porter del.^t P.A.Hubert direxit J.C.Stadler Sculp.^t

The Palace at Stockholm.

The situation of this capital deserves finer edifices. Like St. Petersburgh, it is built on islands; seven, of different extent, form its basis. They lie between the Baltic and the Maler lake. The harbour is sufficiently deep, even up to the quay, to receive the largest vessels. The city is supposed to have been founded in the year 1252 by Birger Jarl, regent of the kingdom; but the court was not removed hither from Upsal before the last century. At the extremity of the harbour the streets rise one above the other in the form of an amphitheatre, with the magnificent palace, *like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear*, in the centre. Except in the suburbs, where a few houses are of wood, the buildings are generally of stone, or of brick stuccoed, which at a little distance has a similar effect! The several islands on which the city is erected, are united by twelve bridges. The Royal Academy of Sciences (of which I shall speak further hereafter), owes its institution to Linnæus, and was incorporated in the year 1748. There is also a Royal Academy of Arts, which, when I have visited, I will more particularly note; and likewise the arsenal, said to be a most interesting place. There is a national bank in Stockholm, and several manufactories, which rather flag on account of the war.

By the above sketch, you will not be surprised to hear that the inns are intolerable; but to compensate for that inconvenience, the lodgings are good, and two establishments (most respectably superseding the use of taverns), are substituted for the *restaurateur* part of the animal economy. They are founded by gentlemen on a liberal footing, are called *La Societé*, and the Burgher's Club. The first is for noblesse, officers of the garrison, and strangers: the other for merchants and strangers also. The former is at the court end of the town, and con-

sists of three hundred members, most of them nobility, officers of rank, and foreign ministers and their suites. Well may it bear the title of *La Societé*, for it is, without exception, the most rational and elegant assembly with which I ever associated. Perfect freedom is allowed; but such is the decorum with which every person conducts himself, that the nauseous Bacchanalian practices, which too often disgust in our British social meetings, never obtrude themselves here. They have an excellent billiard-table, and a library of well-chosen books, with most of the newspapers of the country; those of other nations of the continent are of course, under the present circumstances, interdicted: and so far well; but they exclude the papers of England also. This is very strange; and the more strange, united as the two countries are in policy, that it should be an act, not of individuals alone, but of the government. Whatever newspapers may be enclosed from British merchants to their correspondents here, are never received. In a country like Sweden, where liberty is so tenaciously boasted, and where an Englishman would naturally expect to find the Gazettes of his country, as an ally and a free state, such precaution is rather extraordinary. The reason of it I cannot guess, as I never saw a nation less infected by envious jealousy, but rather, in all things, honest, brave, and honourable.

In the institution of *La Societé* an excellent dinner is given, but not at so excellent an hour, viz. at two o'clock! However, the price is moderate, and the attendance good. No stranger can be admitted that is not introduced by a member, or by the minister from his own court. By these means, all improper persons are excluded. This club, as well as that of the *bourgeoises*, is on a far more liberal plan than the English clubs of St. Petersburgh and Mosco. However, orders of men have a

certain resemblance in all countries; and if I preferred a good dinner as my *primum mobile*, I should certainly pay the most frequent visits to the merchants' society. If nobility spread the board excellently, trade doth it super-excellently; and Lucullus himself need not turn for better fare from most city tables. Indeed, during all my travels abroad (and they have pretty well measured the continent), I have ever found, both publickly and privately, that the gentlemen of the golden fleece, best understood the use of the carcase.

Having nothing particularly to engage my time on the first evening of my arrival, I went to the theatre. Like all others on the continent, it was dismally dark, and as dismally stupid. Neither actor nor actress played well enough to bring a message to some of our sorriest kings and queens of the buskin; and had you been joint spectator with me at this tragedy, I believe I should have had a most hearty laugh at what now sent me home yawning and half asleep. The ridiculous can never be fully enjoyed alone.

On returning to my hotel, I enquired whether there were any better actors than those I had just seen. No; was the answer; the loss of Gustavus III. threw a gloom on the gaieties of Sweden, as well as its fine arts, which had never dispersed. Formerly a French company filled with splendor and talent the building dedicated to Thespis, by the late King, in *la Place de Gustave Adolphe:* but the fatal event of that Monarch's death closed its doors, and plunged the whole country in grief.

It has been no Ephesian sorrow: even the succession and virtues of

their present beloved Gustavus, cannot obliterate from the minds of the people the feelings which followed the murder of his father, their revered sovereign and sire. It is really delightful to hear the Swedes talk of their kings; not as subjects merely, but as sons and brothers. As sons, they lament the munificent Gustavus III.; and as brothers, glory in the magnanimity of his successor. Deep as the blow struck to the people, it fell as heavily on the young Prince; for ever since the death of his royal father, Gustavus has held his image

> "Within the book and volume of his brain,
> Unmixed with baser matter."

He attempts not to wrest from the Swedes the long regrets they pay to his memory; but rather neglecting the encouragement of those gay scenes amidst which his father fell, he dedicates his attentions entirely to the political safety of his kingdom.

Hence the miserable theatre I visited, is the only one; and nothing is performed there, but pieces in the national language, some original, and others translations from the Spanish or French; all equally ill played and wretchedly appointed with scenery. Having made my entrance once amongst them, I can assure you, in true stage language, it was *for that night only;* and my *debut* being made, my *exit* followed as a final take leave of the Swedish drama. Acting, when in perfection, is certainly the most interesting of all amusements: it fills the eye, heart, and mind. But when it is bad, indifferent, or merely pretty-well, there is nothing to me more stale and flat, more caricaturing and libelling of the passions of men; and, therefore, an ill acted play is the dullest of all dull things. And—*another and*—You see how catch-

ing these bathos-ical moods are, how Alexandrinally they drawl out the sentences! And for fear the subject should still more infect my pen, I will in decent time end my epilogue, with the old assurance to my audience, of how much I deprecate their censure, and am in all humility their (that is your) very sincere, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

Stockholm, January, 1808.

AS I am sitting in my window, I cannot do better than give you a sketch of the moving picture in the street. The hackney-sledges here differ little from those of St. Petersburgh; and the natives, like the Russians, keep their bodies warm with sheep-skins; only so far changing the fashion, as to wear the skin inward, with an outward covering of cloth in the form of a coat.

With respect to the private carriages (and that they have every claim to respect which mere age demands, is very evident), I cannot praise their beauty, most of them having numbered fifty years; some, passed their grand climacteric; and a few, so paralyzed by time as to threaten dissolution at every step. The liveries of the servants are in the same hoary condition, and from many a gaping mouth remind you

> "How the canker-worm gnaweth the chariots of the great,
> And the moth fretteth the garments of the mighty."

So saith one of their own sages, and so is it exemplified now: indeed, I never saw such *memento-mori* in my life. How they will look on wheels, I will not presume to guess, but at present they are affixed

to skaits (here called *pattens;*) with a variety of encumbering appendages, besides two heavy footmen behind, in large hats and high feathers.

The poverty of this little kingdom is its apology for these gothicisms; and most forcibly do they strike strangers coming from Russia or England. But though poor, it is not mean. The poverty of the Swedes resembles that of Fabricius: they are not ashamed of it. Possessing a national power in their virtue which commands more than wealth; that nobleness maintains their consequence amid all the splendors of the two great empires between which they lie. Without pretension to pomp of any kind, they possess general respect: and, while living in simple habitations, on a fare as simple; and enjoying society without any of our accompanying luxuries; no home-concerts, balls, or assemblies of any kind, they are contented and cheerful: they are more; they can despise what buys richer nations, and be even anchorites in self-privation to put arms into the hands of their King to ward off the enslaver of Europe. They repeat the names of the Great Gustavuses as Catholics do those of their Saints; and it was but yesterday that one of them said to me:

"Sweden was always strong enough when she fought for her liberty. In the fourteenth century, she alone routed the forces of three powerful Kings armed against her freedom; and what, in the same cause, is to intimidate her now?"

When the fury of ambition pours along, is it not glorious to see the enthusiasm of virtue ready to oppose it? Nought but enthusiasm,

much as people in general ridicule the possessors of it, will do in these times. Our enemy is a giant in power and resource. He has the hands of Briareus, and as many wiles as if he had the same number of heads. Any thing short of a principle against him, would be worn out by his overwhelming success; any thing short of enthusiasm, would be extinguished. The Swedes seem to have both; and I trust they will stand their ground.

But I must not forget the city in the people, though it is the best compliment I could pay any nation. I never was in any great town that the *cicerone* of the place did not invite me to some spot, noted for its situation, to shew the beauties of the scene. Therefore, to the top of the church of St. Catherine was I taken: and certainly a more advantage point could not have been selected. It stands on a mountainous rock in the heart of the city. I looked around me, and found the *coup-d'œil* novel, grand and extensive. The surrounding waters, and the numerous well-built islands comprising the metropolis; the distant wooded country, filled with mansions of the nobility and others; composed a view that I seldom had seen exceeded. The royal palace formed a magnificent feature, as well as did the shipping and various bridges connecting the different islands.

Fine as the prospect was at this season, it may easily be believed how the unfolding breath of summer will increase its charms. There is just as much difference between Stockholm now and then, as you see in comparing a tree without leaves, with one in full luxuriance. The city is situated on seven islands at the mouth of the Lake Maler, and divides it from the Baltic; on the shores of which have stood so many capitals

of Sweden. The present metropolis was established in the thirteenth century, after the ancient town of Sigtuna was destroyed by a fleet from those coasts which now form part of the Russian empire. Stockholm has itself suffered by naval attacks, principally from Denmark: but seems now to consider danger from that quarter so remote, that no military defence is deemed necessary. Indeed the mouth of the Lake, nearer its junction with the Baltic, is so strongly fortified, that the present security appears sufficiently reasonable.

There are but two pieces of water in the kingdom, of greater magnitude than the Maler; and they are in the interior. It ranks as third in size; the Weter and Wener exceeding it in dimensions, though not in use, as this lake supplies Stockholm with every merchandize from the distant parts of the kingdom; and particularly brings into the royal treasury the golden produce of the mines.

The King rarely makes the capital his residence for any longer time than engages him to arrange the affairs of state; but to them he is scrupulously attentive. Helsingborg has lately been his head-quarters, lying on the coast of the Sound, and containing works which His Majesty is fond of inspecting, he regards it as a place of sufficient consequence to obtain from him frequent visits. It had formerly a strong castle, which was almost demolished in the wars of the last century; but the present royal attachment to the place, seems to promise it a renewal of past grandeur. Excepting when particular inducements carry him elsewhere, the usual winter residence of Gustavus is at Gripsholm; a town in the province of Sudermanland (about twenty-five English miles west of Stockholm), where he has a palace erected by the ancient kings of Sweden.

However, a circumstance has occurred which recalls His Majesty to the capital. It is the anniversary of the birth-day of the late King; and the inhabitants of this city are arranging an entertainment with which they mean to celebrate the same, and to declare their loyalty to his beloved successor. This day, which gave birth to the Monarch so canonized in all their hearts, is to open to the eyes of his son, and the nation, the statue of the illustrious Gustavus *Augustus!* For, with that title, so descriptive of his virtues and patronage of the fine arts, do some of them designate Gustavus III.

The King arrived late last night. The town was illuminated, and every preparation made for the solemnity of this day.

At the hour appointed for the disclosure of the long expected work of the well known Sergal, the troops, forming the garrison of Stockholm, were out, both horse and foot, upon the hill which faces the angle of the palace where the obelisk of granite stands. The concourse of people was immense, and the day, fortunately, fine. I, of course, was there; congratulating myself that a similar scene to one I had heard described at St. Petersburgh, of the opening of the statue of a great monarch, I should be a witness to at Stockholm.

The figure was covered with a temporary scaffolding, which, on a signal being given by the flight of a rocket, that His Majesty was in sight, fell to the ground, and the form of their late King was beheld by the populace. Oh, what a shout was there! It was not the hurrah of surprised curiosity, but the cry of a people again beholding a father who had been rifled from them by the cruellest treachery. It pierced *my*

heart; what must it then have done those who knew and had felt his virtues!

On the edge of the water, behind the statue, were ranged the standards of each Swedish province, flanked by rostral columns of granite. On the appearance of the young King, a salute of a hundred pieces of cannon announced his arrival. Placing himself at the head of the three regiments of guards, and advancing before the figure, he gave the word of command, and they fired several vollies in honour of the day. His Majesty rode a white charger; and was surrounded by his officers of state, as well as a body of cuirassiers, whose high helms, plumes, and shining armour imparted an uncommonly chivalric effect to the scene. The action of the Monarch seemed as if he yet thought himself Prince only, and moving under the eye of his august father.

The feelings of one whose soul is so alive to honour and filial affection, cannot be doubted. He came to the unfolding of a monument erected to the memory of his father, by his people! It was not a cold ceremony, but a solemn dedication, to testify to posterity the everlasting reverence in which they held their murdered King; *their* Father: and that he deserved that reverential title, every lip was open to declare. He watched over them with all the care of a parent; and provided for the poorest of his subjects with an attention that shewed affection was united with the justice of an impartial legislator.

So regarding his memory, did the people appear before his statue: and the melancholy aspect of his gallant successor, bore the strongest marks that his feelings were in unison. The look with which he con-

templated the marble representative of his murdered father, I shall never forget. His face was as pale as the statue's, while an expression of sorrow and admiration sat in his eye, that commanded the homage it expressed. When he bent down his head, and turned from the scene, the acclamations of loyalty that resounded on every side seemed to burst from every heart. For a moment they forgot the father in the son, Gustavus Augustus, in Gustavus the Brave; and had the dropping of a tear sealed my death warrant at that time, it must have fallen; I never was so strangely affected: It was the virtue of the past and the present striking me at once; and you will allow, that such admiration gives an agitating delight, that sometimes overflows at the eyes.

This was the first time I ever had seen His Majesty; and if his affability merit the enthusiastic praises of his people, he must indeed be as amiable as brave.

Around the pedestal, and on the steps which surround the statue, stood many of the nobles and citizens, in the national dress; which groupe, together with the officers of the army and navy, formed a very interesting assemblage. Before Gustavus withdrew, he spoke a few words, declarative of his sentiments on the solemn occasion; and then, after fixing his eye, as I before said, for a few minutes on the statue, retired amid universal plaudits.

The day's festival is to close with a ball, given to the royal family at the expence of the city. As I shall be present, I will not close this letter till it carries away a history of the scene.

On my return from the morning ceremony, I found a note from our Ambassador, saying that if I would attend at his house at five o'clock that day, he would with pleasure present me to the King and Queen. I was punctual, being anxious personally to be acquainted with so distinguished a Sovereign; with one whose monarchical dignity, much as it claimed my respect, I less revered, than the glorious intrepidity with which he defied the conqueror of nations, and repelled his seductions, when even bringing his snares and his thunder to the very shores of Sweden.

However, the demon which has lately ruled my destiny, threw in a little of her temporary traversings even here. After having joined our minister, who was to take me to the palace, my stupid Swedish coachman, instead of following his Excellency's carriage, as were his orders, took me to the Exchange where the ball was to be given. From the multitude, the blaze of lights, guards, &c., I believed myself at the palace; alighted; and what was my surprise to find myself ushered into the ball-room. It was too late to rectify the mistake. My carriage was driven off, and I had nothing for it but resigning myself to the mortification of making my first bow to His Majesty in a crowd.

The saloon was already nearly full of gay and splendid company. On one side were placed the chairs of state for the royal family and court; and high on the other rose the musical gallery, furnished with numerous bands of vocal and instrumental performers. Every one present was in full dress; and before the entrance of the heads of the state, I had an opportunity of observing their costumes. The national

habits of the country (rendered so by Gustavus III.) resemble in every respect the ancient Spanish. The nobility and knights wear them of different colours according to their fancy, but the reigning hue in full dress (like the grandees of Madrid,) is in general black. Its detail consists of a short cloak, and a vest with sleeves, ornamented with straps or slashes on the shoulders. The waist is bound with a sash. When this sable velvet is embellished with a star, the effect is very fine; as nothing shews that badge to greater advantage than a dark ground: light colours form a bad relief, though some chose a pale blue; others, crimson velvet; and a few, black lined with scarlet, which latter were the most magnificent of the whole. The burghers were uniformly dressed in black of the same fashion with the nobles, only marking their station by a light blue sash. The ladies were habited in splendid dresses *à l'ordinaire*.

About seven o'clock Their Majesties, accompanied by the young Prince and Princess arrived. The Duke of Sudermania, with the other branches of the royal family, had entered a short time before. As soon as the King was seated, a piece of music with, I suppose, appropriate words (for it was in Swedish) burst from the orchestra. His Majesty seemed very attentive to what was sung, while the Queen, with a less impressed countenance, sometimes listened, and at others looked round on the assembly with a delightful complacency. I confess that my observation was most particularly directed to Gustavus. He bears a striking resemblance to the best portraits of Charles the Twelfth; and seems not to neglect the addition of similar habiliments. For, really, at the first glance you might almost imagine the picture of his renowned ancestor had walked from its canvas. He is thin, though well made;

about the middle stature, pale, and with eyes whose eagle beams strike with the force of lightning: look at them, and while he is in thought they appear remarkably calm and sweet; but when he looks at you and speaks, the vivacity of his manner and the brilliancy of his countenance are beyond description. His mouth is well-shaped, with small mustachios on his upper lip; and his hair, which is cropped and without powder, is combed up from his forehead.

Her Majesty is most interestingly beautiful; very much resembling her sister the Empress of Russia. She is fair with expressive blue eyes. Her features are fine; but the affability of her countenance, her smile, and engaging air, independently of other charms, would be sufficient to fascinate every heart almost to forget she was a Queen, in her loveliness as a woman. She was drest with exquisite taste. Her hair, in light but luxuriant tresses over her brow and head, was looped up with a double diadem of jewels. Her robe was splendidly embroidered; and on her breast she wore the badges of the order of St. Catherine. And certainly it must be acknowledged that the star, whether of distinction or of beauty, never shone brighter than on the bosom of the fair *Helen of the North;* for thus this beautiful Queen is generally distinguished: though, were I to give her a title, it should rather be that of Andromache, whose beauties, lovely as they were, were yet transcended by the more endearing graces of the chaste wife and tender mother.

During the whole of the evening, after the musical salutation, Their Majesties mingled with the company, conversing with every person with the kindest condescension. Every citizen was spoken to; and

their eyes sparkled with joy, while their tongues faultered out a reply to the adress of their Sovereign. His conversation with the subjects of his *brother in arms*, our revered Monarch, was of the most gratifying complexion; no coldness, no form; all was frank, great, and consistent with himself. In short, it would have been impossible for any potentate to have shewn more graceful knight-like courtesy to all present; or for a Sovereign to be received with deeper homage from a brave and loyal people. In many courts I have seen the body of loyalty, here its spirit was felt.

Who that was present at such a scene would believe, that some of his ungracious subjects affect to lament the destiny of the state? But so it is. As in most countries parties exist, who contend for they know not what, even in Sweden there are a set of grumblers, troubling the government with discontents, which, lying in themselves rather than in the constitution, neither King nor senate can rectify. These turbulent natures are the torment of every state. We may consider them as inherent diseases amongst all people; a sort of acrimonious humour boiling from the body politic, which, as the evil is in human nature, must discharge itself somewhere; and what is more, there is no hope of the disorder being cured, till the final exit of the world with all its imperfections.

A superb supper was prepared for the royal visitants, and one equally elegant for the rest of the assembly. Their Majesties returned from the banquetting-room into the dancing saloon about twelve o'clock, where they remained till four o'clock in the morning; at which time they took their leaves; first kissing their offspring with the most

parental tenderness, and then repeating their adieus to the company, arm in arm they left the apartment, followed by the acclamations and blessings of all present.

So powerful was the example of this illustrious pair (and indeed, at the moment they embraced their children first recalled to me the similitude of Hector and Andromache), that every wife drew nearer to her husband, and, like her august Queen, quitted the room so supported, rather than be led out by any of the young men who pressed around her. The effect was as remarkable as instantaneous; and shewed the consequence of example in the great. As I observed the departing groupes, I could not but reflect with pleasure on the scene I had witnessed: where a young and heroic Sovereign had laid aside his purple, and appeared amongst his people, as a friend, a husband, and a father. This was a lesson for the world as well as for Sweden, for Princes as well as their subjects.

I understand that this *fête*, and the elevation of the statue besides, was given at the charge of the citizens of Stockholm. They were in all ages of the monarchy, more attached to their Sovereign than any other inhabitants of the towns; and now they evinced the same sentiment by a cost and magnificence rarely exhibited in the kingdom.

I have always found that amongst a fair race of people beauty predominates: and in no country did I ever see more general claims than both the males and females of Sweden have to that charming gift of nature. The figures of the men are well proportioned, often very

elegantly; with good features and animated complexions. The women are delicately shaped, with skins so softly tinted, that it looks more like the soft texture of the maiden rose, than flesh and blood. There is something very feminine in this sort of beauty, and when in perfection it is absolutely seraphic. You can recollect Homer's description of the golden-haired Helen, and you will understand what I mean.

A more lovely assemblage of these demi-goddesses could not have been produced, than those I saw last night in the ball-room; however, they wanted that air which we call fashion, that ease of deportment, that, I cannot tell what, of *ton*, which the French, Russian, and English fair of the same rank, so eminently possess.

In one accomplishment both sexes are agile to an excess: dancing. There are few Swedes of any quality, that do not perform this exercise with a science beyond any thing we would either expect or desire in a mere amateur. I am much of Chesterfield's opinion, that "whatever it is worth while to do, it is worth while to do well." And certainly, though it be worth while for a gentleman or lady to dance elegantly, it is mere fantastic idleness to become such proficients, as to rival the professional exertions of a Vestris or Deshayes. I do not insinuate a sly whip at any of my acquaintance by this remark: some persons are so happily formed by nature, inheriting grace at their birth, that "nothing they mean well, they can do ill." I only dislike where men and women make a *study* of dancing, and raise into first considerations the mere playthings of life.

Having led you such a whirligig, you will think it high time I should profit by my own remark; and ceasing my curvets, bid you adieu for the night. Then, taking the civil hint, I very gladly subscribe myself your ever faithful friend.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Stockholm, February, 1808.

HAVING presented you at court, I shall now conduct you to parade; and shew the Monarch of Sweden in the midst of his soldiers. On great occasions he is always attended by his Drabant, or body-guard, which is composed wholly of nobility. Their dress is particularly martial; and, I understand, is in the same fashion they wore in the reign of Charles the Twelfth.

The number of the Drabants is now confined to forty, but under Charles they were more numerous, being ever an almost impregnable belt of brave hearts around him. At the terrible battle of Pultowa, when the litter in which the wounded King lay was shattered to pieces by a volley from the Russian cannon, twenty-four of these young nobles were killed by the explosion, and the rest, all excepting seven, slain in the contention over their fallen Sovereign. In honour of this valiant remnant, who carried off the almost expiring Charles, the corps, hereafter, wore seven buttons on a particular part of their dress, in commemoration of the circumstance.

Every individual of the Drabant being noble, even to the privates, they all have military rank. On days of state they stand round the

person of the King as our yeomen of the guards attend on King George. Their cuirasses are of polished steel, and have three golden crowns, the arms of Sweden, embossed upon them. Their sleeves, breeches, &c. are of buff cloth; their boots are high, with long spurs. A superb casque of gilded brass, splendidly plumed, and crested with a lion, is worn on the head. Their weapons are a carbine and sword. The effect of such a guard is regal, and becoming a military monarch.

The foot-guards of His Majesty are comprised in three regiments, under the titles of the First, Second, and Finnish Guards. Formerly, each regiment contained eight hundred men, but now they are reduced to five hundred. I also saw the only corps of life-guards *à cheval;* they were wretchedly mounted, and not very martially attired; their dress being white with blue returns; round hats awkwardly ornamented with bear-skin, and other accompaniments not at all conducive to their soldier-like appearance. The heads of the foot-guards, also, are covered with a round hat, turned up on one side with a yellow cockade and feather: all the infantry have this latter decoration.

The navy wear blue, with a metal epaulet; round hats, and very high feathers, rather a troublesome appendage, I should suppose, in a gale of wind. But useless, or rather inconvenient as the plume may be at sea, there is yet another ordered-essential in their dress ten times worse in both respects: spurs! Not only officers of every description belonging to the army wear them, by a special ordinance, but even the naval officers are obliged to put them on. These last gentlemen, until they arrive at the rank of admiral, are distinguished by the military titles of major, colonel, &c.

The forces of the line are raised in the provinces on a similar plan with our militia; each district being obliged to furnish a given number of infantry or troops. These regiments do not remain embodied, as a continued standing army, but serve merely during the war. I am told, that in less than six hours a battalion of a thousand or two men can be got together, armed and equipped for instant service. In the province to which they belong, the peasantry are constrained, by an order of state, to convey them in waggons to a certain rendezvous, and leave them there within a given period; so as to ensure the assembling of the strength of the kingdom, at any fixed point, in a short time.

During the absence of the soldiers, their fellow-peasants are obliged to till the ground belonging to each military individual, that his family may not suffer by the service he is gone to render to his country. Surely there is reason in this; wisdom as well as humanity. A subsistence being provided for the wives and children of soldiers, much wretchedness, and its consequent beggary and plunder, are prevented: instead of mendicants and robbers, useful citizens are reared to the state. And one prevention to ensure the health of the body politic is worth half a score remedies to heal a constitution, which must be crazed by repeated disorders. Should the soldier be killed, or die in the service, the neighbour peasants continue their care of his family, till the boys be old enough to cultivate for themselves. By this arrangement, the Swede goes forth for the defence of his country with a free mind: while he is absent, that country will protect his family; and should he die, the same would provide for them, till years and strength render it no longer necessary.

The officers have houses and lands assigned them according to their military rank; on each individual's death it devolves to his regimental successor: so that in time of peace they live amongst the peasants who have formed, and may again, hereafter, their respective corps. Consequently the attachment of the men to their commanders is often so firm, that in the defence of some of their officers, they have been known to stand till they were cut piece-meal. The plan is not unlike that of the clan-ships of Scotland, where the chief, by his title of superiority, residence amongst a certain race, protection and kindness, makes himself such a power in their hearts, that they are ready to follow him to the extremity of the globe, to life or death. There is something very patriarchal in this mode of national defence; its sufficiency seeming to depend more on the affection of the people than the authority of the King. Such a foundation is the strongest: it was the ground of the mighty Gustavus of Sweden. And who will say, but to be thus a Monarch, is to reign indeed!

The noble Swede who was my conductor through the military department, next led me to view the architectural ornaments of Stockholm. The first we visited was the church of Adolphus Frederick, the grandfather of the present King. He was much beloved by the country; and during his reign made many beneficial alterations in the laws. His memory rendered the building interesting; although its architectural perfections were few indeed. Being the most modern religious edifice of consequence in Stockholm, it is regarded with admiration by the inhabitants. Nothing without or within deserves their eulogiums excepting the altar-piece and a fine monument, both the work of Sergal.

The first is plaister of Paris, a basso-relievo of the Resurrection of our Saviour. The subject is simply and beautifully treated. Christ is ascending with extended arms, his face elevated towards Heaven. Three angels harmoniously groupe with his divine figure, being in the attitude of supporting the stone which has opened from the tomb. The drapery in which the body had been wrapped, is exquisitely disposed, and admirably unites the design. In the corner, at the bottom, sits a soldier, the only mortal in the scene; and he sleeps! The sentiment of the sculpture teems with thought; I leave it not in unprofitable hands when I resign it to yours.

A little to the right of the altar is a monument erected in the year 1777, to the memory of a nobleman who died in 1560. It is of bronze, and surpasses almost every specimen of the kind I have seen; in short, I cannot speak too highly of the design, or sufficiently eulogize the undescribable beauty of its expression. It is an angel holding up in his left hand the torch of life, which is extinguished; with his right he unveils the world by raising a piece of drapery: emblematic, I suppose, that death, while it destroys our mortal fires, opens the universe to the sight of our unembodied spirit. If this be not the explanation of Mr. Sergal's allegory, I have read his sculptured eloquence amiss; but though I may be mistaken in that mystery, you will not discredit my eyes when I tell you, that the execution of this monument, the globe, the drapery, and the cloud, so judiciously blending with the angel; gave me a thousand times the pleasure I received from the altar-piece, or the newly-erected statue of the late King.

It would be dangerous to step forward as the first criticiser of the

latter work. I dare hardly allow myself to see any thing but beauties in this great and last labour of genius. Only a few, the inhabitants of Stockholm and its environs, have yet seen it; and how can I presume to judge of what deserves the suffrages of a world. Being but a young scholar in the school of arts, I fear to speak before my seniors in experience; and besides, respect for the venerable artist, who dedicated so much anxiety to the completing of the statue, hoping, as it would be his last, it would also prove his most perfect work, rather withholds me from saying aught in its prejudice. However, as writing to you is only another mode of thinking, I will make no further hesitation, but hazard a few remarks on what really struck me as adverse to its merit, when I had an opportunity of visiting it alone, and of inspecting it at my leisure.

Its situation is excellent. The rising ground, which gradually ascends in front of the statue, enables the observer to view it on any plain, and at any distance. Indeed it may even be looked down upon: so commanding is the opposite ascent. But here art contradicts nature. When a proper point is discovered to see it from to the best advantage, you find yourself too far removed; as all its minor beauties are lost in the distance. This fault arises from the height of the porphyry pedestal, which is not only of itself too high, but is additionally elevated by three or four lofty steps. These foundations raise the figure so much above the proper level, that its grandeur is impaired, and the effect as a colossal statue, totally lost. So far the pedestal only I blame. The figure itself is full of majesty; but there is a something about the shoulders extremely awkward; an appearance of being shrugged. It cannot be meant as the form of the king, but must be

an error in the disposition of the drapery; however, it is very unfortunate, as it deprives the figure of that ease it would otherwise have possessed. The head seems much too small; as bad a defect in the one extreme, as too large a one is in the other. The face, I am told, is a striking likeness of His late Majesty; and bears in every feature the stamp of greatness, with an expression of goodness that recalls his fate with redoubled regret. Take the whole of the lower part of the figure, and it appears too slight for the shoulders; and when is added to them, a vast redundancy of robe, the effect is altogether heavy and discordant. With due deference to the genius and taste of Mr. Sergal, I think he might have arranged the drapery of this admirably picturesque dress much better. The parts of it are well adapted to the full display of the finest human proportions; and as the king was beautifully shaped by nature, I cannot but regret that the artist has not more gracefully disposed the robe around the figure.

The attitude is thus: the right hand holds an olive branch; the left, the rudder of an ancient galley. The design seems to refer to the Peace of Vanela, and the Victory of the Gallies. He is resting on his left foot; the other is thrown back, giving the statue a kind of expected motion. Indeed the whole of the composition resembles the Apollo Belvedere. The dress is that of the Swedish navy, worn some time ago; and being of the Spanish fashion, corrected by a simple Grecian taste, is admirably adapted either for the pencil or the chisel.

During my visits to this statue, and they were not unfrequent; for the faults I have noticed were by far out-numbered by its beauties; my Swedish friend was often my companion, who seldom approached the

image of Gustavus III., without recounting some event redounding to his fame. But the circumstances of his death, which, though sad, seemed, in repeating, to gratify his sorrow, by giving him an opportunity to indulge it, were his favourite theme. He made it apparent that parties disturbed the late King's reign with a violence they have never attempted in this. Gustavus, by pardoning their defection, emboldened them to greater audacity; and so proved, that generosity often only arms its enemy. Few who are base enough to injure, know how to estimate forgiveness; either too hard to repent, or too proud to be grateful, they repay forbearance with insolence, and clemency with treason. The revenge a man will not take, their meanness thinks he cannot; and what springs from the strength of goodness, is by them despised as a proof of weakness.

Three young men, of whom Ankarstroem was the leader, in a fit of political fanaticism, took a solemn oath to destroy the King. When we hear of these invocations of the Deity amongst infamous conspirators, does it not make us tremble at the dreadful inconsistency of man. What is it they swear? and to whom do they swear? Murder—and to God! It is tremendous blasphemy: and even with them can only arise from inconsideration or art. What can bind him who, by the act he swears to commit, determines to break through the most powerful of all bonds, the law not less of nature than of heaven? They who think there is any thing in a traitor's oath, more than the words which convey it, are as ignorant of man as of virtue.

These Swedish traitors cast lots for the first stroke at Gustavus. The bloody prize fell to Ankarstroem, who, armed with a *dentelated* dagger,

and a pair of pistols charged with bullets and *nails*, (both weapons being calculated to render the death he gave more than usually agonizing,) wrapped himself in his cloak, and entered the masquerade, where the King was to be present. The other conspirators were also in the apartment; but the deed was to be attempted by their leader. After hovering about His Majesty for some time, they observed him retire for air into a less crowded part of the saloon, and lean against a pillar with his mask in his hand. Ankarstroem slid cautiously behind him, and lodged the contents of one of the pistols in the small of his back. The Monarch fell. "It is a Frenchman!" cried he. But alas! he lived to learn it was a Swede; and felt a more deadly wound at that information than even his ball had inflicted. He was shot on the fifteenth of March, and died the twenty-ninth, in a state of sufferings which the surgeons said they would have declared intolerable, had not the magnanimity of the King endured it all without a groan.

The agitation of my narrator, though so many years have past since the event, was so great when he spoke particularly on the subject, that while I respected the steadiness of his affection, I could not but increase my reverence of a Prince, the loss of whom could awaken such never-ceasing regrets.

Among other anecdotes which my friend related to me of his deceased Monarch, he described several gallant instances of a bravery seldom seen in Kings since the romantic ages. One or two I cannot but repeat.

When Gottenburg, the most considerable city in Sweden next to

Stockholm, was beleagured by the Norwegians under Prince Charles of Hesse, Gustavus, having been basely betrayed by a refractory part of his army, flew to the mountains of Dalecarlia; and throwing himself upon the loyalty of that hardy people, informed them of the extremity in which the country lay, and called upon them, by the memory of their former fame, to follow him to the walls of Gottenburg. Three thousand came forward at once; the example was contagious; Gustavus soon found himself at the head of a large army, and directed his march to the coast. But doubting that Gottenburg might surrender before it could have intimation of the coming succours, he determined to run every personal risk to save the city. Leaving the brave Dalecarlians under a trusty general, to follow with rapidity, he disguised himself, and attended by a single domestic, penetrated even through the camp of his enemies to the walls of Gottenburg. On appearing at the gates, he with much difficulty persuaded the Swedish guard to allow him to pass.—"If you doubt my being a friend," said he, "at least take me before your commander; should I prove the reverse, I shall then be your prisoner."

Gustavus was conducted to the military governor; and what was his surprise at beholding in a man brought to him as a spy, his august Sovereign! The news was the trumpet of victory. The Dalecarlians arrived. The King appeared at the head of the garrison; and, aided by other favourable circumstances, the siege was raised, and Gottenburgh rescued from a foreign yoke by the intrepidity of its Monarch.

This action was not more gallant by land than the battle of the gallies was by sea. The Swedes fitted out a fleet of this kind of vessels with

gun-boats, to oppose one of a similar construction sent out by the Empress of Russia under the command of the Prince of Nassau. Gustavus put himself on board one of these gallies, and after a desperate battle with the Prince, captured thirty of his ships; but being afterwards hemmed in by two immense Russian squadrons in the gulph of Viborg, the whole fleet must inevitably have surrendered, had His Majesty been less determined to run every danger for the honour of Sweden.

Some on board recommended him to give up the day as lost: but like our dauntless Nelson, it may be said *he never knew fear;* and supported in his impregnable resolution by another of our thunder-bolts of war, the King, pouring a broadside to the right and left, led the way, and cutting through the very centre of his enemies, not only escaped with honour, but turning round to face the astonished gallies, before the rocks of Schvenko-sund, again grappled with the Prince of Nassau, took from him nearly fifty vessels, with ten thousand prisoners, and returned to Stockholm covered with glory. Great bravery was displayed in the contest: and while both were admirable as enemies, who but must regret that they are not always friends? From this victory arose the peace of Vanela, which not only rejoiced the harassed Swedes, but filled St. Petersburg with illuminations.

To express Gustavus' sense of the share our brave Englishman had in the success of the day, he knighted him on the spot with the Grand Cross of the Noble Order of the Sword. Not satisfied with this, he asked Sir Sidney what he should give him as a remembrancer of Schvenko-sund? The knight replied, "Your Majesty's picture."—"No,

my brave friend," returned the King, "you shall have your own!" and he the next day sent him a fine portrait of Charles the Twelfth. The compliment was worthy of the Prince, and of the British hero.

Like Cæsar, I say, "happy was Alexander who had arrived at the prize of his career, before the Roman had started!" Though I have also received the honour of knighthood, I yet consider my *spurs are to be won;* and in obedience to the higher powers, it will not be very long before I try their metal. A few days ago I was honoured by the official investiture of the Equestrian Order of St. Joachim, electing me a Knight Commander, &c. &c. My diploma was dated May, 1807; but owing to continental disturbances, I did not receive it till now. You can believe, that as this is one of the orders of which our immortal Nelson was a brother, I consider the honour I bear as doubled, by its making me a knight of his fraternity; and all I now want to make my star shine without a cloud, is the approval of my own revered Sovereign of the distinctions I have received. They are estimable to your friend, not because of the title they confer, but as a witness of that esteem having been adjudged to him by foreign nations, which will ever be his ambition to deserve in his own. I should be unworthy of your friendship were not these the sentiments of your faithful friend.

LETTER XXXIX.

Upsal, March, 1808.

IT happened as I expected: news arrived from the frontiers which put all Stockholm in consternation. The Russians had passed the Swedish lines, and advanced as far as Louisa, a sea-port town in the province of Nyland, on the north coast of the gulph of Finland. No information of this intended invasion having been intimated to the court of Stockholm by the Russian ambassador, the King issued orders for his arrest; and immediately he and his suite were confined to his hotel under a guard of cavalry, without permission to communicate with any person within or without the town.

Thus then the javelin has been mutually thrown; war is declared: and as there is no calculating on what may be its events, I shall make the most of my time; and at this early period of hostilities, set forward to take my intended tour of the interior. In this frame of mind, I prepared to bid a short adieu to Stockholm; and being provided with an agreeable companion in Mr. F——s (a son of the good Sir William F——s of Edinburgh, whose name need only be mentioned to excite the liveliest respect), I left the city: having previously received from a Swedish gentleman a useful route, with directions to render our northern travelling as easy and pleasant as possible.

His first advice was, that we should not hire a sledge, but purchase one, which might be done for a trifle. Did we commit ourselves to the chance of engaging vehicles on the road, the consequence might be dangerous; as the hackney sledges are in general insecure and very comfortless. One horse is sufficient for your machine, if you be content to adopt one of the season; but should vanity, or inexperience lead you to prefer a carriage on pattens, you must then have three or four horses; with the inconvenience in these narrow ways, of moving slowly, and very often at the imminent risque of being upset. The Swedish sledge is therefore the best conveyance in winter: but should the journey be in summer, then I recommend your own English carriage by all means; as there is nought you can hire along the roads, in the shape of vehicles, but mere rustic carts.

To proceed with rapidity, it is requisite to send forward to the various posts a *forebode* or courier (what antiquary will gainsay that our verb to *forebode* sprung from this very noun? Indeed there are clear traces in the language of Britain of the former visits of our northern neighbours to this island). The foreboding, fore-seeing, fore-doing gentleman, or by whatever name you choose to call him, orders horses to await you at every station, according to the fixed hour when he expects you will arrive. By him, all your heavy baggage is sent; and so honest are the people, that there would be no hazard of any being stolen, should it remain, without your appearance, from this to doomsday. But should you not appear at the different stages to the time your forebode has appointed, this inconvenience ensues; the boors may return to their respective homes with the horses; you are obliged to pay double for them on your arrival, and have the additional punish-

ment of waiting until others are brought. An error of this kind at the first post, generally occasions a default of time to all the rest; and so disappointment, delay and expence accompanies you throughout the journey.

The peasant who brings the animals, is contented with two or three schillings for his douceur; about two-pence English. Charioteers, or postilions, you have none: you are obliged either to hire a person expressly for that purpose, or to drive yourself, which, if travelling day and night, would be no very agreeable amusement. The actual tax for each horse per mile, (six English), fixed by law in 1800, is twelve schillings rix money, about nine-pence of ours. This, in starting from the country; but if from any city, the price is double.

The variation in the length of the mile of different countries, is very troublesome to travellers, who may not be exactly aware of the allotted ground in each. I found it very vexatious at first; and that you may not stumble where I fell, and be benighted where I expected day, I shall, while I think of it, give you a little calculation of miles according to the measurement of our neighbouring nations: — ten five-eighths of Swedish miles make a degree, and are equivalent to fifteen German, twenty-five geographical French miles, fifty English, seventy-five Italian miles, and one hundred Russian versts.

Having taken the necessary precaution for a journey into the interior, of providing our sledge with eatables, I set forth with my friend. The velocity with which we passed over the frozen lakes and high grounds, was even more amazing than that which I had experienced in Russia;

and we arrived at Upsal about eleven at night, having quitted Stockholm at five the same evening, being a distance of seven Swedish miles. In summer the circuit is longer, as the waters, being then released, do not allow the short cuts now made by crossing over their icy bosoms. The borders of these glassy plains are richly wooded, and adorned with numerous country residences belonging to the nobility.

It being dark when we entered this ancient town, you must pardon me that I give you no account of its approach. It is built on the banks of the river Fyris, and altogether exhibits a very venerable appearance. Old historians tell us, that Upsal was a city in the year of our Lord 240, when Ingo, on being elected King of Sweden, after the death of his father, a wise and brave monarch, fixed his residence here, choosing often to be called King of Upsal. At present, instead of a royal palace, it boasts a fine cathedral, in which the monarchs of Sweden are usually crowned. From the earliest times, erudition does not seem to have been neglected at Upsal; some of its Kings, from their superior learning, acquired the name of magicians, the general appellation given to sages by the northern barbarians. In later ages, in the year 1247, Eric XI. instituted a university here, which was afterwards very richly endowed both by Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus Adolphus. One part of this establishment being built by the latter Monarch, is called *Academia Gustaviana*. These places I purpose going particularly through, and then I will duly initiate you into all their mysteries.

Upsal is the see of the primate of Sweden. His dignity once overtopped that of the throne: he was a senator by his office: and possessed

such an immense church patrimony, that nothing could withstand the power of his riches. His palace and retinue were more magnificent than the King's; and, indeed it may be said, that until the accession of Gustavus Vasa the archbishop of Upsal was Sovereign in Sweden. Since the Protestant profession in that kingdom, the over-weening power of the metropolitan is limited within the proper bounds; and we now see that holy simplicity, blended with the grandeur of sacerdotal dignity, which best becomes a representative of the apostles. Through the kindness of one of my Swedish friends in the capital, I was provided with letters of introduction to Lindblome, the present archbishop, and also to the professors of the university.

Being so well introduced, the morning after our arrival we paid our respects to His Grace, and delivering our credentials, were received with a suavity and kindness which left us at ease in a moment. There was no cold stateliness in his demeanor; nothing to remind us that he were the first religious character in the kingdom, and we two humble travellers in our one-horse sledge, visiting him perhaps out of curiosity. He welcomed us as friends, insisted upon our making no other house but his palace our home while we staid at Upsal. It was not a mere civil offer, but sincerely insisted on with a cordiality that persuaded, more than the comforts he promised. Thus established in his family, he gave orders to the people about him, that every object in, and near the city, worthy notice, should be shewn us; and that our wishes should be obeyed in all things. There was something, I would have said, royal in this primate's hospitality; but I ought rather to have said, it was most eloquent of the religion he professed, all munificence, cheerfulness, and dignity. The kindnesses he dispensed seemed so much a part of his own noble-

ness, that he did not condescend to consider them obligations. They were friends whom he received, not dependents. Endowing his guests with every consideration belonging to his own honour, he maintained his dignity by asserting theirs; and while behaving to them with the same courtesy he would have used to a Prince, he elevated his character at the moment he raised theirs. This is a refinement in hospitality practised by none but the greatest minds. Little ones, thinking their dignity cannot afford to allow much to others, in general treat their guests with indifference; not aware that in so acknowledging, by their conduct, that their friends are contemptible, they lower themselves in the eyes of observers, to the level they affect to contemn. Intimates must ever seem on a par.

The archbishop was an invalid: and owing to his indisposition, he told us, he had been obliged to transfer a ceremony he was that day to perform, from the cathedral to his palace. It was the inauguration of a bishop. Naming the hour, he invited us to be present, and meanwhile sent one of his librarians to see that we were conducted to all the note-worthy quarters of the town.

We first visited the university of Gustavus Adolphus, and were ushered into the grand public library. The repository of learning is richly ftored with volumes of all ages, languages, and authors; besides above a thousand manuscripts of great value and antiquity. One, esteemed the most precious in their possession, bound splendidly in solid silver, was laid before us. The celebrated *Codex Argenteus*. It was found at Prague; and long afterwards presented to this library by the Count de la Gardé. A beautiful edition with notes and illustrations,

printed at the Clarendon press, Oxford, lies near it; to render the examination of the original more easy to the curious. This interesting book contains a translation of the four Evangelists into the Mesogothic language, by Ulphilas, bishop of Thrace. He acquired that title from having converted the Thracians to Christianity. To make you a little better acquainted with Ulphilas, I shall scribble you a rough learner-like translation of a few particulars related in an old account of Upsal, written in Swedish.

"This holy man, Ulphilas, bishop of Thrace, lived in the fourth century, during the reigns of the Emperors Valens and Valentianus. His translation of the Gospels is consequently older than that by Hieronomy, which, of all the Latin versions, is supposed to be of the greatest antiquity. The book of Ulphilas is in all respects a valuable acquisition: it not only gives us a most interesting acquaintance with the old Gothic language, but also affords us a knowledge of its letters. It likewise shews the ancient method of printing: for, without a doubt, the work in question is not written by the hand."

This little tract then proceeds to give the following account of the mode in which this style of letter-press was executed.

"It is done on a parchment of a purple coloured ground, with letters of silver. Every sheet is divided into given lines. The place for each line being covered with a kind of transparent glue (which is plainly perceptible in the sun), the silver or gold was spread over it: and the types made of brass, or of some other hard metal previously heated, were pressed firmly down, which fixed their form on the skin." The pro-

fessors of Upsal told me that this mode of printing was an invention of the ancient Goths.

The *Codex Argenteus* was long hidden from the learned world: its existence was not even known, while it lay lost amongst a collection of books belonging to the friars of Verden. During the German war, this library was removed to Prague, where the volume in question fell into the hands of Field-marshal Köningsmarc. In 1648 he gave it to Isaac Vossius, Queen Christina's librarian, who took it to England in the year 1655, where Count Magnus de la Gardé purchased it for four hundred rix dollars; and bringing it to Sweden, made it a present to the university of Upsal. Probably its name arises from the letters being silver: one would scarcely imagine that a cover of that metal would give a title page to the book.

We next had the gratification of taking into our hand one of the first impressions of the Bible. It had been the constant companion of the studies of Martin Luther; and opposite the title page is a letter in his own hand-writing. Having carefully examined the sacred volume, which was quite perfect, a heathen work was unfolded to us. The manuscript of the *Edda*. It was found in Iceland; and is said to have been composed by Snore Sturlstone, one of the rulers of that insulated country. He is supposed to have lived long before the introduction of Christianity into any of the northern states. The work is mythological and contains the religious doctrines of the Scandinavian Odin. Not being master of the key, all its mysteries were locked to me: but the professor who shewed it, said, that its passages are extremely interesting, and full of very curious information. There is something very pro-

voking in turning over the leaves of famous books, when we are ignorant of their language. Our feelings, in such a case, are not dissimilar to what would have been a completely deaf man's, standing in the forum where Cicero was speaking.

The Edda is written on parchment, and contains several rude drawings, resembling astronomical figures. It is found that these Pagans, at religious meetings, made a sign on their breasts, not unlike that of the cross used by the Greek and Latin churches. Theirs was in commemoration of the battle-axe of their god THOR. I am not learned enough in ecclesiastical rites, to know the origin of most of them: but when we cannot trace the ordinance which happens to strike us in the Scripture itself, we may perhaps find it where we least expect, as it is very probable that converted heathens would carry a few of their old practices into their new religion; only a little modifying them to the occasion, like the transformation of the Pantheon at Rome into a church of the true God. These resemblances, few as they are, between the ceremonies of the Pagan and the Christian world, are cavilled at by unthinking people, who are apt to say Christianity borrows this and that from Paganism; when the fact is, as Christianity stands simple in the Gospel, it is intire of itself, insulated from all communion with other religions by a flood of light unspotted with any formalities. Its only injoined rites are baptism and the Lord's Supper. Hence, whatever else we see about it, whether marking with the cross, or any other ceremony; if we can date them from heathen sources, they have been borrowed by man, and Christianity has nothing to do with them.

It would be tedious, as well as tantalizing to you, whose favourite

banquet is a good library, to name all the rare books we turned over. In fact, this *bibliotheque* contains every early and curious edition of the most scarce and renowned works, to the number, I am told, of eighty thousand volumes.

The saloons are large and well adapted to the studious purpose to which they are assigned. In one of them stand two large chests, iron-bound, sealed and strongly padlocked. They were deposited here by the will of His late Majesty Gustavus III. who ordered that they were not to be opened till fifty years after his death. Various are the conjectures on their contents. Perhaps, one sheet of paper in each, containing a suitable and wholesome reflection! In the same building is the hall for public lectures; an anatomical theatre founded by Rubeck; an astronomical observatory planned by Celsius; and a botanical garden laid out by Linnæus! All, classic ground, you will say. Having enjoyed this mental treat with as much pleasure as the extreme cold would allow, at the appointed hour we returned to our friend the Archbishop, to be present at the expected ceremony.

On re-entering the state-apartments of the palace at two o'clock, we found a great assemblage of persons. His Grace, and those to be employed in the official duties, were already habited in their religious vestments, and on the moment of commencing the sacerdotal rites. The Archbishop was apparelled in long robes of gold tissue superbly embroidered, with a jewelled mitre on his head, and a full embossed crozier in his hand. The serene expression of his countenance, and the height of his person, gave a holy command to his figure, which the magnificence of his sacred habit increased, by reminding us of the

prophet Samuel. On a table opposite him lay a bible richly bound in crimson velvet; also the official documents of the new suffragan's dignity: the episcopal oath; and paper of reception signed by the hand of the King.

The clergyman who awaited his approaching elevation, stood in the front, to receive the investiture of his rank, as well as the righteous admonitions of his superior. After the Archbishop had most emphatically delivered a short sermon on the occasion, the oath was administered, the cross suspended by a gold chain was hung round his neck; the robe was put upon his shoulders; and then kneeling, he received the holy benediction, the crozier being at the same time placed in his hand. A few minutes of silent prayer elapsed, and the newly-invested rising, the surrounding clergy saluted him *Bishop of Calmar.*

The habits of the Archbishop, of his lordship of Calmar, and of four others placed on each side of His Grace, were all magnificently splendid. Two of the four bishops were in black velvet, richly embroidered with silver; having on their breasts a triangle and glory with the Hebrew characters customary in that symbol. On their backs, the cross of Christ is wrought in silver, with the crown of thorns, &c. The rest of the consecrated assembly were surpliced in white. An hour saw the completion of the ceremony. To-morrow a dinner is to be given by the primate in honour of the new bishop; a scene which, I make no doubt, will present as much food for the mind, as for the palate. I know not exactly how many of the holy college I shall see; but I am told that thirteen bishops now form the number which hold that dignity in Sweden; formerly there were no more than six. The

archbishop of course takes precedence of them all, having besides the subordinate classes of the clergy under his sacred crozier.

Being, as it appears, on consecrated ground, you shall hear more from me on similar subjects to-morrow; meanwhile, sharing the good archbishop's blessing with you, I commit you to heaven, and remain ever your faithful friend.

LETTER XL.

Upsal, March, 1808.

OUR morning's walk was to the cathedral. Its architecture is Gothic, but spoiled by the materials of which it is built, being merely brick of a very bad colour. From this cause its outward ornaments are few, having none but on the entrances, which are composed of stone. The great front is flanked with two towers, formerly surmounted by spires; another was elevated from the centre of the church, when a fire happening by some unexplained accident, burnt them all three; and in their stead a set of brick lanterns are erected, of an awkward Roman architecture; thus, as we too often do in our country, ruining both styles by so preposterous a union.

The age of the cathedral is not ascertained precisely. It is generally supposed to have had its first stone laid by Charles the Seventh, (called by the Swedes Carl Suerkerson), in the year 1162; and it is very probable, for he was not only an excellent Prince, but very eminent for public acts of piety. He entombed his predecessor the pious Eric the Ninth in this church; and to give all ecclesiastical respect to the priesthood in his dominions, was the first who elevated the see of Upsal to the archiepiscopal dignity. For this purpose he obtained a bull from Pope Alexander III., who consecrated Stephanus archbishop of Upsal.

Gustavus Vasa

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The interior of the church, like most other cathedrals in this country, is formed of a long broad aisle, and two side ones of narrower dimensions. The pillars are of the simple Gothic in clusters. The adjacent parts of the edifice are equally plain, corresponding in the same want of ornament so faithfully, that not even a rose finishes the centre of the many arches which terminate themselves along the roof. While I looked at it, I could not help thinking, that after all the homage that Monarch paid to the papal chair, His Holiness was very ungrateful not to send one sprig from his consecrated tree to bloom across these naked walls. The whole has been painted white, a violent destroyer of that mild religious light so harmonious with the purpose of these buildings. A similar bad taste has daubed the capitals of all the columns with a dark lead colour, which gives them the effect of so many smoking chimneys.

Amongst the numerous monuments which filled the aisles, my eye was first arrested by that of Gustavus Vasa. The image of the King is placed between the effigies of his two wives. If the figure resembles the hero, he must have been very like our representations of Edward the Third. His countenance is so fine, that to enable you to enjoy its venerable lines as well as myself, I inclose a sketch that I made from an excellent picture of this monarch. The monument is of white marble, of which material the statue of the great Gustavus is sculptured, habited in armour. His Queens are richly dressed in robes of state.

If Kings could guess what passes in their subjects' minds while standing over the grave of a good monarch, they would understand the true secret of power; they would comprehend the real meaning of the eastern salutation, *may the King live for ever!* He lives for ever whose bene-

ficial reign establishes his name in the memories of the people to the latest posterity.

Many other tombs of the illustrious dead, scattered the pavement in sad ruins. Another *memento mori*, that all the *storied urns* and *animated busts* which ever attempted to eternize the fame of man, have their day of mouldering; and are indeed of no use towards their great aim, unless the name they celebrate is of sufficient worth to be its own monument.

You will smile at so many grave remarks from me; but recollect where I am: as Solomon says, there is a time for every thing! and you would not have me playing the harlequin over the graves of saints and heroes. Little more than half a score years ago, you conducted me with many a gay prank through the wonders of Westminster Abbey! But since then, having lost with our school-boy gowns the better stuff within, to turn all shows of gravity to *a mirth-moving jest;* since, as the old women say, "the black cow has trod so heavily on our heels," you must be content to follow my *cowed* footsteps a *grave* pace round the tomb-stones. I prithee do not knock me down with one of them, for thus, even in a church, breaking out into my old sin; and one too, so enormous, that a Pope greater than Hildebrand, denounced it to be "worse than picking a pocket." However, I will atone for my transgression by shewing you all the treasures of this cathedral; and first I lead you to the shrine of Saint Eric.

It is of massy silver, and encircles the remains of that holy and brave monarch. Being descended of an ancient family, well known in Sweden

by the name of Bondé, he was elected King in 1150; his valour having recommended him to the people, rather than the piety which afterwards obtained his canonization. Under his auspices religion made rapid strides. He entered Finland at the head of an army, less as an object of ambition, than to propagate the Christian faith. His presence awed the natives to submission without a drop of blood; and taking it as a good omen vouchsafed to his zeal, he not only dispersed missionaries throughout the provinces, but became an apostle himself; and endeavoured with all possible ardour to complete the conversion of the people. Those whom he found so obstinate in their errors as to refuse baptism, he banished the country, consigning them to the sterile providence of the gods they served. On returning to Upsal he collected the ancient laws of the kingdom into one body, adding new edicts of his own of the first importance to the welfare of the public. But these peaceful virtues were so far from gaining the hearts of a people accustomed to outrage and plunder, that they became incensed, and in all parts rose in rebellion. To attempt to execute the laws of justice and equity at a time, and in a country where force and power were reckoned sufficient arguments to excuse, and even to justify injury, was so mighty a crime in their eyes, that they could endure him no longer. He was attacked during divine service on Ascension-day, in the year 1161, by a party of his ungrateful subjects, under Magnus Henrickson, King of Denmark. When he was told that the enemy surrounded the house, he answered, "Let me rest till mass is over. I trust in God either to fight for me, or to receive me. I cannot sufficiently serve him." The walls were scaled, and a dreadful battle ensued. After a most gallant resistance the King surrendered; but the brutal Danish monarch had him instantly stripped and beheaded within sight of both armies. The scene

of this murder is the very spot on which the church called Denmark has since been built.

In a recess to the left on entering the church, is a flat monument of porphyry, dedicated to the celebrated Linnæus. His profile is in relievo on a small oval tablet, bearing a simple inscription, merely recording the time of his birth and death. After wandering with little or no interest amongst the remaining tombs, we were at length led into a low cell which contained the relics of ancient popery. Chalices, crucifixes, holy vestments, and sundry other vestiges of Catholic worship, met our eyes. One cross of silver, of an immense size, was not unworthy of notice; the workmanship was very curious and rich; in parts many deep cavities were visible, which had formerly been filled with precious stones. At the foot of this consecrated emblem is a considerable piece of the real cross, a present from one of the popes to the Fathers of Upsal. From the numerous *morceaux* of this kind I have met in my narrow travels, I cannot but suppose that the providers of Europe with these relics must have had a forest of them. I have seen likewise, at least, five hands of the same sainted martyr, who, not to suspect the truth of the monks that possessed them, must undoubtedly have been a descendant of Briareus.

One singular piece of antiquity was presented to us, the remains of a standard made of a shift that belonged to one of the ancient queens, I believe Margaret de Valdemar. If this were Her Majesty's last garment of the kind, in a double sense she must have been sadly reduced: though how that should happen I cannot make out, as she died imperial over three kingdoms; and therefore more likely to have made her final exit in a robe of tissue, than in one of the present fabrick. The

ensign was surely sufficient to determine its bearer to stand; to inspire its followers with tenfold ardour: what soldier could desert such a banner? What knight would not fight more valiantly before its snowy lawn, than under the standard of Cæsar? A queen's shift is so *unique* a palladium to defend, so rare a trophy to win, that I do not doubt the most desperate acts of valour took place in the contention of who was to possess the honoured linen which once enveloped the delicate person of a royal dame. I cannot omit observing that it was not the finest I ever saw, but quite the contrary. How it happened to be thus exposed, I cannot easily guess: she would hardly make a present of so rough a *chemise* to her lover Broderson; and he would not be such a tell-tale, as to transform it into an ensign for his troops: no, I am rather inclined to regard it as a penitential garment. We have heard of folk mourning their sins in sackcloth; and probably that ambitious queen might choose now and then so to humble her body for the pride of her soul—a fashionable way in those days of compounding for the sins they were determined to keep. This then might be her robe of mortification; and no bad trophy for the monks to shew of their royal mistress's piety. So enamoured am I of my guess-work, that I have now no doubt it was under this banner, Eric Trolle, the warlike primate of Sweden, marched against the virtuous Steno and the Great Gustavus, to dispossess the former of the supreme power; and to enforce the union of Calmar, the darling object of this beauteous Amazon. So far my history of the royal shift.

In one corner of the sacristy stands a block of oak, rudely sculptured into a head and body; time, accident and ill-usage having deprived it of the other parts, and us of the pleasure of viewing so ancient an idol complete. The god Thor is the object of our contemplation. The

head is by no means bad; its character is beyond mediocrity, and possesses much of the general air of the antiques which represent Jupiter: at least as far as the rude instruments of barbarism on wood could give an idea of divinity. This curious remain was brought from the old pagan temple not far distant from the city; and is believed, by the learned, to have been the chief idol of those dark ages. The sight of this savage god finished the rarities of the cathedral; and expressing our wish to be conducted to the ancient temple, by the assistance of His Grace's carriage, we were conveyed to the spot.

It is now become the parish church of Old Upsal, a town to the north of Upsal, and like it, once the residence of Kings. On leaving the more youthful capital, we passed over a vast plain which has often flowed with the blood of contending armies. Its name is romantic enough to inspire many a modern poet with rhyming propensities; just the word to close each stanza to admiration of some metrical ballad singing the chiefs of other times. Attend! and thank me for the *first refusal*, even if you do not take fire at the sound.—THE PLAIN OF FURISSIVAL! What can be better? How sonorous, how wild, how descriptive of deeds of arms! Don Quixote would have run mad upon it; and Ariosto's raptures would have sung forth an eulogy of northern heroes, that would have made his Orlandos and Tholands look like fools. Besides this magical sound, the scene is fraught with poetical applications. It is bounded by several high mounds, raised in memory of fallen chieftains; every one of which has its own legend, full of adventures and chivalric glory.

But to my temple. It is said to be the only remnant of the sort now standing in Sweden: and if ancient chronicles tell true, it also would

have been swept away so early as the tenth century, if a royal mandate had been obeyed. King Eric the Seventh (an ancestor of the Saint's) being converted to christianity by Adelwart and Stephanus, missionaries from Hamburgh, to signalize his religious zeal, ordered this very temple at Upsal to be demolished. But the people, looking upon such commands as a sufficient crime against their gods, instead of complying, stole upon the King at the dead of night, and sacrificed both him and the Germans to their offended deities. He is regarded as the first Swedish martyr.

The form of the temple was, as far as I could trace it amongst its present incumbrances, a parallelogram. The materials, masses of granite and flint. I did not find it difficult to distinguish the old Scandinavian walls from the more modern additions made to adapt the building to its reformed purposes. But, were you not apprised of its antiquity, the changes made by windows, doors, altar, and organ, have so new an appearance, that you would never guess its anti-christian origin. Under its present peaceful roof, you would never suspect that hecatombs of beasts, and even man, had bled to appease imaginary deities. It has the burthen of a very ill-constructed spire, which adds grace neither to the one architecture nor to the other. Gibbon, in his Roman Empire, mentions this very building, as near as I can recollect, as follows. (As my memory is not the most tenacious in the world, if I trip a little in the precise words, having not the books at hand, you will forgive me.)

"Till the end of the eleventh century a celebrated temple subsisted at Upsal, the most considerable town of the Swedes and Goths. It was enriched with the gold which the Scandinavians had acquired in their

piratical adventures, and sanctified by the uncouth representations of their three principal deities: the God of War, the Goddess of Generation, and the God of Thunder."

A very few yards from the church are three high mounds, decidedly artificial, under which are said to be buried the remains of these deified personages, Odin, Friga, and Thor. Little now is left of the extensive forests which used to surround Upsal, and formed the religious retirements of the priests of Odin; but, as my before-quoted author speaks of them, I shall again attempt to recall his words.

"In a general festival that was solemnized every ninth year, nine animals of every species, not excepting the human, were sacrificed, and their bleeding bodies suspended in the sacred groves adjacent to the temple. The only traces that now subsist of this barbarous superstition (thanks, I say, to the light of Christianity!) are contained in the Edda, a system of mythology compiled in Iceland, and studied by the learned of Denmark and Sweden, as the valuable remains of their antiquities. Notwithstanding the mysterious obscurity of the Edda, we can easily distinguish two persons confounded under the name of Odin; the God of War, and the great legislator of Scandinavia. The latter, the Mahommed of the North, instituted a religion adapted to the climate and to the people. Numerous tribes on either side of the Baltic, were subdued by the invincible valor of Odin, by his persuasive eloquence, and by the fame he acquired of a most skilful magician."

Like Lycurgus, the principles he had propagated during a long and prosperous life, he confirmed by a voluntary death. Apprehensive of

the ignominious effect of the approach of disease and infirmity, he resolved to expire as became a warrior. In a solemn assembly of the Swedes and Goths (perhaps convened in this very temple), he wounded himself in nine mortal parts; hastening away, as he asserted with his dying breath, to prepare for them the feast of heroes in the palace of the God of War. It seems that the Edda, though an old northern work, was written in the thirteenth century. Hence, I should not be surprized to trace in it, as we may in the Koran of Mahommed, many plagiarisms from the book of the Apostles.

The author of the Edda makes Odin a lineal descendant from Priam of Troy. How he came by this pedigree, Heaven knows; but, like most of the writers in those ages, neither absurdity nor falsehood ever were stumbling blocks in the way of establishing a determined point. However, the assertion is not improbable, and scholars generally admit the account as bearing many marks of truth. It is well known that at the fall of Troy both Grecian and Trojan heroes were put to the route; they had to seek homes on many a far-distant shore. It is also ascertained that this military lawgiver emigrated northward from the coasts of the Caspian Sea, not far from the Tanais. He was accompanied by innumerable persons, whose eastern magnificence surprised the inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic; and by awe, gentleness, and persuasion, he soon brought these savages to a regular mode of government; directing his laws and institutions with the greatest wisdom and intrepidity. The Icelandish historian mentions, as a proof, whence the Prince and his retinue came, that the natives called them Aesir, or Asiaticks. I cannot but pause a moment to observe what a favourable event to the world was the destruction of Troy. Its ten years' war, and

consequent miseries seemed a school in which Providence perfected those heroes whom he afterwards meant to distribute over the globe, as his lawgivers and instruments of civilization. Many, like Cyrus, know not the commander whom they serve.

Odin, it is said, fixed upon Upsal as the capital of his dominions; and Snore Sturlstone also gives him the credit of erecting the temple in question: but I must beg leave to dissent from that opinion; venerable as it may be, there is yet an evidence beyond assertion, and that is fact. Now the fact is, that this ancient edifice is totally opposite in its architecture from the Asiatic magnificence; possessing nothing in the least similar with any buildings in that part of the world; and therefore *I make bold* to suggest that this temple was raised by the native worshippers of Thor, long before the arrival of Odin. The rudeness of the structure is a sufficient argument for this presumption. Odin may have decorated it with gold and silver, and superb consecrations, after the manner of his own country; but certainly the walls, which are now all that remains to us, are of old Scandinavian origin.

The head of the northern deities I have already mentioned was Thor. He was regarded as the most powerful. Odin and his wife Friga were not deified till some years after their deaths, when the zeal of one of their successors, and the veneration of the people, declared the royal pair to have been descended gods. A belief in the immortality of the soul was amongst the principles of their religion: and not unlike the Mahommedan faith, they held the warrior creed, that those alone who fell in battle, or died a voluntary death, were admitted into the hall of gods and heroes; there to remain to all eternity, pledging

each other in hydromel from the skulls of their enemies. This strange sort of Elysian saloon, where the spirits of warriors from all nations rioted, was supposed to be of the most agreeable heat; an enjoyment, to natives of the poles, fraught with eternal delights. The most horrid idea they could conceive of the hell to which their enemies were devoted, was a hell colder if possible than ice. Having passed several hours amidst these druidical remains, we returned from Odin and Thor, to the Archbishop and his *feast of shells.*

Next morning, which was this morning, (having strayed on the former one so many centuries from New Upsal), that I might give you a fair idea of the distant aspect of the city, I set forth to view it on the Stockholm side. As you approach, the castle presents itself on a commanding eminence. In past ages I do not doubt its barbaric magnificence; but at present, it is a poor representative of its royal predecessor, being a modern castellated structure, without any means of defence but the governor within its walls. Having little to say in its praise, I will make up the deficiency by giving you an extract from a Swedish account I found in the university here, and which begins *right floridly.*

"Since the clear sun of the Christian religion began to spread its rays over the sovereigns of Sweden, they removed from Old Gumla (Old Upsal), which was still involved in the darkness of heathenism, to capitals more suitable to their brightening light. But when a firm establishment of the doctrines of Christ was generally fixed throughout the country, King Eric the Saint took up his residence in Aros, the New Upsal. Even after the foundation and growing splendor of Stock-

holm, most of the sovereigns came to the ancient capital to be crowned; and many passed much of their time in its noble castle. But this royal building, like the city, has experienced sad reverses: from the unhappy period of Margaret's treaty of Calmar it has suffered by friends as well as foes; and plundered and sacked, it is now a mere shadow of its former greatness."

The city is situated on a plain; and the spots on which the castle and cathedral are placed, being elevated, a no inconsiderable air of consequence is imparted to the view. The adjoining woods are great ornaments to the suburbs; and stretch onward into the country to a great distance. This rich scenery, united with the fine river that flows through the town, renders the situation of Upsal remarkably pleasant. Writing of trees and shady banks is very apt to bring into one's head the animated works of nature, which, in most countries, impart the sweetest charms to fields and groves. What is it our Campbell says of Paradise till Eve appeared?

> "The world was sad — the garden was a wild!
> And man, the hermit, sighed — till woman smiled!"

No woman, with smiles or without, visited our hermit eyes amongst the shades of Upsal. What they did with themselves I cannot guess; but not a single female under the age of fifty, ever indulged us with a glance even in the streets; and when the wind did condescend to blow their enormous veils aside that we might catch a glimpse of their faces, I can assure you I felt no inclination to follow *Vapour's* example by falling in love with *my grand mother*.

Returning from our ramble, we directed our steps to the more attractive walks of the Botanic Garden: indeed I may say, that since my arival I have been a very student; having passed three parts of every day in these admirable schools of the sciences. The edifice that contains the Academy for Botany and Natural History, was erected on the plan of a Swedish architect. Its form is more whimsical than beautiful; being a strange mixture of temple, granary, and dwelling-house, a kind of gigantic grotesque, like a lion springing from the cup of a daffodil. The portico in front is very ridiculous, besides being formed of clumsy pillars, in bad imitation of those which composed the temple at Pestum.

The outside only is to be blamed; internally all is in order. The institution is well conducted; and every department attended with the strictest attention. The collection of plants, though not very extensive, is good, and kept in an excellent state: but, neither you nor I having the honour to be botanists, the less that is said on the subject between us, so much the better. All my acquaintance with plants is by their beauty and their fragrance, and there I am their humble servant. Above one of these groves of sweets, namely the orangery, in which I regaled my sense of smelling for a good half hour, (Epicurus-like, doubling my *pleasure* while one of my learned friends was holding forth,) are the apartments for the Zoology. This department of the museum is very large. An immense saloon below contains animals of all kinds, stuffed, and otherwise prepared for preservation. The professor, Upsilius, possesses a private collection extremely interesting: he made it himself during his travels in Africa and other remote regions of the world.

The specimens of minerals in this university are very curious. But the medals being more to my taste (of which they have a large and excellently arranged collection), I dedicated a long time to their inspection: and so well pleased was I with my entertainment, and the urbanity of the professor, who condescended to point out to me beauties which otherwise I might not have discovered, that I added Webb's admirable medal of the British hero of the Gallies to the number. Besides the fine execution of the die, the subject is so idolized in Sweden, that I could not have given the academy a more valued present. Having had several sent out to me from England, I had previously presented one to the royal collection at Stockholm; where it probably now lies by the sides of his brothers in fame.

I must not omit mentioning a suit of pictures in the anti-room to the medal apartment. They relate the story of Christian the Second; and of course are a representation of tyrannies and horrors. The dresses are highly interesting both to an antiquary and an artist. They are very ancient productions; and I am told the habits, military, ecclesiastical and civil are quite correct. One of the pictures is particularly striking: it is a battle between the troops of the tyrant and the brave Dalecarlians. This academy was founded by Swanto Sture, the excellent administrator, in 1476. Pope Sixtus IV. endowed it with similar privileges to that of Bologna; and some years afterwards, when the supreme office was filled by Steno, the virtuous son of Swanto, he made it large presents, amongst which might probably be these pictures.

I shall take my present farewel of Upsal, by making another extract from my Swedish author.

"The beginning of the Academy may be compared to a clear morning which promises a beautiful day: but turbulent times, heavy misfortunes, inward controversies, and bloody wars, soon rolled darkness and thick clouds over the sky of Swedish learning. The Muses were silenced; the youth were scattered abroad; the sages disappeared; and the Academy, instead of being regarded as the garden of knowledge, became a desert. But seasons more tranquil have succeeded: Upsal rises from her decay, the youth of Sweden return, and the shores of the Baltic are again enlightened by her scientific fires."

My fire and my pen are both worn out for the night; the latter can hardly scrawl the adieu! of your faithful friend.

LETTER XLI.

Sala, March, 1808.

HAVING visited all above ground, we now proposed to explore the nether regions; and accordingly set forth for Dunamora, the nearest mine, and particularly celebrated for its iron and furnaces. Its depth is above eighty fathoms. The distance being little more than four Swedish miles from Upsal, we soon arrived at this interesting spot.

As we drove along and approached the vicinity of the mine, we were entertained by the picturesque effects of the villages inhabited by the miners, the forges and furnaces for working and smelting the iron when brought above the surface of the earth. These are on a very extensive scale, and employ daily about three hundred persons. On arriving at the mouth of this entrance to Hades, I found the monarch of the scene, the director, more than civil; the introduction of our archiepiscopal friend produced us the most polite attention; and having examined all around, our intelligent conductor attended us to view the wonders of the abyss.

The descent is not like that usually found, the opening being of a large extent, instead of the well-like perforation of common mines. The mode of passage is in casks, fixed to large cables, which are raised

R. H. Porter del.t P. A. Hubert direx.t J. C. Stadler sculp.t

A Mine

and lowered by means of horses. When they are filled with ore, the workmen, standing upon the edges of the vehicle, and having their arms clasped round the rope, ascend with the greatest composure. I occupied one half of the bucket appointed for my carriage, and the director the other, carrying bundles of wood in order to light us through the caverns. Mr. F——s descended in a second machine of the same sort.

The depth from the mouth to the surface of the water, now congealed, at the bottom, is sixty-five fathoms; the further depth through the ice to the old base, is twenty more. I was surprised at such a subterraneous mass of waters, when my conductor explained the circumstance, by informing me, that about twelve or fourteen years ago a neighbouring lake rose to so great a height as to inundate that part of the country, and overflow the mine. The accident, for a time stopped the labours of the workmen. A steam-engine was constructed to draw off the waters so far as to enable the men to dig the ore. The water is drawn from the bottom by a wheel twenty-two yards in diameter, and is afterwards conveyed along an aqueduct two thousand five hundred yards in length. By these means ten fathoms of water being annually discharged, in the course of two years they will be able again to work in its ancient bottom.

I think I never beheld so sublime a sight as struck my eyes, when mid-way suspended between the upper and nether world, I looked towards the distant sky, or downwards into regions of a lurid night. The miners, with lighted torches, attended us through the various excavations and dark caverns which yawned from all quarters of the abyss.

During our exploring walk we were suddenly arrested by a most tremendous sound, which, for a moment, struck us with undescribable horror; the earth shook under our feet; and we looked, I cannot tell how; but our conductor smiled, and told us, it was only the men blasting the rocks for the ore. As he spoke, the noise roared along the black avenues of the mine, re-echoing through the higher vaults like the loud bellowings of thunder. To afford a shelter for the workmen during this hazardous part of their duty, a small retreat is constructed of thick beams; and here they retire in safety to await the expected explosion, which hurls the rent fragments with furious violence in every direction.

The extent of the mine is about eighteen hundred feet. Large as it is, the pre-eminence it bears in the eye of taste, arises from a peculiarity differing entirely from all others in the kingdom. The whole of the mine is laid open to the sky, having more the appearance of a gigantic cleft in the earth made by some convulsion of nature, than an effect of the industry of man. The people below had kindled a fire, the grey smoke from which made a picturesque contrast to the deep gloom that pervaded the rocky precipices: nearer the mouth, the bright light of the sun's rays shone upon the cliffs and hanging icicles, which glittered like so many masses of brilliants. The descending and ascending ropes, equal to a stout cable, seemed the finest cobweb; and the huge projecting rocks looked as if every explosion would shake them from their already trembling situation, and crush the labouring wretches below. My little sketch will convey the picture more accurately than my pen.

In one quarter of the mine is a sort of well-staircase constructed of wood. It is composed of ladders, steps, and landing-places in the rock,

at various heights, which gradually communicate with the top; a mode of ascending and descending by far too fatiguing for novices. To those who are fond of mineralogy this mine is doubly interesting, as many curious and beautiful specimens may be procured. Not being of this philosophical class, I remounted with unburthened pockets; and bidding a grateful farewel to our attentive conductor, we returned, well pleased with our morning's researches, to Upsal.

Before we proceeded to Sala, I expressed to the Archbishop my wish to visit the Mora Steinar, which I understood was at some little distance from the city. But His Grace told me the sight would not now repay me for my trouble. It was originally a collection of stones placed, with a particular arrangement, in the midst of a field; and within the circle of which the Kings of Sweden, in the barbarous ages, used to be elected, and receive the homage of their nobility. One only of the stones has any inscription, and that is in Runic characters. By the use to which tradition appropriates the Mora Steinar, we might rather guess that our Stonehenge had been dedicated to similar purposes, than that it was, as some suppose, either a burying-place, or a temple of the gods. There, it is probable, on the extensive plain adjoining, the assembled aborigines of this island elected their chief, and within those colossal bulwarks swore fealty to his arms. This rude kind of architecture, though generally spoken of as being peculiar to the northern nations, is not confined to them. I remember (I cannot exactly tell where, but I think in some old Greek author), reading a description of similar remains in ancient Greece.

The Archbishop gave me so miserable an account of the Swedish relics

of this kind, informing me that a worse than Goth had removed the Mora Steinar from its native situation, and placed it somewhere else in what fashion he pleased. Hence, to see its original disposition was impossible, and the visit would have ended in mortification.

Early in the morning of the twenty-fourth we left Upsal, in our usual sledge-conveyances; and at a very late hour the same evening arrived at Sala, the city whence the great silver mine derives its name. The road was unvaried, differing little from that to Dunamora, excepting here and there a few masses of granite, similar to those in Finland, broke the level surface.

This little city far exceeds, in neatness and regularity, the more capacious one I have just left. It is twenty-eight English miles from Upsal, and stands very pleasantly towards the west. Its church is large and respectable, having handsome decorations, and a good altar-piece; the subject is the Last Supper; it is well executed, and superbly framed in carved work and gilding. The *place* or square, is extensive and clean, a jewel of the first water in my eyes! The houses are commodious and even elegant; and the whole city wears the air of prosperity and cheerfulness.

The fashions of the natives may vary as I penetrate farther into the interior and less civilized regions; but here, the style of dress for the lower ranks is much the same as that worn by the Welsh peasantry. The women wear a similar coloured handkerchief over their heads, tying it under the chin; also the old Cambrian woollen bed-gowns, blue-striped petticoat, red stockings, heeled shoes, and large buckles. We cannot

boast of beauty. The men, habited like our Welsh boors, are not more graceful figures, being strong and robust, but in features as rugged as their native rocks. However, rough as their outsides may be, they have honest souls. I conversed with many, and a great pleasure it was to me to observe the patriotic spirit which spoke from all their lips. The peasant world seem nerved from the heart against the general enemy. But, where I least expected it, I find a falling off; and turning from the fields to the city, my gratification is turned to pain, at hearing the alarm of the higher ranks; at seeing their despondency for fear of being left any time to the national resources: — "To England we look," they say, "as our salvation from the surrounding enemies: she must be prompt, or we shall fall like the rest." I am glad that this is not the language of Stockholm, or indeed of the country at large: and a few despairing citizens are lost in the enthusiasm of the mass. However, as all do anticipate the arrival of British auxiliaries, I hope it will not be long before they appear, to support the brave, and rid of their panics the less courageous part of the community.

In the neigbourhood of Sala resides the Count de Swerin, a nobleman sprung from one of the best families in Sweden, and one not more respected for his birth, than revered as the best of men. He is a clergyman! A rare instance of a Swedish noble assuming the sacerdotal character. Having a letter of introduction, I did myself the honour of calling at his house, but was not so fortunate as to make his acquaintance, he being gone on a visit some miles distant. However, the countess received my friend and myself with graceful hospitality. She is beautiful and accomplished, and shewed us her little family, whose lovely health, and sweet manners, were the best proofs of her own excellence, and of the happiness of her husband.

The mine is about half an English mile from the town. It was once, I understand, more valuable than at present; but even now it is an exchequer of wealth to the crown: a kind of huge royal cruse (I would say the *widow's*, were I transported ages back, and writing in the reign of Margaret de Valdemar;) for it has so long been worked, and yet replenishes the kingdom with exhaustless stores. When it was first opened, no tradition can tell; its existence seems primeval with the kingdom.

The machines here employed are more extensive than those of Dunamora, and are all hydraulical. Some are of an immense diameter; the largest, I believe, measures between forty and fifty feet. The aqueduct for conveying away the water is very ingenious; it is constructed of wood, passing over an extent of more than six English miles.

On our arrival at the mouth of the mine, we entered a low building, and there received the proper habits for making our descent; consisting of a black shirt, a leathern apron closing behind, and a broad-brimmed hat, like those of our London coal-heavers. We also each carried a bundle of wood to light us through the caverns. I had not seen myself in such a garb since — and what since? you will ask! Why, since I attended a fair *Nell* to a certain royal masquerade in the character of Jobson. And another since, you must remember, when your humble novice in theatrical honours, played serving-man to your honour Dick, in our dramatic *apprenticeship* at the Right Honourable Pic Nic.

Thus properly equipped, my friend and myself, attended by a guide, once more committed ourselves to the protection of a bucket, and immediately were launched into an abyss of upwards of a hundred and fifty fathoms, in a direct line to the bottom. About half way down, a

huge cave presented itself, from which issued a long boat-hook, (like one of the devil's claws, if you please,) which in a moment drew our vehicle to its mouth. Like the ghosts on the other side of Styx, we jumpt upon firm land, and looked around us. Indeed it was altogether a subterraneous world; a very little imagination would have made it the dominions of Pluto, and transformed my friend and me into two wandering mortals visiting the mansions of *gloomy Dis*, either to regain a father or a wife. Alas! no such interesting objects had we in pursuit! at least, not there did we expect to find them. The cave led us into one of those long galleries excavated in the rock, which traverse the mine in different strata, communicating upwards and downwards by narrow and tremendous shafts, or rather wells, cut in the bowels of the earth, and excluded from the light of day. We explored a great number of these vaulted apartments, which led us into subterranean plains, washed by rivers that had never known the sun's rays; and now lay, not only congealed, but glittering with ten thousand brilliant pyramids, shaped by their formerly dashing waters, frozen to crystal, and reflecting every beam from our numerous torches.

The long, lonely passages leading to the exhausted and neglected spots of the mine, were damp, perhaps pestilential; and the hardened masses of accumulated droppings, hung in icy columns from the arched roof. It reminded me, dear H——, of the manner the world too generally treats a true friend: when he has spent his strength in our service, when we imagine all is wasted, (wasted, indeed, on the ungrateful!) we leave him to languish in solitary desolation.

Having crossed several of these petrifying dungeons, we approached

the inhabited part of the mine, where the *pick-axe and the spade* were still rewarded by the sparkling ore. Here we descried, at a considerable distance through the gloom, a large cell lit by a solitary lamp, which casting its beams downward, discovered two beings black as Erebus, sitting silent over their meal, with an air more befitting infernal residents (*vampires* if you please,) than creatures connected with human nature.

In these excavations, illumined like a sepulchre, the workmen assemble at mid-day to take their dinner and temporary rest. We passed by the entrance of one of them when the miners had met. Many of the industrious individuals were lying in various picturesque attitudes on wooden benches, and the projections of the rock; from the higher masses of which hung ragged pieces of canvas, savagely supported by torn branches of pine, meant as signals where to find the banquetting chamber of these sons of Odin; and also to divide their retreat from the vulgar passage of the subterranean world. In the centre of this banditti-like scene, a fire blazed, which casting its lurid lights on the surrounding groupes of men, their strange vestments, tools for working, and besides all, a couple of horses asleep in the corner, formed a picture of savage wildness, only to be described by the author of Gil Blas, or sketched by our own admirable Mortimer.

"What a dismal region is this!" exclaimed I to my friend.

"You have yet to go deeper; Sir," said our conductor; "this is only half way to the grand gallery."

Expecting now to pay a visit to the antipodes, we stepped a second

time into our bucket, and as swiftly (though less *poetically!*) as the Knight of La Mancha and his wooden horse were carried beyond the Pleiades, we were lowered to the bottom of a gulph that really seemed opening to receive us for ever. All here was on a larger scale than above: more people were at work, and a greater number of horses at the wheels to draw off the water which in various channels burst from hidden springs, and flowed in torrents across avenues just excavated by the blasting gunpowder.

Being led into a stony apartment, something like the aisle of a church, our guide desired us to write our names in a book kept on purpose, as a register of all who visit the mines. On turning over the leaves for many a year back, we saw several signatures of our countrymen; and some sufficiently respected to give an additional charm to the places consecrated by their footsteps.

Having walked ourselves weary, we desired to return; and again entering our flying bucket, cut through the air in our ascent. On looking up, the view was equally striking with that I saw on turning my eyes downwards. The mouth of the shaft (which at the top is a circle of very considerable diameter,) appeared reduced to the size of the moon; and did not seem unlike herself shining through a black sky, and silvering the rough cliffs with her meridian glory. On looking into the mine in our journey upward, the light struck partially only on the rocks which gradually receded into darkness; and the red fires of the workmen below, throwing the blackness of the deep caverns of the lower mine into the very hues of Erebus, gave such a horror to the scene, so impressed us when we looked upwards to the clear azure, with the idea

of heaven above; and when we looked downwards, with that of hell beneath, that I only wondered how we could have borne so long a sojourn in the regions of the damned. Then, my friend, when these pleasant images crossed our imaginations, think how delectable it was to be hanging suspended by a single ligature between life and an apparently bottomless pit! I assure you, in sober seriousness, it made me shudder to reflect that the smallest accident happening to the cord or the bucket, would at once hurl us down a chasm of eighty fathoms, where the points of a thousand projecting rocks must meet our fall, and finish our career, long before the yawning waves in the nethermost pitch, would receive our mangled bodies!

We were told that at present the average profits of the mine are four thousand pounds annually. This, as well as those at Dunamora and Fahlun, pay an eighth of the produce to the King, who has the right to appoint the directing officers over the different works. Having paid a couple of dollars for the use of our robes, we left this Swedish Potosi, and returned to Sala.

Intending to set forwards to-morrow on our tour, I dispatch this letter by a gentleman, who obligingly takes charge of it to Stockholm; whence, I hope, it will soon find its way to England, to assure the little circle there of all "gentle thoughts to them-ward," from your ever faithful friend.

LETTER XLII.

Mountains of Dalecarlia, March, 1808.

WE left Sala early in the morning, in order to arrive at Fahlun the same evening. By hard travelling we accomplished our purpose; and midnight lodged us at last at a tolerably comfortable inn. The road hither had proved very bad: the further we advanced, the less snow we found, which rendered the footing for the horses exceedingly slippery and dangerous.

Almost the whole of the way from Sala to Hedemora, the first city in the province of Dalecarlia, is flat and uninteresting; but just as if nature marked that district of heroes by her peculiar smiles, on the frontiers of Westmanland, one post before we approach Hedemora, the face of the country becomes more undulating and wooded; and a few miles further, entering a defile between two high hills, we are suddenly introduced to a series of lovely views, varying their beauties by the continued interchange of mountain and valley. Travelling thus through the very heart of them, the eye is attracted at every turning of the road by these majestic heights, clothed with fine trees, and sheltering innumerable happy villages clustering on the margin of the lakes which generally shine at their foot.

The city of Hedemora stands on one of these lofty hills, commanding a view of the surrounding vales, and an immense expanse of water, which extends before it in a hundred directions, forming beautiful islands; and enlivening the landscape by a thousand boats with their light sails, which dance over its surface in the summer season.

Although it was night when we traversed most of these romantic scenes, yet it was one of those in which,

> "Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
> And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
> Where Cressid lay that night!"

The heavens were unclouded, illumined by a splendid moon; and with fifteen or sixteen degrees of cold in the air, not only every breath we drew was pure and inspirating; but the clearness of the atmosphere made each surrounding object as brightly conspicuous as at noon-day. Such nights can only be seen in northern climes. Thus drinking in the balm of nature at every respiration, and feasting on her beauties at every turning of the eye, we were abruptly informed of our approach to Fahlun by a strong sulphureous and vitriolic vapour. It began when we were within half a Swedish mile from the town; and augmented to such an excess as we drew nearer, that at last we were enveloped in a thick mist. The moon was now obscured by the veil this cruel metallic enemy threw over us; and not only were we deprived of what we wished to see, but were almost stifled by its oppressive exhalations.

Use doth breed a nature in a man: by the next morning we could endure

the disagreeable air; and having fortunately been furnished with an introduction to Mr. Gham, the famous chymist and natural philosopher, we presented it, and by his politeness, instant arrangements were made for shewing us every object worthy of notice within this ancient and interesting cavern. The hydraulic engines for conveying the water to the different quarters, are more extensive than those we had already seen. The diameter of the largest wheel is forty-four feet. There is another of great magnitude, the one used for raising the ore from the mine to the surface of the earth, which is on an admirable construction. The engineer is a Swede; and we are told that his work is an improvement on a celebrated wheel in Hungary. A collection of regular circles rise from each side, and terminates, making a flat spiral form on both sides. Round all these winds the chain; taking a smaller or larger circumference according to the necessary circle to be made in order to counterbalance the weight, and consequently increased motion of the bucket.

On viewing the external appearance of these hidden treasures, a vast chasm presents itself of a tremendous depth; being that part of the mine that was first opened, and from the ignorance or neglect of the directors in those days, the excavations they made so weakened the foundations of the hill, that the whole fell in, leaving a most chaotic scene of precipated rocks, and a gaping gulph like the mouth of a volcano. Great care has since been taken that no similar disaster shall again happen. Plans and sections are drawn of all its galleries, &c. and where the prosecution of the work in the same direction might be dangerous, orders are issued for the miners to stop, and an iron crown is fixed upon the spot, as a prohibition ever to proceed further. The men then

explore in a different direction, while every subterraneous excavation is watched with the nicest calculations.

The dresses given to us as the livery of Fahlun, were very gay in comparison with what we had worn in our descent at Sala, being black linen finely ornamented with red and yellow. Equipping ourselves in our new attire, and each provided with his flambeau, we set forth to gain the mouth of the shaft, a company of five, including our guide; and looking more like a set of condemned wretches at an *auto da fé*, than men dressed for an expedition of curiosity. We passed into the great chasm I before described, by a range of wooden steps crossing the rough masses of falling rocks, gravel, and ancient machinery, in a variety of directions. Ere we reached the door of the shaft we descended a height of thirty toises, and then entered a horizontal way, which led us onward a considerable distance, losing the pure air of day, and gradually breathing the oppressive vapour which rolled towards us in volumes from the mouths of a hundred caves leading into the main passage. It was now that I found myself indeed inhaling the atmosphere of Tartarus. The mines which I thought so hell-like, were merely purgatories when compared with this Satanic dwelling. The descent is not incommodious, nor is it so hazardous as the modes of Dunamora and Sala (the buckets here being used for the ore only), it is performed entirely by steps laid in the winding rock; and following the subterraneous declivity, we at last found ourselves brought to the tremendous depths of these Stygian dominions.

The style of our entrance, and the pestilential vapours which environed us with increasing clouds, strongly reminded me of Virgil's

admirable description of the journey of Eneas to the infernal regions. Here was the same caverned portico, the rocky, rough descent, the steaming sulphur, and all the deadly stenches of Avernus. I cannot say that our demoniac robes carried the resemblance either to the habiliments of the hero, or the snowy garments of the inspired maid: we looked more like a groupe of ghosts from the fiery Phlegethon, come to demand a short respite from our pains. The length of way and excessive heat, added to its suffocating quality, made us think we should pay dear for our curiosity. Once or twice I could hardly support myself; and most woefully did I long for the magic influence of the Sybil's bough, to refresh my parched lungs. It is impossible to describe the Siroc sultriness and oppression which increases at every step: the nearest similitude I can draw (and that only resembles the most temperate part of the mine) is the heat of a Russian vapour-bath.

In one part, which I would not enter, the steam being so excessively hot as to scorch us at twelve paces distant, the sulphureous smell became intolerable. Our guide informed us that a volcanic fire broke out near this spot some years ago; in consequence of which they had been obliged to build strong walls as barriers to its power, and to close up several of the passages that, being contiguous, had it spread, would have proved dangerous to the mine.

We traversed many long and winding galleries, as well as large vaulted caverns, where the workmen were scattered on all sides, employed in hewing vast masses of the rock, and preparing other parts for explosion. Some were wheeling the broken ore towards the black abyss, where the suspended buckets hung ready to draw it upwards. From the effects of

such strong exercise with the heat, the labourers were obliged to work almost naked. Their groupes, occupations, and primitive appearance, scantily lighted by the trembling rays of our torches, formed a curious and interesting scene.

In ancient days, this mine was a kind of state prison, where criminals, slaves, and prisoners of war, toiled out their wretched existence. Many pathetic narratives are related of the different inhabitants of this subterraneous abode. Sometimes tales of horror; and at others, lamentable circumstances of innocence being made the sacrifice of interest, jealousy, or ambition. One story, were it not too long for my pen at present, I would recount to you; but as it is beautifully told in *La Philosophie de la Nature*, I refer you to its pages, where you will read a most tender and interesting tale of two lovers, the romantic *dénouement* of whose fate happened in this very mine.

After the perambulation of at least an hour, we reached the bottom, a depth of two hundred toises. The mass of copper ore in the mine lies in the form of an inverted cone: and as the labours of the people have nearly reached its extent, I understand, from the observations of the directors, that they are apprehensive the treasure it produces will soon be exhausted. Five hundred men are the daily workers. Women are forbidden to enter it: no very mortifying prohibition! I suppose the law was meant rather as a kindness than restriction, arising from a fear of their more delicate frames being injured by so destructive an atmosphere. They are allowed free egress to the other mines, which have not these baneful vapours.

To shew you how Avernian are the streams in this mine, I need men-

tion one instance only. A few days before we arrived, a man fell into a large hole in one of the caverns. Not a moment was lost in taking him out; but yet the effects of the vitriolic water he had swallowed were so potent, that he died in less than an hour.

Near the bottom of the mine is a rocky saloon, in which are benches; it is called *the Hall of the Senate*, from its having been the resting place of several Swedish Kings, who, coming to examine the works, refreshed themselves there; and, as a *memento* of their visit, wrote their names, with their appropriate dates, on the roof. Here too, perhaps, the immortal Gustavus Vasa, when patriotism and he sheltered in this mine, took his nocturnal repose, and in visions of future glory, forgot the afflictions that kept down the noble aspirings of his godlike mind.

After the death of Steno, the administrator, and the bosom friend of Gustavus, and the consequent murder of the Senate, and a price being set on his own head, the future deliverer of Sweden retired to the mountains of Dalecarlia; hoping he might hide himself in the woods with which that country is covered; and imagining that it would not be difficult to stimulate the inhabitants to revolt against the tyrant Christiern, as they had always shewn themselves averse to the Danish yoke. At that time there was not one good town in the whole province, and hardly any thing but small villages situated on the borders of forests, or on the banks of lakes and rivers. Some of these villages depended on the noblemen of the country, but most belonged to the crown, and were governed by the peasants themselves; the elders supplying the places of judges and captains. The national Government durst not send either troops or garrisons into this province; nor did the Kings themselves ever

enter it in a regal manner till they had given pledges to the mountaineers, to retain their privileges. On these independent people, therefore, Gustavus placed a firm confidence.

Disguising himself as a peasant, he set forth on his way to Dalecarlia, accompanied by a boor who was to be his guide. He crossed over the whole country of Sudermania, then passed between Mericia and Westmonia, and after the fatigues of a long and dangerous journey, arrived safe amongst the mountains. He had no sooner entered the province, than he was abandoned by his guide, who absconded, robbing him of all the money he had provided for his subsistence. He wandered up and down amongst these dreadful deserts, destitute of friends and money, not daring to own that he was even a gentleman. At length the inhabitants, then hardly more civilized than savages, proposed to him to work for his livelihood. To conceal himself from discovery, and to support nature, he accordingly hired himself to labour in this very mine; and for a long course of time did he toil in these caverns, and breathe as his common aliment the air, one respiration of which seemed to bring me the summons of death. But I shall speak further of him by and by.

This mine is said to produce the best copper in Europe; and is useful, not only on account of its internal wealth, but in providing subsistence for so many subjects as work in its bosom. The three great mines of the kingdom employ annually, in constant pay, about twenty-five thousand six hundred persons.

Fahlun is most delightfully situated (were it not for its noxious

vapours), amidst rocks and hills, and between the arms of a magnificent lake. The town is not very large, containing about fifteen hundred houses; and two churches, one more modern than the other; the roofs of both are covered with copper, which the atmosphere has turned a bright green. The surrounding forges, and other works carried on by fire, most frightfully besoot the houses, and give a dirty appearance to the whole. The inhabitants think to mend the matter by besmearing the walls with a red sort of paint; but as you "cannot wash the blackamoor white," neither can they make their abodes, at the best, look better than a chimney-sweeper daubed and dressed out for May-day. The sons of the miners, until they attain a proper age to be sent underground, are employed in making nails; some of which are so small as to be used in fastening the models for the larger machinery. Not being anxious that they shall drive any into my coffin, I leave this black pandæmonium to-morrow: promising that the next epistle *Castor* has from *Pollux*, shall not be from the dominions of Proserpine. Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

Mountains of Dalecarlia, April, 1808.

WE left Fahlun on Wednesday the thirtieth of last month. When mounted on the first height that rises from the town, we looked back; the view that presented itself was gloomily picturesque; the plain and lake, and the hill on which the city stands, rising out of the mist; the spires of the churches, and the long assemblage of dark buildings, half concealed by the volumes of sulphureous smoke rolling in turbulent masses over their heads; the adjacent and distant mountains, wooded to their summits with the tree spontaneous to the country, whose spiral form seems to contemn the wintry snows; all expressed so severe a beauty, that while I admired, I wrapped myself round in my pelisse, and gave our steeds two or three impulses extraordinary to draw us to the upper world. They appeared as willing as their masters to leave the Stygian shores; and flying along the continued chain of precipitous mountains, brought us to the edge of a lake, bounded on one side by a rising ground; and on the other, as far as our eye could reach, by innumerable luxuriant islands.

On the little hill just mentioned, stood a very ancient habitation; of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of

nobility. It consisted of a long barn-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated to me under the very roof.

Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after being narrowly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson (or Peterson), whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that Prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country; and endeavoured by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompence for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in

so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity: he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprize. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution he went straight to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the Prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend, (shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. "It will be an easy matter," said he, "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus."

Accordingly the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from

the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him."

The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: "Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the King's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side door, "there, get into the scullery," cried she, "its the fittest place for such company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!"

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account: but she, affecting great reverence for the King, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps, glad enough to get

from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to a *certain little apartment*, which projecting from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fishers' boats lay, she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence. *

While he made his way to a boat, unmoored it, and rowed swiftly towards the isles, so hiding himself and his course amongst their mazes; the lady returned to the Dane laden with provisions, and amused him by a well-spread table till the soldiers brought back the disappointing intelligence, that their search had been fruitless. The observations of the officer, and his new directions, soon apprised the heroic woman of the vileness of her husband; and therefore, when he appeared, which was shortly afterwards, even to him she kept true to her first statement, that Gustavus had gone out into the wood. The circumstance of the chastised servant seemed so insignificant to the officer, that, as it had occasioned in him no suspicion, he never mentioned it. And as guilt easily believes itself suspected, Pearson acknowledged with vexation to the Dane, that he had no doubt Gustavus had suspected his design, being aware, notwithstanding their mutual friendship, of his impregnable fidelity to Christiern (*measureless liar!*); and had accordingly taken

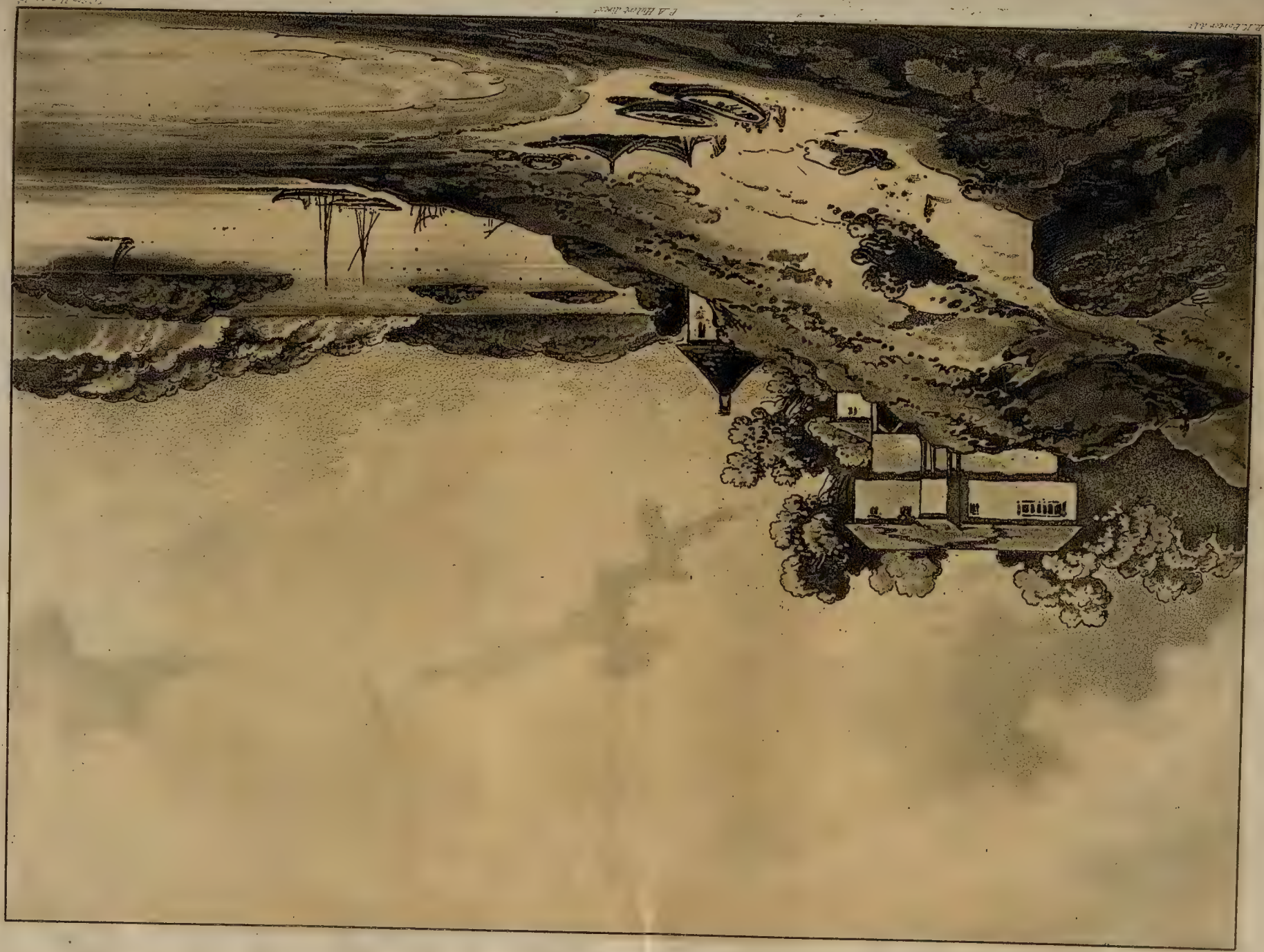
* Though this adventure resembles that of our great Alfred with the neat-herd's wife, no doubts need be entertained of its authenticity; I had it from the first authority; and can only admire, how nearly similar were the histories of these two justly famous men! — R. K. P. 1808.

the opportunity of his absence, to escape. As none were in the lady's confidence, the new retreat of Gustavus remained undiscovered, till, assisted by the good curate, and other friends to liberty, he appeared openly at the head of the brave Dalecarlians, and gave his country freedom.

So strongly was I impressed with the history of this great Prince, even more invincible in mind than in arms, that I looked on the house which had once sheltered him, and in which female nobleness had also shone so conspicuously, with a kind of holy veneration. We entered this interesting place attended by an old woman, who lives in an adjoining house for the purpose of shewing strangers this relic of antiquity. The room in which Gustavus slept, with his very bed, is most sacredly preserved. The hero's couch is a huge unwieldy square frame of common fir, with a straw mattress: he had no softer pillow. The present proprietor, a descendant from the fair patriot, guards these remains as he would his life; and he is daily adding to them others which formerly belonged to the heroic monarch. One testimony of his respect I do not so much approve: he has put sumptuous hangings on the bed, surmounted by a diadem; and a covering of silk over the rustic couch, embroidered with Swedish crowns. All this may be a demonstration of loyalty, but is the very reverse of good taste; as it breaks in upon the sentiment with which we enter the cottage, and almost destroys the peculiar enthusiasm which the ancient simplicity of his chamber and bed would have increased to a pitch of the purest delight. It is then we view him, without any adventitious ornaments, as the greatest of men: in a peasant's garb, on a peasant's couch (his royalty being proclaimed by his actions alone), he is worthy to be the King of a brave and virtuous

people. The gilded crown and embroidered velvet are common to any Sovereign: and the sight of those decorations in such a place, confuses the hero with the trappings of state, and the picture being indistinct, our reflections take the same vague complexion.

In addition to these regal draperies, the present owner has brought together other relics; particularly a suit of armour, surmounted with a sculptured head, &c. which completes a figure in commemoration of Gustavus. Whether the harness was the King's, is a matter of doubt with me, as it bears marks of rather a more modern construction. Some of the most curious objects in the room, are the effigies of two Dalecarlian peasants, who were the faithful friends and attendants of His Majesty. Nothing can be more characteristic, better executed, or convey a more accurate idea of what these people were in the century so famous for the exploits of Gustavus. They are clothed in white woollen habits, with high-crowned hats; are armed with cross-bows, and all the necessary appendages to such weapons hang from a leathern belt, worn over the shoulders. The quiver is slung to their side, filled with arrows, which are short, and made of fir, even including the feather; their points were iron, mostly spikes; others, of a more ornamented sort, and better finished, were barbed. A portrait of the heroine who saved the King, hangs up in the room. From this interesting personage, I am told, is lineally descended the lady who was the nurse of the present brave Monarch. There are also several copies from originals of two or three of the succeeding Sovereigns. On the same floor which contains this apartment, is the closet whence Gustavus escaped. I enclose a drawing of the house, where you will find this latter little chamber in the projection, supported by two erect beams. Between these he was



lowered; and issuing forth, easily reached the boat which carried him far from his enemies.

Bidding adieu to this hallowed spot, we proceeded along the romantic banks of the river Dahl, and through the defiles of the heights towards the city of Saltier. The road is exquisitely beautiful; being a continued chain of mountain scenery, varied by luxuriant valleys, savage ravines, and wildly rolling waters dashing from steep to steep with the noise of thunder. The cataracts close to Saltier are fine, though not equal in sublimity to some that I have seen. About half an English mile further, we came upon the brow of an iron mine; but having no inclinations for any more inearthings, we preferred the light of day, and the enjoyment of an extensive and glorious prospect from the summit of the mountain. We then proceeded on the same enchanting road, winding through such diversity of picturesque scenery, that I was in a state of ejaculation almost the whole way.

We entered a thick forest, and travelled under its gigantic arms for many miles. The scene was so solitary, the forms and hues of the trees so monotonous and black, that as the wind moaned amongst their branches, I could not but think of the Erl King, and expect at every spot of deeper gloom, to see his terrific majesty rise before us. We at last caught a glimpse of distant water; and soon after, the forest extending its arms into a wider opening, discovered to us the expansive lake, on the margin of which stands the pretty city of Hedemora. Having explored it on our journey to the mountains, we now passed directly through, and proceeded to Affestaforce, where the copper from Fahlun is smelted and prepared for exportation. The furnaces are

extensive. All the other engines for rendering the ore useful, are worked by the waters of the Affestaforce. Here, the small copper coin of Sweden is cut and stampt.

The village is built on the verge of a rapid stream, which rises from a lake at some little distance. The rude hand of Nature hath cast this place in her most barbarous mould. Huge masses of rock are cast into the middle of the flood in a thousand shattered forms; and over these the waters rush from immense heights, with a rapidity and violence that seem to threaten the destruction of even such colossal obstructions. The roaring of their fall is beyond description; in strength and savage grandeur far exceeding the cataracts of Saltier. Well may it be called the Force; for nothing appears capable of resisting its impetuosity. If I recollect right, we have this very appellation for rapid streams in North Britain. But to proceed with my landscape. This watery magnificence is harmoniously grouped with the surrounding scenery of stupendous mountains covered with firs, precipitous rocks shelving over the flood, and the romantic dwellings of the natives animating the less dangerous banks of the stream. We entered several cottages, and found much to amuse and interest our curiosity.

The peasantry in this province are robust and rough in their exterior. The white and black Dalecarlians, as they are called, differ not in complexion, but in the colour of their dresses; one being black woollen cloth, and the other white. The coat is wide in the sleeves, and closed straight down the breast with hooks and eyes, having nothing like a button; it reaches below the knees. Their stockings are grey with red clocks, and garters. Huge shoes, with thick wooden soles, and tied with

A Dalecarlian Peasant

Pub. Jan. 2. 1809. by R. PHILLIPS, Bridge Street, London

A Dalecarlian Female Peasant

Pub. Jan. 2. 1809, by R. PHILLIPS, Bridge Street, London

an old-fashioned leathern flap falling over their insteps. They all wear a low-crowned hat, with a white cord two or three times wrapped about it; the brim is broad, like a Quaker's. The women coif themselves in a little white cap close to their head and face. White woollen bed-gowns; petticoats of brown or blue flannel neatly striped with various colours; a blue apron with red lines running round it; a pair of bright red stockings with clumsy shoes, whose heels come under the centre of the foot, completes their attire. The white peasantry, both male and female, have their cuffs of a dark blue. The black usually have returns of red.

The food of this hardy race generally consists of salt herrings, and wheaten cakes, hard as iron; hundreds of which are hung from the ceiling of each cottage, with a stick perforating the middle. Bacon is a great treat; or, indeed, any sort of meat, as that branch of provisions rarely regales their appetites. They drink vast quantities of a very small and sour beer: but a meal is never finished without two or three glasses of their brandy, much worse in flavour, and more fiery, than the vilest whiskey I ever tasted. They pour it over their fish by way of sauce; and some of the women give it to infants at the breast, as well as to others at a walkable age, who drink a draught of it without a wry face, so accustomed are their little stomachs to the glowing beverage.

The cottages are in general very clean, as the *delicate* part of the family are most actively industrious. One hall, with a large hearth, is the plan of their habitations: this is comfortably appointed with tables and forms for the service of themselves and friends. The beds are in

the wainscot, one over the other, like those in the cabin of a ship. Here the whole family sleep; and with as much modesty, I am told, as if each had separate apartments. The stock of eatables being dried fish and cakes, are part of the pendent ornaments of the room, with the addition of an old rifle; a great chest (containing the household wardrobe, &c.) under a sort of range full of plates, and perhaps a clock, complete the furniture. In Dalecarlia, as well as near Stockholm, oxen are used in husbandry; they are harnessed like horses; and, in all the services to which they are put, perform their duty with equal effect.

Leaving these celebrated mountains; celebrated, not so much for their noble scenery, as for their nobler inhabitants, we turned our course for Stockholm, and passed through Sala to Westerahs, a city on the direct road. In our way thither we drove through many woods; being the close of evening, several wolves issued from the thickets; but without an alarming appearance: they merely crossed the heads of our horses, eyed them anxiously, halted at a short distance, and on the smallest noise set off into the forest.

The Westerahs, like most cities in Sweden, is situated upon the edge of water. They have generally a lake or a river as their nearest neighbour; and this town, considered the capital of Westmanland, is built on the northern bank of the Malar. It is the see of a bishop, and the residence of a governor. It boasts a castle, though not a very magnificent one; but its cathedral far exceeds, in preservation and grandeur, that of Upsal. Its interior is very beautiful, and possesses several flat monuments of its ancient clergy, as well as an altar, and

two or three other specimens of papistical decoration, so admirably hewn and carved, as would do honour to Albert Durer. The subject of the altar-piece is the life and death of our Saviour, arranged in Gothic compartments, painted and gilded with the most curious accuracy. The beauty of the design, and the colours are in such preservation, that I consider the work as the most perfect thing of the kind extant.

We were next shewn the monument of the unfortunate Eric XIV., erected by the late King. It is of Italian design and workmanship; and as worthy of the Monarch as of the artist. The whole consists of a sarcophagus surmounted by a crown and other symbols of royalty, having a bronze vase on the side. On the pedestal is the following inscription,

Eric XIV.
Regi Svev. Goth. Vand.
Augusto.
Nato MDXXXIII.
Bellis terrâ marique gestis claro
Dissidiis domesticis succumbenti
Sceptro libertate eundem vitâ spoliato
A MDLXXVII.
Hic
Indulgente demum fratre
Paux concessa est.
Gustavus III.
Hoc monumentum ponit.

The liberality, genius, and greatness of mind of the late sovereign of this country, are apparent wherever you turn: in almost every city of the kingdom you meet testimonies of words like these, bearing witness to all ages, how magnificent, how noble was Gustavus the Third!

The cathedral of Westerahs was begun and completed in the twelfth century; and owed its origin, I believe, to St. Eric, being finished by his successor, Charles the Seventh. It possesses a small but valuable library, containing several manuscripts in high estimation, which were brought from Mayence in the year 1635.

We next visited the square, to see a large ill-fashioned building destined for the residence of the governor, in which, we were told, the unhappy Eric XIV. was confined. At present, it neither resembles a palace nor a prison; but is called the castle; and, as I said before, is a most hideous looking structure. Nothing more attractive presenting itself, we entered our vehicle, and set forwards on our journey.

As we shot along, we passed through several villages charmingly situated, and halted at the hospitable mansion of Mr. D——s. Once, it was a palace of Gustavus III. a circumstance that rendered it doubly interesting to me. I walked in its park, and was shewn many Runic stones that were exceedingly curious. As I purpose visiting our kind friend again, I shall then make drawings of them for the benefit of my antiquarian acquaintance. I know not whether you will find much entertainment in such antiques; but none can be more valuable in both

our eyes than an old friend! I therefore shall bring you myself, if I do not send them, very shortly: intending only a very brief stay at Stockholm; then, perhaps, a sweep over the frontiers of Norway; and then happy sight! the cliffs of England will greet the eyes of your affectionate friend.

LETTER XLIV.

Stockholm, April, 1808.

ON my returning to Stockholm, (having in my absence seen so many admirable inanimate objects,) I was determined to lose no time in gaining an admission to a living one that was yet more worthy of admiration, — the wonderful Sergal. This was an achievement more difficult than climbing the heights of Dalecarlia.

This extraordinary man, whose works equal some of the finest of Greece, is labouring under a severe nervous illness which has affected him for many years; not only depriving the world of the creations of his divine genius, but also bereaving his friends of the happiness his conversation afforded. His talents were not so absorbed in his art as to leave him without those social graces, which endear even more than they embellish. I am told that in the days of his health, his company was sought by all ranks as their greatest prize. His mind was generally informed, full of classical knowledge, fine taste, and the most engaging cheerfulness. All these endowments, finished by an exquisite gracefulness of manners, so recommended him to Gustavus III., that he not only possessed that Monarch's patronage, but his confidential friendship. The death of that amiable Sovereign so affected Mr. Sergal, that his former vivacity gave way to a growing pensiveness, with frequent bursts of

sorrow; and some years ago he fell into an illness which has left his nerves in the most shattered state. Indeed, so sad is his condition, that he now shuts himself up from the world, hardly allowing, except on very rare occasions, even his oldest friend to approach him.

However, one of them, at my solicitation, ventured to mention to him my earnest wish to have the honour of personally knowing him. To the astonishment of all he consented to receive me. I was immediately taken to him, and presented by his friend. The venerable man welcomed me with a gentle kindness that penetrated the heart. He spoke as if he was pleased with the sentiment that brought me to him, and talked with great affability of myself and my country. He appears to be about seventy, with a fine and expressive countenance. The account I had heard of his indisposition and its primary causes (for he had more than one), made me look on him with additional interest and tenfold regret. Respecting the amiableness of the disposition which could have rendered his frame so susceptible, and reflecting on the loss the world sustained by his paralyzed powers, I was more moved than I could possibly conceal.

The gentleman who had presented me, in a few minutes made a signal for our departure. When I rose to withdraw, Mr. Sergal desired that I might be conducted to his study, and lamented that his being an invalid prevented his attending me thither himself. I bade him adieu, pleased with my interview, but impressed with saddening thoughts at the melancholy decline of such a man.

It is always gratifying to see celebrated persons; and when worthy of

the fame they receive, the pleasure is converted to a happiness. I have ever sought them at home and abroad with assiduity; and during my several journeyings to and fro on the earth, have been personally introduced to not a few characters whose names will live in the page of fame for ever. It was this reverence of the truly great, that led me to the side of the divine Klopstock, just a month or two before he died. Though a patriarch in years and literary glory, his mind seemed to flourish in immortal youth; and when his silver hairs and feeble step declared that his mortal glass was nearly run, the brightness of his eye, and the animation of his conversation, promised a life, lengthened for many years. He looked, as he discoursed, like the poet of the Messiah. I never can forget the interview.

He, to his latest hour, was blest with unvarying, though tender health. It was not of a robust constitution, but mild and clear like his own genius. Similar was his mind, and when I saw him, it seemed to shine forth, like an angelic spirit in a human form, "sent on a heavenly embassy to man." Happy, therefore, was his lot! But, the no less admirable Sergal; I saw him suffering under a grievous malady; and the remembrances I brought away were full of commiseration and painful regrets.

As he had been the chosen companion of Gustavus III. (having accompanied that Prince to Italy, where he assisted him to make the royal collection of antiques now in the palace,) the present King, on the opening of the statue of his illustrious father, added to the honours with which he had already distinguished Sergal, that of ennobling his family.

On leaving the venerable invalid, we descended into the Attilur. I looked around, and beheld innumerable busts, several of which were of the nobility; but what particularly attracted my attention was, one of Gustavus III., and another of his magnanimous son, the present King, partnered with one of his Queen. These three were of marble, and exquisitely finished by the chisel of Sergal. To the heads of the two Sovereigns he had given soul and energy, as well as all the softness of nature. The head of Her Majesty possesses her sweet expression, and the enchanting smile which bespeaks the heavenly goodness of her heart.

We next turned to a Venus in a bending posture, pressing her left hand gracefully on her bosom, from which falls a piece of drapery more like an aërial veil; in short, the whole statue rather resembles a poetic phantom, than a mass of solid marble. This supernatural beauty, this breathing life, are the excellencies of Sergal, which bring him so closely on a level with the best Greek artists. The production in question has been completed fifteen years.

Another fine specimen of the talents of this great master, is a groupe of Venus being wounded by Diomede. It is in every part replete with knowledge, taste, and fine composition. But I hasten with impatience to point out to you what I consider as his *chef-d'œuvre*: a work which alone would had given him immortal fame. Cupid and Psyche! O, that you had been with me to partake the luxury of viewing such perfection! so strongly did I think of the pleasure you would have enjoyed, that I even looked round at the instant, as if I expected to say to you—"How beautiful it is!"

The time the artist has chosen, is the moment after Psyche has attempted to murder Cupid. She is on one knee, looking up to the offended God, and intreating his pardon. The expression of her countenance is so much the type of a mind overwhelmed with grief and remorse, hopeless of forgiveness yet earnestly imploring it, that it is impossible to behold her without bursts of admiration. Her form is perfect; its beauty, its delicacy, its matchless eloquence in all female tenderness and sorrow, are beyond my pen to describe. But should the groupe be hereafter placed where it can be publicly seen and appreciated, I will venture to predict that no work, modern or ancient, will preserve a higher fame. The fine and god-like anger, as well as imperious feelings of insulted love, are gloriously expressed in the face of Cupid. He is in the act of tearing himself from Psyche, who endeavours to detain him. The two figures are exquisitely united by drapery. The form of Cupid is not inferior in beauty to that of his weeping love; and the lightness and divine contour of the whole, declare them to be indeed of immortal race. The dagger and lamp at his feet are the sad proofs of Psyche's guilt.

Several smaller works of Mr. Sergal's are around the study. As I withdrew, an admirable model in terra-cota, of a drunken fawn, struck my attention. In quitting this interesting subject, I must do Mr. Sergal the justice to say, that although I have had the good fortune to see much genius in some modern sculptors, yet I know no country in Europe that possesses an artist who, like him, unites all the beauty of the antique with the ease of nature. Our own great master in the art is rather too devoted to the Grecian lines: would he sometimes give the reins to his fine imagination, he would see nature, and we should see perfec-

tion. I have met with men, during my former travels, of extraordinary talent in sculpture; but it was Mr. Sergal who shewed me that the best statues of Greece can be equalled. The generality of modern sculptors have a *manière* in their works, decisively declaring their close imitation of the antique, (which they often carry to an iron excess), or, when they neglect that study, set forth a mean copy of common nature, totally contradicting every principle of the art. An artist, both in painting and in sculpture, should but refer to nature and to the antique, as an orator would to his notes. The body of his work must proceed from his own genius.

The day after my visit to the Swedish Praxiteles, I paid my respects at the palace of Stockholm, where I was duly introduced to its marble gods and heroes. In my way thither I noticed the bronze statue of Gustavus Adolphus: it is on horseback, but so badly executed, that I did not give it a second look. Not so the figure of Gustavus Vasa, which stands opposite the *Hall of the Knights:* it is worthy of its situation, and of the brave Prince which it commemorates. You, who are no cold admirer of deeds of chivalry, will not object to taking a peep, as we pass, into this hall! It is here the diets of the kingdom assemble when they sit at Stockholm; and here all great solemnities of the nobility are held. The size of the place is immense: the walls are covered with the coats of arms of all the Swedish nobles, which are so numerous, that even the staircases and porticos blaze with armorial bearings.

But to the palace! It was built by Charles XII., from the design of Monsieur le Comte de Tessin; and it is in every respect deserving the honour of having been founded by so renowned a Sovereign. I have

already given you a description of the august possessors of this magnificent dwelling: and as you are no Buckingham, to barter time or patience for all *Hereford's moveables*, I will not burthen you either with catalogues of velvet hangings, gigantic mirrors, embroidered canopies, antique couches, chairs and tables; leaving these convenient pieces of furniture to their silent uses, I shall call your attention to what perhaps ornamented the apartments of Pericles, or gave redoubled attraction to the chamber of Augustus. I mean the gallery of ancient statues, which were chosen by Sergal at Rome, and brought hither by Gustavus III.

In the first saloon to which I was conducted, two very fine candelabra present themselves, of the most spotless marble I ever saw. They are not less than eight feet high, with a wonderful lightness and elegance of form. Between them stands a draped figure; a priestess, holding in her right hand a cup for libations or for incense. The taste of the figure is delightful: its majestic and simple vestments, sufficiently declare its origin from the chisel of the best Greeks. Here are no perpendicular lines, no stiffnesses; nothing to remind of art, but all to tell of beautiful, easy nature.

On the left is a Minerva. This is the first in a range of antiques, which are placed with true heraldic precedence along this side of the chamber. She bears in her mien the goddess of wisdom, the counsellor of Ulysses, and the guide of his son. Next her stands Euterpe, with a flute in each hand. Then Melpomene, holding a large mask in her right hand, and in her left a dagger, which she rests upon her left knee, her foot being raised upon a mass of rock. (There is a copy from this, as well as from most of the others, now in the *Louvre* at Paris). The head is crowned with

ivy or vine leaves, and possesses a wonderfully powerful tragic character. Setting aside the ungraceful attitude of the lower extremities, all else of the figure is in such pure taste, that you cannot regret its having received the sanction of Sergal's judgment. Clio is next, holding a scroll; and then Polyhymnia. Next to them stands the well-known Apollo, striking his lyre, and stepping forward at the same moment. The head is beautiful, and fraught with all the harmony of expression, and elevated sentiment, so conspicuous in that deity whenever he is accompanied by the muses. He is clothed in long drapery; and by many, at the first glance, has been mistaken for a female; but a moment's observation, and the god is perfectly discerned. I thought it would be a most excellent study for any artist who wished to paint Achilles in his disguise at the court of Lycomedes. How well might it be grouped with the listening Deidamia, regarding with rapture the god-like majesty of her lover's action, and the noble grace with which he holds the instrument to his breast, making it *discourse most eloquent music!* The animation that pervades the whole statue is so wonderful, you forget the marble on gazing on it, and momently expect to hear the heavenly tones of the lyre.

Thalia follows, beautifully simple, with her usual attribute, the comic mask. Urania, with her appropriate emblems. And then Erato! I cannot find words to describe the grace and insinuating power of this statue. Fix your eyes on it, and to withdraw them is almost impossible, such a fascination imperceptibly grows over you; a softness, a delight, seems to pass from the lovely image to your heart, that rivets you, spellbound, to the spot. The lightness and delicate *contour* is perfect in every part. She was in all but the look of grief, the sister of my first

love, the divine Psyche. The position is bending forward, in the act of encircling herself with her robe: a beautiful emblem of the modesty of the passion she protects. Her sylphid form, with the graceful lines of her drapery, and the animated, as well as soft air of the countenance, produces a *toute ensemble* so penetratingly lovely, that — a man feels himself almost a fool while looking at her. A gentleman of admirable taste, who led me through these classic chambers, on placing me before this invaluable production, exclaimed, *Voilà mon amour!* In good sooth, had I been the artist whose glowing imagination formed this figure, and could I have yielded my heart to beauty alone, I must have shared Pygmalion's passion with a much harder fate.

Terpsichore is the next in rotation, holding her lyre. The statue possesses great merit; but it is so eclipsed by the preceding one, that you hardly pause before it a moment: besides, one arm, and from below the knees, has been restored. The part covered by the ancient drapery, is in the accustomed good taste of Greece. Close to her, and last on this side the gallery, sits Calliope, with tablets and a stylus in her hands. The drapery is very inferior to the others; indeed, I must confess, that I saw nothing in the whole statue to excite my admiration.

The *chef d'œuvre* of the whole collection is an Endymion. He is reclining on his back, in all the calm repose of careless slumber. It is impossible to sufficiently praise the transcendent beauties of this figure. The perfections of the form are not inferior to the most celebrated statues; and the muscles of the body are expressed with so much nature, tranquillity, and truth, that it is with difficulty you can per-

suade yourself that the sleeping shepherd does not breathe. The expression of the head carries on the illusion; and its beauty, as well as the exquisite symmetry of the figure, form a most excellent and fair apology for the condescension of the *chaste* goddess. The grace displayed in the disposal of the attitude, is in harmony with the exquisite loveliness of the youth; and I am happy to say, that the destructive power of ages, has spared this transcendent specimen of past talents. In size, it does not fall short of the colossal magnitude of the Apollo Belvedere; and by the embraces of Diana, seems to have imbibed a part of her divinity.

When I look at works like these, I am filled with a wondering admiration of the sculptors of old. I behold the power of mind almost supernatural before me, in the representation of gods and of heroes; not distinguished merely by attributes or name, but so marked by the genius of the artist with the signs of divinity, or of mortal heroism, that it is impossible to mistake his meaning. The Apollo, the Venus, and the Endymion, ought always to be ranked as the first remains of Grecian talents. Several large and magnificent marble vases finish the antique ornaments of the gallery.

In an adjoining saloon is a numerous collection of busts, some in marble, others in bronze, of the Roman Emperors, and the eminent men of the Republic. Innumerable altars, sarcophagi, small pillars, basso relievos, and mutilated columns, fill the apartment; giving it the appearance of an Herculaneum above ground. There are four columns, about fourteen feet in length, of highly polished grey and variegated marble, that were brought from the ancient city of Pompeia: their capitals are of white porcelain, and of the Doric order.

In a small room to the right is a large assortment of Etruscan vases, antique enamelled dishes, several curious lamps, &c.; all the produce of the two overwhelmed Italian cities. This closes the royal store of ancient art.

Within the walls of the palace, not one good picture is to be found; but a great many bad originals, and worse copies. I found in one of the galleries several young men, studying these daubs, with all the attention of students in the best schools of Italy. From these examples, I cannot be surprised at the state of painting here. The public exhibition took place a few days ago. Of course I went thither, and saw as the best what the Academicians in England would have rejected with disgrace. Neither traces of fading genius, nor of growing talent, were visible in any but one. I found that one was the work of a very young man; and should he meet with adequate encouragement, he may in time become the father of his art in the kingdom.

This exhibition of Swedish genius is open for several weeks, two days in each being free to the public. On others, a few schillings procures the admission; on which times, the *beau monde* make it their daily resort. The academy which belongs to this institution is at the expence of government: and had its Augustus, Gustavus III., lived, it is probable, from his taste influencing the nation, that the art and its professors would now have been in a very flourishing condition. At present, the state of politics withdraws the attention, not only of His Majesty, but also of the nobility, from the arts: and the circumstances of the war so drain the country of money, that no encouragement is given to any of the practitioners: and indeed the talents of the youth for the pencil seem so small, that I confess I should be glad to see the

forms of the academy thinned, and the students more usefully employed in thickening the battalions of their intrepid Sovereign.

This letter is but an epitome of the conversation of the times: begin on what subject we will, it always ends with war. A theme, not a little stripped of its *glittering circumstance*, since it brought disasters worse than the roar of cannon upon your wandering friend.

LETTER XLV.

Stockholm, April, 1808.

YESTERDAY being the anniversary of the establishment of the order of the Seraphim, all the knights of every order attended, dressed in their appropriate insignia. The habiliments of the Swedes, on these occasions, are very picturesque, being, as I before noticed, Spanish habits; a style first used in this country by the late King.

The uniform of the knights of the Sword is a light blue, with white lace; that of the Vasa knights, is green; that of the Polar Star, crimson velvet, &c. The knights of the Seraphim wear white, with black lace, and black mantles. They were all collared and starred, and adorned with their respective chivalric distinctions.

The ceremony took place in the chapel of the palace, which was richly hung with blue and crimson velvet, profusely embroidered with gold, designating the arms of Sweden in a hundred compartments, surrounded by thousands of martial trophies. The throne stood on the right of the altar. It was velvet, of the same colours; and a massive silver chair, elevated on several steps, was the Monarch's seat. Around hung the banners of all the knights. On the left of the altar were

placed chairs of state (Banquo-like) for the different Sovereigns who belonged to the institution.

When I first entered, I saw the banner of Russia. But a few minutes before the entrance of the King and the brethren of the Seraphim, two heralds, attired in the robes of their office, advanced to the Imperial banner, took it down from where it hung, and bore it out of the chapel. The invasion of Finland was His Majesty's reason for this, and to shew that none can remain a knight of the Seraphim who takes up arms against its head. Many who deem orders as a mere interchange of trinkets, may think this action savours too much of the chivalrous age so long gone by! and, that it is gone by, the more the pity. It was the era of unblemished honour; when a man's word bound stronger than oaths of the present period; and when the insignia of valour and virtue were prized beyond the wealth of worlds. To laugh at the titles and customs of honour, is to laugh at honour itself; and both, except in the best minds fall into contempt together. I remember, and I blush for Englishmen while I write it, many in our island turning the chivalric distinctions of our immortal Nelson into ridicule. They have jested on his crosses and his stars, when, had they looked deeper, they would have seen wounds under every ornament, received in making his breast the shield of their safety. This absurd contempt, or baser envy, is beyond my understanding. So, I shall return to the brethren of the Seraphim.

When the King entered the chapel, he was dressed in the robes of the order, and followed by a procession of knights, various officers of his staff, &c. The armour-cased Drabants were marshalled on each side

of the building. His Majesty bowed to all with the most affable grace, and took his seat on the throne. An anthem was played. The holy service was entered upon: and a divine read from the pulpit a sermon addressed to the body, relative to patriotism, respect for their order, and the indispensable duties annexed to it, of loyalty and valour in the defence of their country, being particularly demanded at this period.

As soon as this discourse, with numerous prayers, were finished, in all of which the King (who I understand is eminently pious), seemed most religiously to take part; the ceremony of creating a new knight began. His Royal Master read aloud the vow, to which the noviciate, standing between his sponsors, bowed assent. He then approached the King, knelt down before him, and was invested by the hands of his Sovereign with the collar of the order; the amiable Gustavus adjusting it with all the attentive suavity of a familiar friend, during which time he continued talking to him in a low voice. He then took the sword of ceremony, and most gracefully, with his chivalric seal, stamped him knight. On this being performed, he embraced him; and Count H—— (the new chevalier) kissed His Majesty's hand twice, with a sensibility and enthusiasm that did honour to his heart; and the noble Gustavus, by pressing most fervently in both his hands that of his faithful subject, and at the same time saying something, which, from the sweet and benign expression of his face, seemed full of graciousness, proved the tender sympathy with which he received the affections of his people.

The knightly brethren of the Count next embraced him. The

prayers were then said, and the benediction given. The King rose, and the procession returned as they entered; His Majesty having first bowed to the Queen, who sat as a spectator, and next to the ambassadors and nobles of foreign nations. As I sat by our own minister, I had one of the best places in the chapel for commanding a view of the scene. It commenced at eleven in the morning, and was over at two o'clock, when a magnificent dinner was served in the palace for all the knights present; of which His Majesty graciously partook, rather as a brother of the various orders, than as a sovereign Prince.

The order of the Seraphim was instituted so far back as the fourteenth century, by Magnus, king of Sweden, and has been held in the highest honour ever since. Margaret de Valdemar, the daughter-in-law of its founder, bestowed it on none but her favoured nobles: and her successors in Sweden have spread its generous bonds even to crowned heads. The institution of an after queen, the romantic daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, arrived not to so brilliant a maturity, but, like its mistress, shed its proudest honours even in the blowing. However, as I am going to tell you a little more on this subject, I beg you will be attentive; and as this letter is altogether a record of chivalry, of ladies fair, and knights and scarfs, and pennons bright, I hope that you at least opened it in style, with a pair of perfumed gloves on!

Having been already, with all serious rites, admitted a knight of Mars; my next honour of the sort, was to issue from a gayer court. The star of the beauteous Queen Christina, the guide of love, and the order of the Amaranth, the emblem of its never-dying brightness, was to enlist me for ever one of Beauty's vassals. Accordingly, a little time

ago, at the hour appointed, I went to the *Hall of Installation;* and after going through the usual ceremonies of knighthood, taking the delightful vow of being on all occasions the defender of loveliness in distress, the sword of consecration fell on my shoulders, the Count de la Gardé proclaimed me Champion of the Fair! and, still on my knees, the hands of a beauteous lady, the representative of Queen Christina, fastened the shining badge upon my breast; and I rose, another leaf in the royal wreath of Amaranth.

This institution, in the reign of its foundress, was supported by her with great pomp: but since then, as the more martial orders have arisen, it is only considered as *un ordre de galanterie;* an occasion for social meetings, balls and festivals being fixed at particular periods, which are numerously attended by the ladies and chevaliers of the order; all of whom are of the first rank and respectability, uniting the exhilaration of pleasure with the sweets of innocence. If any think harm of this, I reply in the true knightly style, *honi soit qui mal y pense!* That no sour commentaries will be made by you on the votaries of so sweet a flower, is the belief of your ever faithful friend.

LETTER XLVI.

Stockholm, April, 1808.

I HAVE passed this day delightfully; not with the living, but musing on the illustrious dead. The scene of my meditations was the arsenal. It stands in the King's garden, and contains, like our tower, the martial remains of ancient days; with more modern trophies, naval and military, taken in Swedish victories.

A range of equestrian figures, clothed in steel, and their horses barbed, present themselves on your entrance. The names of the Kings of Sweden are written in succession on their pedestals; but I doubt whether any of the armour, excepting two or three of the later suits, ever protected a royal breast from the arrow of the cross-bow, or the ball of a carbine. Innumerable heaps of swords, pistols, and old matchlock pieces, are piled around, without either taste or care.

The whole of the armour (saving a few shirts of mail,) seems not earlier than the fifteenth century; and what are of more modern date, appear to have been rather suits for tournaments than war. The head of one of these equestrian effigies is cased in a close helmet of an extraordinary shape: indeed I had never seen a similar one before. The visor is in the form of a face, excellently well executed, and polished

very brightly. It has the addition of stiff mustachios and projecting eyes, which altogether make up a most terrific visage. Whether this iron mask be a portrait of any Swedish Sovereign, I could not learn; but it possesses the strong national character.

In another apartment are deposited a collection of saddles (presents from different potentates,) accompanied by rich housings studded profusely with precious stones interwoven with silk, gold, silver, and pearls. I was shewn a pair of spurs of the oldest fashion extant; the iron being pointed, without a rowel, and of a length exceeding any original or drawing I ever saw. Eleven inches is its length from the part which clasps the heel. The fork is very long, and must reach inconveniently low on the foot. The leather is fastened to it by a buckle.

After running over a hundred, to me, uninteresting things, a case was opened containing the clothes worn by Charles the Twelfth on the day which deprived that hero of his life, and the world of many acts of eccentric greatness. Even his shirt is preserved as a sacred relic. I could not help feeling an emotion they only know who possess a little chivalric enthusiasm; a certain something the quieter part of the world often impute to romantic folly, when I drew on my hand the very glove which had covered his, and was profusely stained with his blood. On his being struck by the fatal ball on the temple, he clapped his right hand upon the part, which in a moment becoming encrimsoned with the dreadful proofs of his fate, he almost in the same instant seized the hilt of his sword, the belt of which also bears the bloody marks of this momentary impulse. The hole made by the bullet is in the hat; which, as well as the rest of the dress, appears to have been long the companion

of his person. The pictures and prints of this renowned King present the *fac similes* of those habiliments. In the same case is preserved the cap he wore on the terrible day at Bender, when he so desperately defended himself against the Turks. It is of fur; and has one tremendous cut on the side, which must have been within a hair's breadth of there ending the career of this wonderful man.

The dress of his brother-in-law and successor is also shewn; and several other habits, all belonging to different personages of the successive royal families. One suit is rather prematurely exhibited: and every one who knows the merits of its owner, must wish its admission long to continue out of place. It is the shirt and jacket of a Royal Duke still alive. They have sustained a war-rent on one of the shoulders, I believe it happened in the battle of the gallies. I have no doubt these memorials of his gallantry were deposited here without the knowledge of the brave Prince to whom they belonged. His good sense is equal to his courage; and while he lives to achieve future honours for Sweden, he will never sanction the hanging up of an old suit of uniform amongst the mailed coats of departed heroes.

One strange article to be treasured with the relics of war, is a carriage that was built in England in the reign of Elizabeth; being the first close vehicle of the sort ever seen in Sweden. It was brought from London by Prince John, the second son of Gustavus Vasa, when he returned from his unsuccessful embassy to proffer to the virgin Queen of that court the matrimonial proposals of his eldest brother.

Before I left this interesting place, I requested once more to see the

relics of Charles the Twelfth. As I again held them in my hands, and pressed his blood-stained glove to my lips, I could not help at the same instant recalling those of his rival Peter, kept with similar care in the imperial Museum at St. Petersburgh. How different the two characters, yet how great both! The King of Sweden, kept without education by the ambition of his grandmother, without counsellors, or companions worthy of his dignity, drew from his own mind those principles of invincible courage, immaculate honour, and immutability in friendship, which stampt him the first of heroes. Who can forget the noble interruption with which this young and neglected Prince broke up the deliberations of the senate, when meditating a humiliating negotiation with the enemies of the kingdom?—"Cease, gentlemen! my resolution is fixed. I will never enter into an unjust war; and I am resolved not to terminate a just one but by the destruction of the aggressor." With these magnanimous words he not only led the senate forth, but all the kingdom, wondering at this extraordinary justice and courage in a boy; and following him in crowds to the shores of Denmark, the ally of Russia; and the oppressor of his brother-in-law, the young Duke of Holstein.

Then succeeded his victories; all gained by a bravery never excelled, and a military judgment that made veterans stand by in admiration. Having humbled Denmark, then came the Tzar's hostilities. Though engaging by three ambassadors at Stockholm to maintain the peace, he marched at the head of a hundred thousand men into Livonia. Charles, who valued himself upon his severe probity, when he was first told the circumstance, would not credit the fact. He could not comprehend how a legislator like the Tzar could make light of the sacred bonds

of men as well as of nations. Full of truth himself, he did not believe there could be a morality for Princes different from that of private men.

The battle of Narva was a wonder in the page of history that never has been equalled. Nearly a hundred thousand troops laid down their arms to eight thousand! But what is still more wonderful, was the moderation of the young victor, who modestly drew his pen through the accounts which spoke highly of him, and depreciated the character of his great enemy. As justice led him forward, mercy was the companion of his arms. No outrage was committed by his soldiers; all obeyed his word at a moment, and it was ever to spare the conquered. Though an anchorite in pleasure, whether it came in the shape of love, or of any gratification of the senses, he was yet alive to all the tenderness of fraternal affection, all the sympathies of friendship. I need only repeat one instance to show the sensibility of the young Monarch in the most amiable light.

It was at the battle of Clissau, when Charles, at the head of twelve thousand men, opposed Augustus, King of Poland, with double the number. Upon the first volley of artillery from the Saxon side, the Duke of Holstein, a brave Prince, who had married the King of Sweden's sister, received a cannon ball through the body. Charles, on seeing him fall, inquired of an officer next to him, if the Duke was dead, and being answered yes, a terrible paleness overspread his countenance, tears gushed from his eyes, and covering for a few moments his face with his hands, he suddenly struck his spurs into his horse, and rushed full speed into the thickest of the enemy.

In the midst of Charles's triumphs, while Europe trembled before his arms, Sweden enjoyed all the blessings of a profound peace. Feared and respected by its neighbours, it derived all the advantages of conquest without its pains: for Charles with a few thousands overcame the millions opposed to him; and supported his troops neither by drawing from his own country, nor by the plunder of others, but with the provisions the people of every nation joyfully, because honourably paid, brought into his camp.

Thus discomfiting the mighty Tzar of Russia, bringing the several potentates of Europe to acknowledge his superior power, defending the cause of the oppressed, and dispensing crowns to them he esteemed the most deserving, he went forward in the full career of his virtue and glory until the unhappy hour that Patkul was surrendered to his demands. He that was humane to all the world besides, was cruel to him alone. But let the curtain fall over the scene! There we lose the just and amiable Charles the Twelfth in an implacable tyrant. It was his first and his last act of enormity; but it was of the blackest dye; so deep, that, if we may judge of the heart of a man by his actions, he could not but feel the acutest remorse for having so barbarously immolated that unfortunate nobleman to his vowed revenge against the enemy of his father, and to shew the proud Augustus and the Great Peter, that he durst brave their indignation. Fatal rivalry of power, when the blood of a brave and honourable patriot was the victim!

Soon after this period Charles turned his steps to the Ukraine; a measure which has usually been stigmatized as a whim; I venture rather to suppose it was by the secret instigations of Mazeppa, who promised,

by assisting him in that quarter, to wound the Tzar in one of his most favourite parts. But here his evil genius met him, and for ever after adhered to his side. The day of Pultowa sealed, with his fate, the fame of Peter the Great. I cannot but repeat the words of one with whom Charles was manifestly no favourite, on this occasion. They show that real virtues command praise.

"It was on the 8th. of July that this decisive battle was fought between the two most famous Monarchs then in the world. Charles the Twelfth, illustrious by a course of nine years victories; the Tzar, by nine years of fatigue spent in training his troops to arms: the one, glorious for having given away dominions; the other, for having civilized his own: Charles, in love with danger, and fighting for glory only: Peter, making war for dominion, and his own interest. The Swedish Monarch, liberal from greatness of soul; the Muscovite, never generous but for some private end. The one temperate and chaste beyond example, naturally magnanimous, and never cruel but once: the other, harsh and sanguinary, terrible to his subjects, as wonderful to strangers, and addicted to excesses which shortened his days. Charles had the title of Invincible, Peter, the appellation of Great."

That Peter was interested is true; but it was with the same spirit which animated our Elizabeth; the aggrandizement of his country was his passion, and to that object all other nations, as far as lay in his power, were sacrificed. To Russia he was the most generous of Princes; he gave her his heart and his soul; he toiled for her in the dock-yard, dug for her in the quarries; made himself in every thing a servant, that he might know to be a King in all.

Take but a retrospect of his career, and we must perceive that almost every act of his life tended to the benefit of his people. Even what is blame-worthy in him arose from this principle: he steeped his hand in the blood of his subjects, to strike awe into the rest; and it was to obtain ports in the Baltic for the advantage of the merchants, that made him invade the King of Sweden's dominions. Great as he was, he knew not the sublime virtue which refuses to sanctify a good end, gained by ill measures. The civilization of Russia was his grand object; and all means he deemed admissible that bore on his favorite point. His very faults were suited to the people he governed, and the severity which made them tremble, compelled them to obey. Until the latest moment of his life, he manifested the watchful care of a father, even while the knout and the axe taught them to fear his wrath. In the midst of all this severity, which perhaps was necessary to bring so proud and barbarous a nation to observe his rules, we are struck with instances of the most amiable regard for the persons of his subjects. One, of most extraordinary benevolence, I cannot but recount, as it deprived the world of longer beholding this constellation of genius, and Russia of her glory and her parent. The circumstances of his death were related to me by an authority that cannot be disputed.

Towards the close of the life of this admirable man, he was afflicted with a painful malady which he chose to bear in silence, not even mentioning it to the Empress, or to his most confidential friends. The better to conceal it, he continued his usual active employments; but the anguish of the disorder at length grew to such a height, that he was obliged to seek relief; and he reposed his secret with a favourite *valet de chambre*, ordering him to procure assistance with the greatest secrecy. The man

obeyed: but applying to one of his own relations, an ignorant quack, something was sent to the Emperor which indeed gave him a transitory ease, but did the affected part so much injury, as to occasion the return of the pain with such augmented torture, that further concealment was impossible, and the best medical aid was summoned. Every care was now taken to cure the disease; and the Tzar, at the end of four months, was able to leave his bed.

He regained strength so rapidly, as not only to venture into the open air, but imagining himself better than his physicians would allow him to be, one day, without their knowledge, he got on board his yacht to visit some works that were carrying forward on the Ladoga lake, under the directions of General Munich. Having remained there as long as he liked, he found the short voyage had so enlivened his spirits, and strengthened his enfeebled frame, that, instead of returning to St. Petersburgh, he sailed down the Neva to Lachta, a village on the gulph of Finland, situated on the coast, where he intended to land, and thence proceeded to view the military manufactory at Sisterbach.

He was scarcely ashore before the weather became very bad (it was now November), the sea raged, and the wind rose to a tremendous tempest. At this moment he beheld, at some distance, a boat filled with soldiers, struggling with the waves, which each sweep of the beating surges threatened to dash in atoms against the rocks. A few minutes passed, and they were driven on the shoals not far from the village, every sea breaking over them with such terrific fury, that each watery mountain seemed the herald of their doom. His Majesty sent

a vessel to their assistance; but, notwithstanding his orders, he observed that the boat's crew remained in the same perilous situation, the pinnace seeming to make unavailing efforts to reach them. Beholding the little exertions these sailors were making to save the unfortunate wretches already exhausted with terror and fatigue, he leaped into his own boat, and soon drew near them; but finding he was yet too far off, on account of the banks and rocks, he plunged into the sea, and swimming, speedily was amongst the sufferers. What a sight for them, who seemed to be abandoned by the men of their own quality, who saw the brethren of their own profession standing aloof from their danger, to see their Sovereign, the Emperor of all the Russias, risking his life for their preservation! Rising from the dashing waves which had several times closed over his head, and threatened to overwhelm him for ever, he sprung into the boat. The shout the despairing crew uttered was such as if an angel had descended amongst them. His presence and unremitted activity recalled the energies of every one: the boat was again in deep water; and his people saved by his brave assistance.

This humane and patriotic Prince changed his clothes as soon as he regained the village. But, alas, notwithstanding the strictest care, the cold of the season, and his remaining so long in the water, together with the irritation and anxiety of his mind during the exertion, brought on a relapse of his disease, attended by a fever, and before he reached St. Petersburgh, his illness was increased to imminent danger.

On being carried into his palace, the Emperor was laid on his couch,

from which he never more arose. The first month of the year 1725 was the last of his earthly commission. His life ceased as it had begun and continued, a sacrifice for the good of his people! The setting of such a sun was worthy of its career; and we look after its glorious track with an enthusiasm that makes us turn to other Sovereigns, and exclaim, *Behold this godlike Prince! go ye and do likewise!*

In every vicissitude of his reign, whether in peace or in war; whether encountering domestic trials, or stemming the prejudices of a haughty nobility; in all he was the impartial patriot, the resolute dictator.

It has often been said, "what a treasure he would have been to an enlightened nation!" That is a query. A monarch, acting on his principles, and blessed with a gentle nature adapted to the tempers of a polished people, would indeed be invaluable; but I doubt whether the peculiar disposition of the Tzar would have acquired him his present reputation in any other country. He was perfectly suited by Providence, by greatness of mind, temper, austere decision, and inflexible resolution, to govern, educate, and aggrandize, a vast and barbarous people, and to leave them to after-ages a brightening monument of himself for ever. Lycurgus was the lawgiver of one small republic, Solon of a single city, but Peter was the legislator of an empire that spreads over half the globe.

Different as their natures, different as were their pursuits, have been the fame of the Tzar and of his rival Charles; and as different were the modes of their death. The King of Sweden was killed before Fredericks-

hall, in a manner that strongly gave rise to a supposition of treachery which after evidence has confirmed.

On the night of St. Andrew's day, it being the depth of winter, as was his custom, he went about nine o'clock to inspect the trenches. Megret, the French engineer who conducted the siege, accompanied him, attended by several other officers. Not finding the parallel sufficiently advanced, he spoke with some displeasure to the engineer, but Megret replying that the place would be taken in eight days, the King replied *we shall see*, and stooping down, examined the works by the light of the stars; he then rose from his bending posture, but still continued looking into the trenches. Almost immediately afterwards a shot was fired, the King was seen to put his hand to his forehead — to his sword — and fall. A deep sigh was all he uttered, and his mighty spirit fled! Such was the termination of the life of Charles the Twelfth; a man whom all the world feared, whom all the world admired; whom all who venerate virtue, and can perceive in the most godlike man the alloy of mortality, must love, pity, and deplore!

His officers presently surrounded him. Monsieur Siquier, his aide-de-camp, raised his head from the parapet, but he was quite dead. At this sight Megret, the chief engineer, and who, no doubt, was concerned in the murder, and had led his master to the spot, coldly said, "The play is over, let us to supper!" It was settled that the melancholy event should be concealed until the Prince of Hesse's commands should be known. The dead Charles was accordingly covered with a cloak, and carried through the ranks of his adoring soldiers as a wounded officer. The Prince of Hesse (the husband of the deceased King's only surviving

sister), gave instant orders that none should stir from the camp till his wife was declared Queen of Sweden, to the prejudice of the young Duke of Holstein, the son of Charles's favourite sister and beloved friend, both no more. These commands were obeyed. The Princess was proclaimed, her husband shortly after; and Baron Gortz, the faithful minister of Charles, and the guardian of the young Duke, executed under the gallows. Eloquent as these measures were of treachery, the assassination was not fully ascertained till many years afterwards, when one Cronsted, an officer, on his death-bed, confessed that he had himself, at the instigation of the Prince of Hesse, fired the gun that killed Charles the Twelfth.

I need not, to you, comment on this horrible parricide. It was not the mistaken zeal of a Brutus, which shuddered while it struck the blow, but the arm of a base mercenary that rifled the hero of his life, and a brave nation of its newly recovered and adored leader. Many a noble heart has visited the place where he fell; but who would repeat over it, the words which he uttered at Lutzen, the spot hallowed by the last breath of his predecessor, the great Gustavus Adolphus? "I have endeavoured to live like thee: *may God grant me as glorious a death!*"

Charles was not so favoured: Gustavus, like Hector, died in the heat of battle, by the sword of a hero; Charles, like Achilles, met his fate in a still hour, from an ignoble hand. His life was splendid, but his death! who will envy it? It was not in the bed of honour, but by the bolt of an assassin. For one dagger that rids the world of a tyrant, a dozen bereaves it of the rulers it most values. Witness, even in modern

annals, Henry of France, Charles of Sweden, and the yet lamented Gustavus IV.

Before I close with my illustrious subject, I must give you a truer idea of his person than the prints do which you see in England. Charles was of a fine height, nobly shaped; and notwithstanding his uncouth garments, tradition speaks of him as very graceful in his movements: but it was an heroic grace, active and commanding; nothing that spoke of the dancing-master nor drill sergeant. He had a broad, high forehead, large blue eyes beaming mildness, but in battle blazing with fire. His nose was finely proportioned, and his mouth ever parted with a smile. In fact, so gay was his disposition, notwithstanding his abandonment of all the pleasures which rank themselves under that title, that he frequently laughed in the most serious debates; and shrugged his shoulders, and smiled, under the severest misfortunes. There was no calamity of sufficient weight, he thought, to robe a man of his cheerfulness; and whether pending or fallen, still he smiled, still he hoped, still he was happy!

Mad as this King might be called, he was a practical philosopher: and had his judgment on life but half equalled the powers he possessed to adorn it, his days had been lengthened, his reign had continued and terminated in glory, and Frederickshall been guiltless of the blood of Charles the Twelfth.

I have told you before, that the person of the present King greatly resembles his illustrious progenitor, and the similitude reaches even to the mind. We see the same bravery, the same virtue, the same

steadiness. But there, may the likeness cease! May loyalty always guard that monarch, who knows so well to defend his own honour, and to preserve the freedom of a country which has ever been the birth-place of heroes!

You, who love the truly great far and near, will fervently join in this prayer of your faithful friend.

LETTER XLVII.

Stockholm, May, 1808.

THIS delightful month was hailed on its first morn as it is in Russia, by merry-makings that reach from the court to the cottage: all the carriages in Stockholm paraded in procession backwards and forwards through a park not far distant from the town.

Much beauty was present in the equipages; and not a little amongst the pedesterians of humbler ranks, who flocked in crowds to see the cavalcade. But fair as the ladies were, yet the splendor of the scene was far inferior to that I had shared in its anniversaries of the two years before; and for loveliness, you will not wonder that I should, in that point also, find it halt behind dear Mosco, and its dearer inhabitants.

This custom is a very odd one; but perhaps it was instituted on a similar political principle to that of Russia: if so, the pleasure may have succeeded, though not the profit; for certainly the carriage-building trade has stood still these sixty years. The other festivities, in both countries, (nay, we still have them in the remoter counties of England,) I make no doubt originated in festivals dedicated to the floral deity of the pagan ages. The May garlands; the goat dressed

in flowers, and led about by husbandmen in white, are sufficient proofs of their heathen origin.

Her Majesty, as well as the other branches of the royal family, were in the string of carriages. She looked charmingly in the splendid attire she had adopted to hail the season, so sweet an emblem of herself; but her graces are of too fine a texture to bear the encumbrance of much ornament: to use the threadbare quotation (because it speaks truth of her),

> "Thoughtless of beauty, she is beauty's self;
> And is, when unadorned, adorned the most!"

Near this city is an extremely pretty spot, charmingly diversified with rocks, wood, and water. Here stands Haga, an elegant small mansion, built in the English taste. It is now the favourite retreat of the present King; and the situation was so admired by his august Father, that a short time prior to his death, he commenced building a superb palace on the grounds. When he fell, the plan was dropped; and the comparative cottage remains as the royal residence. The gardens of this minor palace, like those of Kensington with us, are open to the inhabitants of Stockholm; and on Sundays they generally drive thither, and in various gay groupes *promenade* for hours.

The grounds are so romantically disposed, as to suit all fancies: some parts are open lawn, and bright terraces; others, deeply secluded shades, where you may walk from morn to eve without meeting a soul. As sauntering through pure air has ever been one of my greatest pleasures, and Haga being only an English mile and a half from the town,

I used to go thither many days in the week, when I had all the groves to myself; and often, strolling about with my book in my hand, I have met the fair Majesty of Sweden with one of her children, enjoying, as myself, the sweet day, without any guards but her own innocence and dignity. It was then I saw her all lovely in a simple attire, and looking in motion and tender graces the very perfection of female kind.

The departure of the snow has most wonderfully changed the appearance of all around. What was white and cheerless winter a few weeks ago, is now green and smiling spring; the trees are bursting into leaf, the birds sing, and the people have already assumed their summer garments. Bear-skins, and the furry hides of other animals, have dropped from the backs of the inhabitants, and when seen in lighter garbs, the former appellations with which we were so apt to compliment them, of Goths and Vandals, never enter our heads. Hence we see, though there be some wit in leaving nature undorned, there is none in rendering her hideous by loads of ugly clothes. So little do people in general understand this distinction, that I have heard a man reply to a dowdy woman's apology for a dirty dishabille, by quoting the very words I have so *royally*, and, surely, properly applied.

The streets of Stockholm now exhibit an apparently quite different race from its former shaggy natives; and with the addition of the military, look very gay.

Since the Russian troops passed the frontiers on the Finland side, the Swedes have gradually fallen back; and several gallant acts have

been performed by the little army concentrated under General Klingspor. The gulph of Bothnia being frozen by the severity of the late season, the invading troops spread themselves over the islands. A considerable body of Cossacs and infantry took possession of Aland: you will remember that I mentioned this island as the largest of the *precious* covey, and the nearest to the coast of Sweden. Here was the scene of the brave pastor's prowess.

The inhabitants, after enduring all the anguish of the bitterest oppression from the Cossacs, eagerly followed the standard held out to them by their spiritual leader; and headed by a dauntless peasant of their own island, they laid the plan for its recovery. He went, as a first measure, to Gripsholm, and brought secretly into the island arms and ammunition. Then prudently awaiting the opening of the waters, that they might have the enemy hemmed in, hopeless of succour, nothing was suspected till the blow was struck. At the appointed moment the attack was made, and an obstinate resistance opposed on the part of the Russians. Several fell on both sides: but the undaunted courage of men fighting for their homes and families prevailed; and the imperial troops, commanded by a field-officer were taken prisoners.

They were immediately, to the number of two hundred and fifty, transported in boats to the main land; whence their brave captors led them in triumph to Stockholm.

The gallant peasant, who had ventured his life to obtain the supplies, and who had led the attack, entered the capital on the eleventh of May, like Cincinnatus, at the head of his conquering legions. His

Majesty received him on the royal parade, which was filled with the guards and an immense concourse of people. Before them all, the King took from his own breast the medallion of the order of the Sword, which hung there by a ribbon, and putting it over the neck of the loyal islander, said: "My sense of your bravery can only be equalled by the united gratitude of Sweden. May your countrymen, while admiring such virtue in so humble an individual, make it their model! And while you see nobles following your example, remember, that when occasions demand, new acts of loyalty and courage will be expected from so brave a man."

The poor fellow was so overcome by His Majesty's condescension, that he burst into tears; and an officer who stood close to the King, told me, that the amiable Gustavus exhibited similar feelings on seeing the sensibility of the honest soul, and taking him warmly by the hand, "God bless you!" said he; "go, my brave fellow, secure of your Sovereign's esteem; go, and be respected by your native islanders!"

Besides these honours, a handsome gratuity was given to him; and rewards, with general thanks, distributed amongst his brave associates. All were anxious to express their admiration of the valiant groupe, and they marched from Stockholm with their happy leader, full of delight, and laden with presents. The field-officer this little army took prisoner, had served during the whole of the late campaign on the banks of the Vistula; and there acquired a fame which rendered his present capture doubly mortifying. But he had this consolation (and it is ever sufficient with a man of honour); that he maintained his ground while it was possible to preserve his men

from instant destruction: and when he did yield his sword, it was, although to peasants, to men who fought, each with the determination of a hero.

As I am preparing to quit Stockholm, and have so many farewels to say before my departure, you will not be surprised, and perhaps you will not be sorry, that instead of running you forward to another subject, I leave you on the march with the brave Alanders. As long as you drop them short of the isles of Bothnia, very well, both for your own sake, and that of your faithful friend.

LETTER XLVIII.

Gottenburg, June, 1808.

ON the fifth of June, after having been honoured the day before with a most hospitable dinner from His Excellency our good minister, and my kind friend Mr. Thornton, I set off from Stockholm at nine in the morning, accompanied by a gentleman lately arrived from St. Petersburgh.

We had previously purchased a small Swedish carriage that precisely held two persons, for which I paid fifty dollars; and having sent our *forebode* forward, we had no difficulty in getting horses. At two o'clock the following day, we arrived at Arboga; having passed through an extremely wild country. Were it not for the extensive woods which sometimes enveloped us for many miles, I should have declared that the stony deserts of Arabia could not be more stupendous and barren than parts of this province. I never saw, even in Finland, such immense tracks of granite; and in such places they stood so huge and scattered, as to seem, at a little distance, the ruins of vast fortresses, or towns and churches.

Arboga is of considerable extent; and is situated at the extremity of the lake Hejelmoren; it is clean and regularly built; and appears, like Sala, the residence of prosperity and comfort. A large castle stands near the bridge: it is surrounded by a wet ditch. On a part of the ancient walls is now erected a modern house, which may be a convenience to the possessor, but it is the most detestable blemish that could be devised to destroy the otherwise grand effect of this noble fortress. I visited the church, a building of extensive dimensions, but neither very old, nor very interesting. Nothing else in the town being worthy of notice, without further delay we set forward, and again entered avenues of trees most delightfully shading us from the now fervent heat of the sun, and the burning dust that usually attends his chariot wheels.

These woods consist of lofty and umbrageous trees; a beauty which we seldom see in England, except in parks, as the passion for lopping turns all our British avenues into pollards rank and file. The Swedish roads, as they are more refreshing aloft, so they are pleasanter below, than even the famed ones of our country; for the peasantry are not only obliged to keep them in repair, but they do it with zeal and conscience.

Nothing particularly interesting in towns or villages attracted our attention, till we approached the mountains whose echoes announce the cataracts of Trolhæta. On arriving at the foot of one of these rocky heights, the road changes its quality, and becomes gradually worse and worse, until it is literally nothing more than a naked bed of granite, worn into a sort of track by the constant journeyings of travellers to

the falls. Here the character Nature assumes differs little from the romantic wilds of Derbyshire.

Trolhæta lies about a Swedish mile out of the post road; and at some distance we could hear the roar of the waters, as well as see the misty foam that rose like white smoke midway up their rocky barriers. We found an excellent inn; and after taking a little refreshment, set forth to have a nearer view of these celebrated productions of nature and art. We were attended by a very intelligent man, who was to be our guide to the scene. There are six falls at short distances from each other. They are produced by the waters of the Wener lake; and pouring from stupendous precipices into their rocky beds, produce effects of such sublimity that pen and pencil fail under the description. The torrents rush with resistless force from the heights, carrying along felled bodies of trees in their passage, and dashing from steep to steep of the huge masses of granite, roll downward foaming and bellowing into the abyss beneath; whence they rebound again in raging waves, and a snowy mist that covers the whole of the banks around with streaming water. The bold rocks on each side, finely varied with trees and shrubs, which partially cover the grey face of the stone, and the pretty cottages of the rustics bending over the flood, are to the highest degree picturesque. I have attempted a sketch of the scene, where you may descry the wooded tops of several little islands, which, owing to the horrors of the cataracts that surround them, have never been trodden by the foot of man.

The works of art which have been invented to bring the boats down from the smooth water near the lake Wener, to these more dangerous

R.K. Porter del.t P.A. Hubert dir.t J.C. Stadler sculp.t

The Falls of Inthatta

R.K. Porter del.t P.A. Hebert Sculp.t F.C. Stadler sculp.t

Swedish washerwomen

passages, are beautiful in themselves, and highly honourable to the Sovereigns who patronized the design, and to the genius that conceived it. These works were begun during the reign of Charles the Twelfth, and finished in 1800, under Gustavus IV.

The road from Trolhæta to Gottenburg is continually varying its scenery; and certainly is, by far, the most beautiful in this part of the kingdom. Woods, mountainous defiles, and the rapid stream of the Gotha, are our alternate companions all the way. About nine miles distant from a place called Lahal, on the opposite banks of the river, on a high and commanding rock, appear the ruins of the ancient fortress of Hohus. At its foot is a small town of that name. Its romantic situation, thus under the shelter of the castle, which stands like a proud giant braving the storms, and the black mountains of granite in its rear, stretching far, and lifting their heads to the clouds, form a scene of Gothic grandeur in ruins that might afford a subject, not only for the painter's pencil, but the poet's pen.

The city of Gottenburg (or more properly Gothaburgh), lies in a hollow on the conflux of the rivers Gotha and Moldal. The heights which surround so command the town, that, in case of an enemy possessing himself of these advantageous positions, the present fortifications would be useless. One or two block houses have been constructed to endeavour at a sort of protection, as well as to annoy the enemy, were he to make himself master of the city. The inutility of the works which encircle Gottenburg, having at length been discovered, they are now demolishing, to give place to a new plan, which it is supposed, will remedy the old defects.

The aspect of the city is much like the towns in Holland: and that is not surprising, for Charles IX., who founded the place in 1607, planted a Dutch colony here; and, to increase its trade and prosperity, allowed them certain privileges from the crown, which, I believe, are still continued to the citizens. A few years after its establishment, the town was burnt down by a King of Denmark: but Gustavus Adolphus, rebuilding it with greater advantages, put the original settlers within its new walls; and ever since it has been in a very flourishing condition.

The harbour is between chains of picturesque rocks, is about two furlongs wide, and is considered the most commodious in the kingdom. Indeed the mouth of the river presents a bay sufficiently extensive to contain the largest ships, and securely shelters them from the severest storms. At present a most happy sight for Sweden, and as proud a one for us English on the shore, gives additional magnificence to the haven. The British transports and ships of war, headed by the *Victory!* that best monument to the memory of the glorious hero who breathed out his soul beneath its decks, amid the thunders of war, and the shouts of victory, fulfilling with the last pulse of his valiant heart, the order he had given, that *every man should do his duty.*

Not to be an idle spectator of the disembarking of our troops, did I come to Gottenburg. You know the private, as well as you feel the public reasons, which cause me to enter on immediate service. I have made my arrangements to be ready at a moment's summons, to attend the British arms either to Norway or to Zealand; and, I trust that our brave leader will soon send home a good account of the enemy. My

next letter will probably be either from an encampment amongst the Norwegian hills, or from on board a transport bound for the shores of Denmark. Here, or there, ever while above ground (and beneath it too, witness the mines!) I remain your faithful friend.

LETTER XLIX.

Gottenburg, July, 1808.

TO me all the world seems asleep, or engaged in mysteries in which I am to be no partaker. It is not sufficient that I am perplexed by political suspences, but private anxieties are to add to my disagreeables. Why are you all so silent? Perhaps you will say, that owing to the information of my last, you did not write, because you expected I would now be on the wing, and letters might not readily reach me! Being good enough to make your apology for a first transgression of the sort, I shall proceed to my other disappointments.

A suspence of nearly two months did not decide the destination of the British troops. Negotiations, and various other occurrences, all a riddle to us poor by-standers, suddenly unfurled the English canvas, and the whole fleet, with its brave freight, were again under way for Great Britain! Sir John Moore had left Gottenburg for Stockholm on the fourteenth of June, and returned hither *incognito* on the first of July; he went immediately on board the Victory, and he and the whole fleet sailed for England on the fourth.

These events have struck a general consternation into all people. The mystery seems to threaten an unhappy disclosure; and where we before saw smiling faces, we now meet gloom and suspicion. My northern campaign being thus cropt in the bud, I shall hope for a more propitious commencement on the shores of Spain, which, I understand, is now the destination of the Victory and her squadron. I was on board a transport for some time, but being told they were going direct for the Spanish coast, I relanded; rather wishing to make England in my way, and to join the British troops when disembarked at their foreign destination.

Since their departure my chagrin has been a little dispersed by the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême. They came hither from Prussia, accompanied by the Queen of France and their suite; and mean to remain till preparations are made to receive them in England. I was immediately presented by the *Comte de Damas*. These interesting remains of the once splendid court of Versailles affected me much. I was received with affability and dignity; but as the interview was not a short one, the cold formalities of ceremony were most condescendingly waved by these august personages, (not the less royally great, in being heroically so, under misfortune:) the illustrious wife of Louis XVIII. conversed with cheerfulness and freedom; and the Duke talked with me on every popular subject, in the most engaging manner. The Duchess, the lovely daughter of the beautiful and unhappy Antoinette, is extremely interesting. She is fair, and very like the Bourbons. Her eyes are mild; and, in their slow and gentle turns, carry such an expression of tender melancholy, that it is impossible to look on her without partaking her feelings.

Her whole air breathes the same sentiments; the very tones of her voice, all tell of the woes she has suffered; that she is the daughter, the last of the offspring of the murdered King and Queen of France.

As I frequently repeated my visit by the desire of His Royal Highness, I saw this interesting Princess in a thousand charming lights, and perceived, that though she was sad, she was not gloomy; that her melancholy was of a temper rather to endear than to distress: and it seems to have had its full effect upon her amiable husband. She conversed with me as he did, making me sit by them as a friend; and during these conferences with which they honoured me, I had every opportunity of appreciating the value of her really fine understanding and angelic heart. Cruel as has been her lot, she has found *sweet are the uses of adversity;* for in no rank of life did I ever meet with more intelligence, sound judgment, and dignified piety, than in the Duchess d'Angoulême.

The Duke is in every respect worthy of so inestimable a treasure. His mind is as excellent as it is amiable; and while I took from him the commands with which he honoured me for England, I was happy thus to unite my respect for the Prince, with the devoted affection of a friend.

I have just received a most flattering invitation from the Swedish Commander in Chief on the frontiers of Norway, to join him there, where every attention will be shewn me, and my military passion fully

gratified: but my duty calls me to the Spanish shores; I have declined the honour with gratitude; and to-morrow I sail for England! May Heaven's propitious gales soon bring to the bosom of his family, their, and your, ever faithful friend!

LETTER L.

Harwich, August, 1808.

AFTER an exactly three years absence, I again revisit my native country! I am just landed. In twenty-four hours, before you and the dear circle have read through these tidings, please God, all I love in England will be clasped in the arms of your friend.

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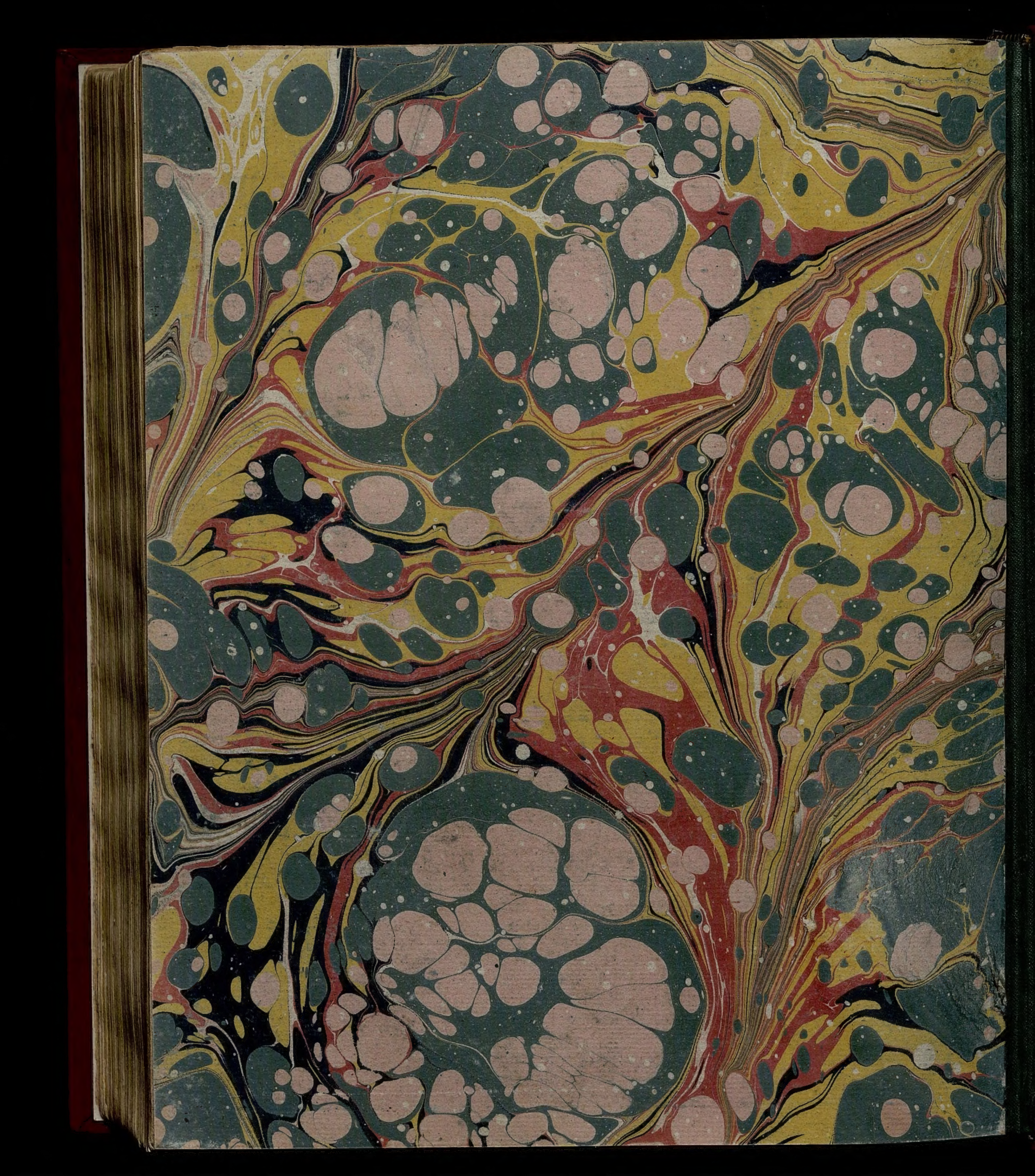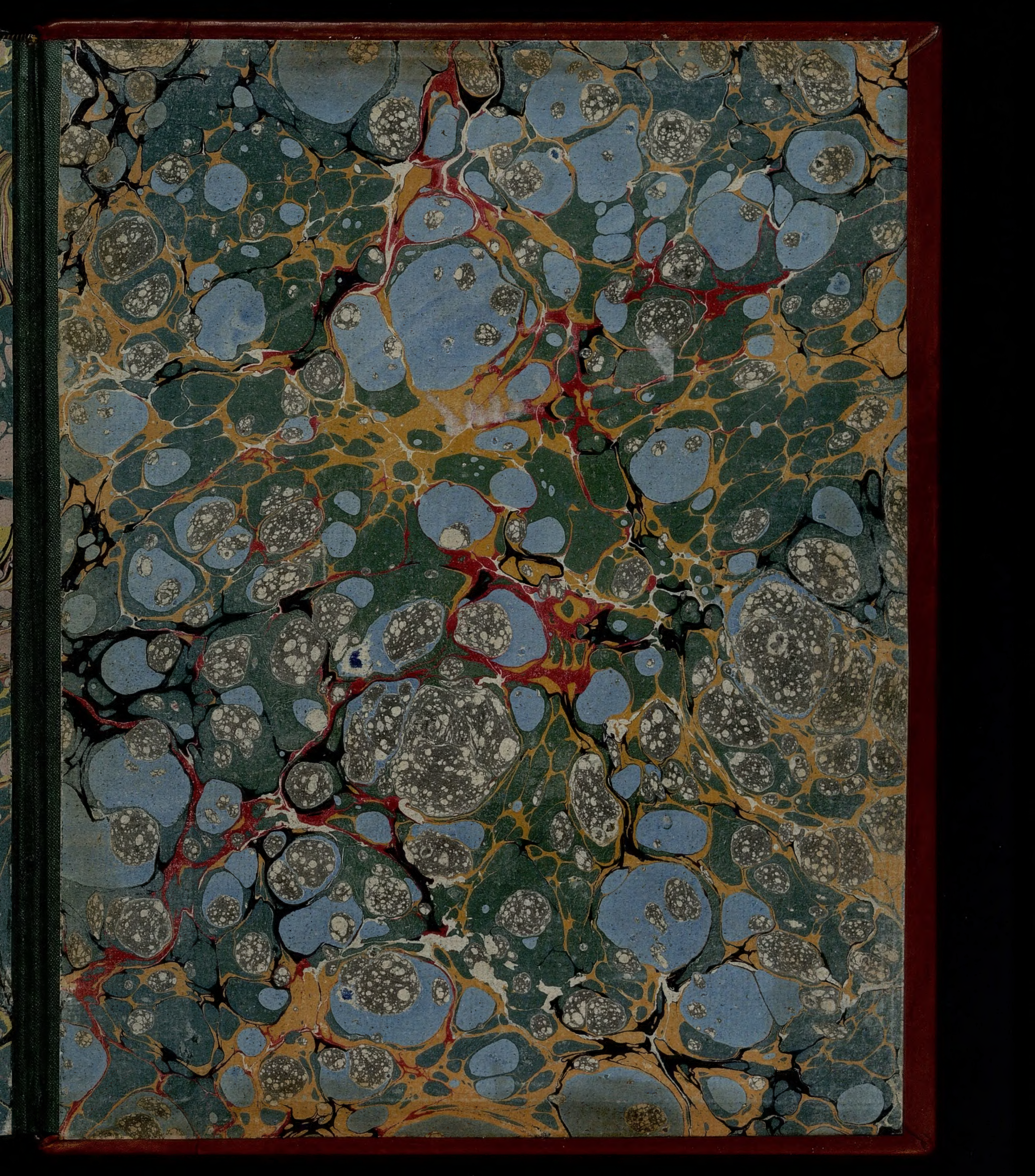
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